

A
COLLECTION
OF THE MOST ESTEEMED
FARCES
AND
ENTERTAINMENTS
PERFORMED ON THE
BRITISH STAGE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

A NEW EDITION.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for C. ELLIOT, PARLIAMENT-SQUARE.

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COLLECTIO

PARCES

INSTRUMENTS



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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

THE Publisher of this COLLECTION, from the great encouragement given to the two first volumes, has been enabled thus early to produce a *third*, containing the same number of pieces, and, he hopes, of equal merit with the former.

There is likewise a *fourth* volume in the press, which will be finished in a few months: after the publication of which, it is intended to stop for some time, in expectation of having liberty to insert many new Farces, the run of which, in a separate form, will soon be over.

The Publisher must again intimate, that, in the prosecution of this Work, it is his wish not to interfere with any pieces, from the sale of which, in a detached manner, their authors may expect any further profit: emoluments of this kind are generally at an end the first season after publication; and as no piece in this Collection is sold separately, the loss to individuals will be the less.

As the Editor is unacquainted with the residence of many Gentlemen who might have no objections to the insertion of their small pieces; if such will be kind enough to take the trouble of informing Mr Elliot by letter, they will confer on him a particular obligation.

It is to be hoped from such liberal contributions, this COLLECTION of FARCES and ENTERTAINMENTS may be extended to two or three volumes more in the course of a few years.

EDINBURGH, *March* 1783.

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THE C I T I Z E N.

IN TWO ACTS.

By **ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Old Philpot,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i> Mr Baddeley.	<i>Covent-Garden.</i> Mr Shuter.	<i>Edinburgh, 1782.</i> Mr Hollingsworth.
<i>Young Philpot,</i>	Mr King.	Mr Woodward.	Mr Ward.
<i>Sir Jof. Wilding,</i>	Mr Burton.	Mr Dunfall.	Mr Charteris.
<i>Young Wilding,</i>	Mr Lee.	Mr Dyer.	Mr Knight.
<i>Beaufort,</i>	Mr Packer.	Mr Baker.	Mr Simpson.
<i>Dapper,</i>	Mr Vaughan.	Mr Costello.	Mr T. Banks.
<i>Quilldrive,</i>	Mr Ackman.	Mr Perry.	Mr Tannet.

W O M E N.

<i>Maria,</i>	Miss Elliot.	Mrs Mattocks.	Mrs Kniveron.
<i>Corinna,</i>	Mrs Hippeley.	Miss Cockayne.	Mrs Tannet.
<i>Servants, &c.</i>			

A C T I.

YOUNG WILDING, BEAUFORT, and Will following.

WILDING.

HA, ha, my dear Beaufort! A fiery young fellow like you, melted down into a fishing, love-sick dangler after a high heel, a well-turn'd ankle, and a short petticoat!

Beau. Pry thee, Wilding, don't laugh at me—Maria's charms—

Wild. Maria's charms! And so now you would fain grow wanton in her praise, and have me listen to your

VOL. III.

A

raptures

raptures about my own sister! Ha, ha, poor Beaufort!
—Is my sister at home, Will?

Will. She is, Sir.

Wild. How long has my father been gone out?

Will. This hour, Sir.

Wild. Very well. Pray, give Mr. Beaufort's compliments to my sister, and he is come to wait upon her.—
(*Exit Will.*) You will be glad to see her, I suppose, Charles.

Beau. I live but in her presence.

Wild. Live but in her presence! How the devil could the young baggage raise this riot in your heart? 'Tis more than her brother could ever do with any of her sex.

Beau. Nay, you have no reason to complain; you are come up to town, post-haste, to marry a wealthy citizen's daughter, who only saw you last season at Tunbridge, and has been languishing for you ever since.

Wild. 'Tis more than I do for her; and, to tell you the truth, more than I believe she does for me—This is a match of prudence, man! bargain and sale! My reverend dad and the old put of a citizen finished the business at Lloyd's coffee-house by inch of candle—a mere transferring of property!—"Give your son to my daughter, and I will give my daughter to your son." That's the whole affair; and so I am just arrived to consummate the nuptials.

Beau. Thou art the happiest fellow—

Wild. Happy! so I am—what should I be otherwise for? If Miss Sally—upon my soul, I forget her name—

Beau. Well! that is so like you—Miss Sally Philpot.

Wild. Ay! very true—Miss Sally Philpot—she will bring fortune sufficient to pay off an old incumbrance upon the family-estate, and my father is to settle handsomely upon me—and so I have reason to be contented, have not I?

Beau. And you are willing to marry her without having one spark of love for her?

Wild. Love!—Why, I make myself ridiculous enough by marrying, don't I, without being in love into the bargain?

bargain? What! am I to pine for a girl that is willing to go to bed to me? Love of all things!—My dear Beaufort, one sees so many breathing raptures about each other before marriage, and dining their insipidity into the ears of all their acquaintance: “My dear Ma’am, don’t you think him a sweet man? a charming creature never was.” Then he, on his side—“My life! my angel! oh! she’s a paradise of ever-blooming sweets.” And then in a month’s time, “He’s a perfidious wretch! I wish I had never seen his face—the devil was in me when I had any thing to say to him.”——“Oh! damn her for an inanimated piece—I wish she’d poison’d herself, with all my heart.” That is ever the way; and so you see love is all nonsense; well enough to furnish romances for boys and girls at circulating libraries; that is all, take my word for it.

Beau. Pho! this is all idle talk; and in the mean time I am ruin’d.

Wild. How so?

Beau. Why, you know the old couple have bargain’d your sister away.

Wild. Bargain’d her away! and will you pretend you are in love!—Can you look tamely on, and see her barter’d away at Garraway’s, like logwood, cochineal, or indigo? Marry her privately, man, and keep it a secret till my affair is over.

Beau. My dear Wilding, will you propose it to her?

Wild. With all my heart—She is very long a-coming—I’ll tell you what, if she has a fancy for you, carry her off at once—But perhaps she has a mind to this cub of a citizen, Miss Sally’s brother.

Beau. Oh, no! he’s her aversion.

Wild. I have never seen any of the family, but my wife that is to be—my father-in-law and my brother-in-law, I know nothing of them. What sort of a fellow is the son?

Beau. Oh! a diamond of the first water! a buck, Sir! a blood! every night at this end of the town; at twelve next day he sneaks about the ’Change, in a little bit of a frock and a bob-wig, and looks like a sedate book-keeper in the eyes of all who behold him.

Wild. Upon my word, a gentleman of spirit.

Beau. Spirit!—he drives a phaeton two story high, keeps his girl at this end of the town, and is the gay George Philpot all round Covent-Garden.

Wild. Oh, brave!—and the father—

Beau. The father, Sir—But here comes Maria;—take his picture from her. [*She sings within.*]

Wild. Hey! she is musical this morning;—she holds her usual spirits, I find.

Beau. Yes, yes, the spirit of eighteen, with the idea of a lover in her head.

Wild. Ay, and such a lover as you too!—though still in her teens, she can play upon all your foibles, and treat you as she does her monkey,—tickle you, torment you, enrage you, soothe you, exalt you, depress you, pity you, laugh at you—*Ecce signum.*

Enter Maria singing.

The same giddy girl!—Sister;—come, my dear—

Maria. Have done, brother; let me have my own way—I will go through my song.

Wild. I have not seen you this age;—ask me how I do?

Maria. I won't ask you how you do—I won't take any notice of you—I don't know you.

Wild. Do you know this gentleman then? Will you speak to him?

Maria. No, I won't speak to him; I'll sing to him—'tis my humour to sing. [*Sings.*]

Beau. Be serious but for a moment, Maria; my all depends upon it.

Maria. Oh, sweet Sir! you are dying, are you? then positively I will sing the song; for it is a description of yourself—mind it, Mr Beaufort—mind it—Brother, how do you do? (*kisses him.*) Say nothing; don't interrupt me. [*Sings.*]

Wild. Have you seen your city lover yet?

Maria. No; but I long to see him; I fancy he is a curiosity.

Beau. Long to see him, Maria?

Maria. Yes, long to see him—(*Beaufort fiddles with his lip, and looks thoughtful.*) Brother, brother! (*goes to him*)

THE CITIZEN.

him softly, beckons him to look at Beaufort) do you see that? (*mimicks him*) mind him; ha, ha!

Beau. Make me ridiculous if you will, Maria, so you don't make me unhappy by marrying this citizen.

Maria. And would not you have me marry, Sir?—What, I must lead a single life to please you, must I?—Upon my word, you are a pretty gentleman to make laws for me. [*Sings.*

Can it be or by law or by equity said,

That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?

Wild. Come, come, Miss Pert, compose yourself a little—this will never do.

Maria. My cross, ill-natur'd brother! but it will do—Lord! what, do you both call me hither to plague me? I won't stay among ye—à l'honneur, à l'honneur—(*running away*) à l'honneur.

Wild. Hey, hey, Miss Notable! come back; pray, Madam, come back— [*Forces her back.*

Maria. Lord of heaven! what do you want?

Wild. Come, come, truce with your frolics, Miss Hoyden, and behave like a sensible girl; we have serious business with you.

Maria. Have you? Well, come, I will be sensible—there, I blow all my folly away—'Tis gone, 'tis gone—and now I'll talk sense; come—Is that a sensible face?

Wild. Po, po, be quiet, and hear what we have to say to you.

Maria. I will, I am quiet. 'Tis charming weather; it will be good for the country, this will.

Wild. Po, ridiculous! how can you be so-filly?

Maria. Bless me! I never saw any thing like you—there is no such thing as satisfying you—I am sure it was very good sense what I said—Papa talks in that manner—Well, well, I'll be silent then—I won't speak at all: Will that satisfy you? [*Looks sullen.*

Wild. Come, come, no more of this folly, but mind what is said to you—You have not seen your city-lover, you say? [*Maria shrugs her shoulders, and shakes her head.*

Wild. Why don't you answer?

Beau. My dear Maria, put me out of pain.

[*Maria shrugs her shoulders again.*

Wild. Poh, don't be so childish, but give a rational answer.

Maria. Why, no, then; no——no, no, no, no, no, ——I tell you no, no, no.

Wild. Come, come, my little giddy sister, you must not be so flighty; behave sedately, and don't be a girl always.

Maria. Why, don't I tell you I have not seen him——but I am to see him this very day.

Beau. To see him this day, Maria!

Maria. Ha, ha!——look there, brother; he is beginning again——But don't fright yourself, and I'll tell you all about it——My papa comes to me this morning——by the bye, he makes a fright of himself with this strange dress——Why does not he dress as other gentlemen do, brother?

Wild. He dresses like his brother fox-hunters in Wiltshire.

Maria. But when he comes to town, I wish he would do as other gentlemen do here——I am almost ashamed of him——But he comes to me this morning——

“Hoic, hoic! our Moll——Where is the fly puss——
“Tally ho!”——Did you want me, papa?——“Come
“hither, Moll, I'll gee you a husband, my girl; one that
“has mettle enow—he'll take cover, I warrant un——
“Blood to the bone.”

Beau. There now, Wilding, did not I tell you this?

Wild. Where are you to see the young citizen?

Maria. Why, papa will be at home in an hour, and then he intends to drag me into the city with him, and there the sweet creature is to be introduced to me——The old gentleman his father is delighted with me; but I hate him, an old ugly thing.

Wild. Give us a description of him; I want to know him.

Maria. Why, he looks like the picture of Avarice, sitting with pleasure upon a bag of money, and trembling for fear any body should come and take it away——He has got square-toed shoes, and little tiny buckles; a brown coat, with small round brass buttons, that looks as if it was new in my great-grandmother's time, and his face all shrivell'd and pinch'd with care; and he shakes
his

his head like a Mandarine upon a chimney-piece——
 “Ay, ay, Sir Jasper, you are right”——and then he grins
 at me——“I profess she is a very pretty hale of goods.
 “Ay, ay, and my son Bob is a very sensible lad——ay,
 “ay, and I will underwrite their happiness for one and
 “a half per cent.”

Wild. Thank you, my dear girl; thank you for this
 account of my relations.

Beau. Destruction to my hopes!——Surely, my dear
 little angel, if you have any regard for me——

Maria. There, there, there he is frighten'd again.

[*Sings, Dearest creature, &c.*]

Wild. Psha! give over these airs——listen to me, and
 I'll instruct you how to manage them all.

Maria. Oh, my dear brother! you are very good——
 but don't mistake yourself;——though just come from a
 boarding-school, give me leave to manage for myself.——
 There is in this case a man I like, and a man I don't like
 ——It is not you I like (*to Beaufort*)——no——no——I hate
 you——But let this little head alone; I know what to
 do——I shall know how to prefer one, and get rid of
 the other.

Beau. What will you do, Maria?

Maria. Ha, ha, I can't help laughing at you. [*Sings.*]

Do not grieve me,

Oh, relieve me, &c.

Wild. Come, come, be serious, Miss Pert, and I'll in-
 struct you what to do——The old cit, you say, admires
 you for your understanding; and his son would not mar-
 ry you, unless he found you a girl of sense and spirit.

Maria. Even so——this is the character of your giddy
 sister.

Wild. Why then, I'll tell you——You shall make him
 hate you for a fool, and so let the refusal come from him-
 self.

Maria. But how——how, my dear brother? Tell me
 how?

Wild. Why, you have seen a play with me, where a
 man pretends to be a downright country oaf, in order to
 rule a wife and have a wife.

Maria. Very well——What then? what then?——Oh!——
 I have it——I understand you——say no more——'tis charm-
 ing;

ing; I like it of all things; I'll do it, I will; and I will so plague him, that he shan't know what to make of me—He shall be a very toad-eater to me; the sour, the sweet, the bitter, he shall swallow all, and all shall work upon him alike for my diversion. Say nothing of it—'tis all among ourselves; but I won't be cruel. I hate ill-nature; and then who knows but I may like him?

Beau. My dear Maria, don't talk of liking him.

Maria. Oh! now you are beginning again.

[Sings *Voi Amanti*, &c. and exits.]

Beau. 'Sdeath, Wilding, I shall never be your brother-in-law at this rate.

Wild. Psha, follow me; don't be apprehensive.—I'll give her farther instructions, and she will execute them I warrant you: the old fellow's daughter shall be mine, and the son may go shift for himself elsewhere.

SCENE, Old Philpot's House.

Enter Old Philpot, Dapper, and Quilldrive.

Old Phil. Quilldrive, have those dollars been sent to the bank, as I order'd?

Quill. They have, Sir.

Old Phil. Very well.—Mr Dapper, I am not fond of writing any thing of late; but at your request—

Dap. You know I would not offer you a bad policy.

Old Phil. I believe it—Well, step with me to my closet, and I will look at your policy—How much do you want upon it?

Dap. Three thousand: you had better take the whole; there are very good names upon it.

Old Phil. Well, well, step with me, and I'll talk to you—Quilldrive, step with those bills for acceptance—This way, Mr Dapper, this way. [Exeunt.]

Quilldrive solus.

Quill. A miserly old rascal! digging, digging money out of the very hearts of mankind; constantly, constantly scraping together, and yet trembling with anxiety for fear of coming to want. A canting old hypocrite! and yet under his veil of sanctity he has a liquorish tooth left—running to the other end of the town sily every evening; and there he has his solitary pleasures in holes and corners.

George

George Philpot, *peeping in.*

G Phil. Hift, hift!—Quilldrive!

Quill. Ha, Mr George!

G Phil. Is Square-toes at home?

Quill. He is.

G Phil. Has he ask'd for me?

Quill. He has.

G Phil. (*Walks in on tip-toe.*) Does he know I did not lie at home?

Quill. No; I sunk that upon him.

G Phil. Well done; I'll give you a choice gelding to carry you to Dulwich of a Sunday—Damnation!—up all night—stripped of nine hundred pounds—pretty well for one night!—Piqued, repiqued, flammied, and capotted every deal!—Old Dry-beard shall pay all—Is forty-seven good? no—fifty good? no, no, no—to the end of the chapter—Cruel luck!—Damn me, 'tis life tho'—this is life—'sdeath! I hear him coming (*runs off and peeps*)—no, all's safe—I must not be caught in these cloaths, Quilldrive.

Quill. How came it you did not leave them at Madam Corinna's, as you generally do?

G Phil. I was afraid of being too late for Old Square-toes; and so I whipt into a hackney-coach, and drove with the windows up, as if I was afraid of a bum-bailiff—Pretty cloaths, an't they?

Quill. Ah! Sir—

G Phil. Reach me one of my mechanic city-frocks—no—stay—'tis in the next room, an't it?

Quill. Yes, Sir.

G Phil. I'll run and slip it on in a twinkle. [*Exit.*

Quilldrive *solus.*

Quill. Mercy on us! what a life does he leads! Old Cojer within here will scrape together for him, and the moment young Master comes to possession, "Ill got, ill gone," I warrant me: a hard card I have to play between 'em both—drudging for the old man, and pimping for the young one—The father is a reservoir of riches, and the son is a fountain to play it all away in vanity and folly!

Re-enter George Philpot.

G Phil. Now I'm equipp'd for the city—Damn the city

city—I wish the Papishes would set fire to it again—I hate to be beating the hoof here among them—Here comes father—no;—’tis Dapper.—Quilldrive, I’ll give you the gelding.

Quill. Thank you, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter Dapper.

Dap. Why, you look like a devil, George.

G Phil. Yes; I have been up all night, lost all my money, and I am afraid I must smash for it.

Dap. Smash for it—what have I let you into the secret for? Have not I advised you to trade upon your own account—and you feel the sweets of it.—How much do you owe in the city?

G Phil. At least twenty thousand.

Dap. Poh, that’s nothing! Bring it up to fifty or sixty thousand, and then give ’em a good crash at once—I have insured the ship for you.

G Phil. Have you?

Dap. The policy’s full; I have just touch’d your father for the last three thousand.

G Phil. Excellent! are the goods re-landed?

Dap. Every bale—I have had them up to town, and sold them all to a packer for you.

G Phil. Bravo! and the ship is loaded with rubbish, I suppose?

Dap. Yes; and is now proceeding on the voyage.

G Phil. Very well—and to-morrow, or next day, we shall hear of her being lost upon the Goodwin, or sunk between the Needles.

Dap. Certainly.

G Phil. Admirable! and then we shall come upon the underwriters.

Dap. Directly.

G Phil. My dear Dapper!

[*Embraces him.*

Dap. Yes; I do a dozen every year. How do you think I can live as I do, otherwise?

G Phil. Very true; shall you be at the club after ’Change?

Dap. Without fail.

G Phil. That’s right; it will be a full meeting: we shall have Nat Pigtail the dry-salter there, and Bob Rep-
tile

tile the change-broker, and Soberfides the banker—we shall all be there. We shall have deep doings.

Dap. Yes, yes; well, a good morning; I must go now and fill up a policy for a ship that has been lost these three days.

G Phil. My dear Daper, thou art the best of friends.

Dap. Ay, I'll stand by you—It will be time enough for you to break when you see your father near his end; then give 'em a smash; put yourself at the head of his fortune, and begin the world again—Good morning.

[*Exit.*

G. Philpot solus.

G Phil. Dapper, adieu—Who now, in my situation, would envy any of your great folks at the court-end! A lord has nothing to depend upon but his estate—He can't spend you a hundred thousand pounds of other peoples money—no—no—I had rather be a little bob-wig citizen in good credit, than a commissioner of the customs—Commissioner!—The King has not so good a thing in his gift as a commission of bankruptcy—Don't we see them all with their country-seats at Hogsdon, and at Kentish-town, and at Newington-butts, and at Islington; with their little flying Mercuries tipt on the top of the house, their Apollos, their Venuses, and their leaden Hercules's in the garden; and themselves sitting before the door, with pipes in their mouths, waiting for a good digestion—Zoons! here comes old dad; now for a few dry maxims of left-handed wisdom, to prove myself a scoundrel in sentiment, and pass in his eyes for a hopeful young man likely to do well in the world.

Enter Old Philpot.

Old Phil. Twelve times twelve is 144.

G Phil. I'll attack him in his own way—Commission at two and a half *per cent.*

Old Phil. There he is, intent upon business! What, plodding, George?

G Phil. Thinking a little of the main chance, Sir.

Old Phil. That's tight; it is a wide world, George.

G Phil. Yes, Sir; but you instructed me early in the rudiments of trade.

Old Phil. Ay, ay! I instill'd good principles into thee.

G Phil.

G Phil. So you did, Sir—Principal and interest is all I ever heard from him, (*aside.*) I shall never forget the story you recommended to my earliest notice, Sir.

Old Phil. What was that, George? It is quite out of my head.

G Phil. It intimated, Sir, how Mr Thomas Inkle, of London, merchant, was cast away, and was afterwards protected by a young lady, who grew in love with him, and how he afterwards bargained with a planter to sell her for a slave.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, (*laughs*) I recollect it now.

G Phil. And when she pleaded being with child by him, he was no otherwise mov'd than to raise his price, and make her turn better to account.

Old Phil. (*Bursts into a laugh.*) I remember it—ha, ha!—there was the very spirit of trade! ay—ay—ha, ha!

G Phil. That was calculation for you —

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G Phil. The Rule of Three—If one gives me so much, what will two give me?

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

[*Laughs.*]

G Phil. That was a hit, Sir.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G Phil. That was having his wits about him.

Old Phil. Ay, ay! It is a lesson for all young men. It was a hit indeed, ha, ha!

[*Both laugh.*]

G Phil. What an old negro it is.

[*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Thou art a son after my own heart, George.

G Phil. Trade must be minded—A penny sav'd, is a penny got—

Old Phil. Ay, ay, [*Shakes his head, and looks cunning.*]

G Phil. He that hath money in his purse won't want a head on his shoulders.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G Phil. Rome was not built in a day—Fortunes are made by degrees—Pains to get, care to keep, and fear to lose—

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G Phil. He that lies in bed, his estate feels it.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, the good boy.

G Phil. The old curmudgeon (*aside*) thinks nothing mean that brings in an honest penny.

Old Phil. The good boy! George, I have great hopes of thee.

G Phil. Thanks to your example; you have taught me to be cautious in this wide world—Love your neighbour, but don't pull down your hedge.

Old Phil. I profess it is a wise saying—I never heard it before: it is a wise saying; and shows how cautious we should be of too much confidence in friendship.

G Phil. Very true.

Old Phil. Friendship has nothing to do with trade.

G Phil. It only draws a man in to lend money.

Old Phil. Ay, ay—

G Phil. There was your neighbour's son, Dick Worthy, who was always cramming his head with Greek and Latin at school; he wanted to borrow of me the other day; but I was too cunning.

Old Phil. Ay, ay—Let him draw bills of exchange in Greek and Latin, and see where he will get a pound sterling for them.

G Phil. So I told him—I went to him to his garret in the Minories; and there I found him in all his misery! and a fine scene it was—There was his wife in a corner of the room, at a washing tub, up to the elbows in suds; a solitary pork-steak was dangling by a bit of pack-thread before a melancholy fire; himself seated at a three-legg'd table, writing a pamphlet against the German war; a child upon his left knee, his right-leg employed in rocking a cradle with a brattling in it—And so there was business enough for them all—His wife rubbing away, (*mimicks a washerwoman*); and he writing on, "The king of Prussia shall have no more subsidies—Saxony shall be indemnify'd—He shan't have a foot in Silesia." There is a sweet little baby! (*to the child on his knee*)—then he rock'd the cradle, hush ho! hush ho!—then twisted the grisken (*snaps his fingers*) hush ho! "The Russians shall have Prussia," (*writes.*) The wife (*washes and sings.*) He—"There's a dear." Round goes the grisken again (*snaps his fingers*); and Canada must "be restor'd," (*writes.*)—And so you have a picture of the whole family.

Old Phil. Ha, ha! What becomes of his Greek and Latin now? Fine words butter no parsnips—He had no money from you, I suppose, George?

G Phil. Oh! no; charity begins at home, says I.

Old Phil. And it was wisely said—I have an excellent saying when any man wants to borrow of me—I am ready with my joke—"A fool and his money are soon parted"—ha, ha, ha!

G Phil. Ha, ha—An old skin-flint. [*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Ay, ay—a fool and his money are soon parted—ha, ha, ha!

G Phil. Now if I can wring a handsome sum out of him, it will prove the truth of what he says. (*Aside.*) And yet trade has its inconveniences—Great houses stopping payment!

Old Phil. Hey—what! you look chagrin'd!—Nothing of that sort has happened to thee, I hope?—

G Phil. A great house at Cadiz—Don John de Alvarada—The Spanish galleons, not making quick returns—and so my bills are come back.

Old Phil. Ay!— [*Shakes his head.*]

G Phil. I have indeed a remittance from Messina. That voyage yields me thirty *per cent.* profit—But this blow coming upon me—

Old Phil. Why this is unlucky—how much money?

G Phil. Three-and-twenty hundred.

Old Phil. George, too many eggs in one basket; I'll tell thee, George, I expect Sir Jasper Wilding here presently to conclude the treaty of marriage I have on foot for thee: then hush this up, say nothing of it, and in a day or two you pay these bills with his daughter's portion.

G Phil. The old rogue (*aside.*) That will never do; I shall be blown upon 'Change—Alvarada will pay in time—He has open'd his affairs—He appears a good man.

Old Phil. Does he?

G Phil. A great fortune left; will pay in time, but I must crack before that.

Old Phil. It is unlucky! A good man you say he is?

G Phil. Nobody better.

Old Phil. Let me see—Suppose I lend this money?

G Phil.

G Phil. Ah, Sir.

Old Phil. How much is your remittance from Messina?

G Phil. Seven hundred and fifty.

Old Phil. Then you want fifteen hundred and fifty.

G Phil. Exactly.

Old Phil. Don Alvarada is a good man, you say?

G Phil. Yes, Sir.

Old Phil. I will venture to lend the money—You must allow me commission upon those bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer.

G Phil. Agreed.

Old Phil. Lawful interest while I am out of my money.

G Phil. I subscribe.

Old Phil. A power of attorney to receive the monies from Alvarada when he makes a payment.

G Phil. You shall have it.

Old Phil. Your own bond.

G Phil. To be sure.

Old Phil. Go and get me a check—You shall have a draught on the bank.

G Phil. Yes, Sir.

[*Going.*]

Old Phil. But stay—I had forgot—I must sell out for this—Stocks are under *par*.—You must pay the difference.

G Phil. Was ever such a leech! (*aside.*) By all means, Sir.

Old Phil. Step and get me a check.

G Phil. A fool and his money are soon parted. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit G Philpot.*]

Old Philpot solus.

What with commission, lawful interest, and his paying the difference of the stocks, which are higher now than when I bought in, this will be no bad morning's work; and then in the evening, I shall be in the rarest spirits for this new adventure I am recommended to—Let me see—what is the lady's name, (*Takes a letter out.*) Corinna! ay, ay, by the description she is a bale of goods—I shall be in rare spirits—Ay, this is the way, to indulge one's passions and yet conceal them, and to mind one's business in the city here as if one had no

B 3 *passions*

passions at all—I long for the evening, methinks—Body o'me—I am a young man still.

Enter Quilldrive.

Quill. Sir Jasper Wilding, Sir, and his daughter.

Old Phil. I am at home.

Enter Sir Jasper and Maria.

[*Sir Jasper dressed as a fox-hunter, and singing.*]

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, your very humble servant.

Sir Jasp. Master Philpot, I be glad to zee ye, I am indeed.

Old Phil. The like compliment to you, Sir Jasper. Miss Maria, I kiss your fair hand.

Maria. Sir, your most obedient.

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, I ha' brought un to zee you—There's my girl—I ben't agham'd of my girl.

Maria. That's more than I can say of my father—luckily these people are as much strangers to decorum as my old gentleman, otherwise this visit from a lady to meet her lover would have an odd appearance—I ho' but late a boarding-school girl, I know enough of the world for that. [*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Truly she is a blooming young lady, Sir Jasper, and I verily shall like to take an interest in her.

Sir Jasp. I ha brought her to zee ye, and zo your zon may ha' her as soon as he will.

Old Phil. Why she looks three and a half *per cent.* better than when I saw her last.

Maria. Then there is hopes that in a little time I shall be above *par*—he rates me like a lottery-ticket. [*Aside.*]

Old Phil. Ay, ay, I doubt not, Sir Jasper: Miss has the appearance of a very sensible, discreet young lady; and to deal freely, without that she would not do for my son—George is a shrewd lad, and I have often heard him declare no consideration should ever prevail on him to marry a fool.

Maria. Ay, you have told me so before, old gentleman, and I have my cue from my brother; and if I don't soon give master George a surfeit of me, why then I am not a notable girl. [*Aside.*]

Enter George Philpot.

G Phil. A good clever old cuff this—after my own heart

heart—I think I'll have his daughter, if 'tis only for the pleasure of hunting with him.

Sir Jasp. Zon-in-law, gee us your hand—What zay you? Are you ready for my girl?

G Phil. Say grace as soon as you will, Sir, I'll fall too.

Sir Jasp. Well zaid—I like you—I like un, master Philpot—I like un—I'll tell you what, let un talk to her now.

Old Phil. And so he shall—George, she is a bale of goods; speak her fair now, and then you'll be in cash.

G Phil. I think I had rather not speak to her now—I hate speaking to those modest women—Sir;—Sir, a word in your ear; had not I better break my mind by advertizing for her in a newspaper?

Old Phil. Talk sense to her, George; she is a notable girl—and I'll give the draft upon the bank presently.

Sir Jasp. Come along, master Philpot—come along; I ben't afraid of my girl—come along.

[*Exeunt Sir Jasper and Old Phil.*]

Maria. A pretty sort of a lover they have found for me.

[*Aside.*]

G Phil. How shall I speak my mind to her? She is almost a stranger to me.

[*Aside.*]

Maria. Now I'll make the hideous thing hate me if I can.

[*Aside.*]

G Phil. Ay, she is as sharp as a needle, I warrant her.

[*Aside.*]

Maria, (aside.) When will he begin?—Ah, you fright! You rival Mr Beaufort! I'll give him an aversion to me, that's what I will, and so let him have the trouble of breaking off the match: not a word yet—he is in a fine confusion. (*Looks foolish.*) I think I may as well sit down, Sir.

G Phil. Ma'am—I—I—I—(*frighted.*)—I'll hand you a chair, Ma'am—there, Ma'am.

[*Bows awkwardly.*]

Maria. Sir, I thank you.

G Phil. I'll sit down too.

[*In confusion.*]

Maria. Heigho!

G Phil. Ma'am!

Maria. Sir!

G Phil. I thought—I—I—did not you say something, Ma'am?

Maria. No, Sir; nothing.

G Phil. I beg your pardon, Ma'am.

Maria. Oh, you are a sweet creature. [*Aside.*

G Phil. The ice is broke now; I have begun, and so I'll go on. [*Sits silent, looks foolish, and steals a look at her.*

Maria. An agreeable interview this! [*Aside.*

G Phil. Pray, Ma'am, do you ever go to concerts?

Maria. Concerts! what's that, Sir?

G Phil. A music-meeting.

Maria. I have been at a Quaker's meeting, but never at a music-meeting.

G Phil. Lord, Ma'am, all the gay world goes to concerts—She notable! I'll take courage, she is nobody. [*Aside.*] Will you give me leave to present you a ticket for the Crown and Anchor, Ma'am?

Maria, (*looking simple and awkward.*) A ticket—what's a ticket?

G Phil. There, Ma'am, at your service.

Maria. (*Curtseys awkwardly.*) I long to see what a ticket is.

G Phil. What a curtsy there is for the St James's end of the town! I hate her; she seems to be an idiot. [*Aside.*

Maria. Here's a charming ticket he has given me— [*Aside.*] And is this a ticket, Sir?

G Phil. Yes, Ma'am—And is this a ticket?

[*Mimicks her aside.*

Maria. (*Reads.*) For sale by the candle, the following goods—thirty chests straw-hats—fifty tubs chip-hats—pepper, sago, borax—Ha, ha! such a ticket!

G Phil. I—I—I have made a mistake, Ma'am—here, here is the right one.

Maria. You need not mind it, Sir—I never go to such places.

G Phil. No, Ma'am—I don't know what to make of her—Was you ever at the White-Conduit-house?

Maria. There's a question. [*Aside.*] Is that a nobleman's seat?

G Phil.

G Phil. (Laughs.) Simpleton!—No, Mifs, it is not a nobleman's feat——Lord! 'tis at Iflington.

Maria. Lord Iflington!——I don't know my Lord Iflington.

G Phil. The town of Iflington.

Maria. I have not the honour of knowing his Lordship.

G Phil. Iflington is a town, Ma'am.

Maria. Oh! it's a town.

G Phil. Yes, Ma'am.

Maria. I am glad of it.

G Phil. What is she glad of?

[*Aside.*

Maria. A pretty husband my papa has chose for me.

[*Aside.*

G Phil. What shall I say to her next?——Have you been at the burletta, Ma'am?

Maria. Where?

G Phil. The burletta.

Maria. Sir, I would have you to know that I am no such person——I go to burlettas! I am not what you take me for.

G Phil. Ma'am——

Maria. I'm come of good people, Sir; and have been properly educated as a young girl ought to be.

G Phil. What a damn'd fool she is! (*Aside.*)——The burletta is an opera, Ma'am.

Maria. Opera, Sir! I don't know what you mean by this usage—to affront me in this manner!

G Phil. Affront! I mean quite the reverse, Ma'am; I took you for a connoisseur.

Maria. Who, me a connoisseur, Sir! I desire you won't call me such names; I am sure I never so much as thought of such a thing.——Sir, I won't be call'd a connoisseur——I won't——I won't——I won't.

[*Bursts out a-crying.*

G Phil. Ma'am, I meant no offence——A connoisseur is a virtuoso.

Maria. Don't virtuoso me? I am no virtuoso, Sir; I would have you to know it——I am as virtuous a girl as any in England, and I will never be a virtuoso.

[*Cries bitterly.*

G Phil. But, Ma'am, you mistake me quite.

Maria.

Maria. (In a passion, choking her tears and sobbing.) Sir, I am come of as virtuous people as any in England—My family was always remarkable for virtue—My mamma (*bursts out*,) was as good a woman as ever was born, and my aunt Bridget (*sobbing*) was a virtuous woman too—And there's my sister Sophy makes as good and virtuous a wife as any at all—And so, Sir, don't call me a virtuoso—I won't be brought here to be treated in this manner, I won't—I won't—I won't.

[*Cries bitterly.*]

G Phil. The girl's a natural—So much the better. I'll marry her, and lock her up (*Aside.*)—Ma'am, upon my word you you misunderstand me.

Maria. Sir (*drying her tears*), I won't be call'd connoisseur by you nor any body—And I am no virtuoso—I'd have you to know that.

G Phil. Ma'am, connoisseur and virtuoso are words for a person of taste.

Maria. Taste!

[*Sobbing.*]

G Phil. Yes, Ma'am.

Maria. And did you mean to say as how I am a person of taste?

G Phil. Undoubtedly.

Maria. Sir, your most obedient humble servant. Oh, that's another thing—I have a taste, to be sure.

G Phil. I know you have, Ma'am—O you're a cursed ninny.

[*Aside.*]

Maria. Yes, I know I have—I can read tolerably, and I begin to write a little.

G Phil. Upon my word you have made a great progress!—What could old Squaretoes mean by passing her upon me for a sensible girl? and what a fool I was to be afraid to speak to her!—I'll talk to her openly at once (*Aside.*)—Come sit down, Miss—Pray, Ma'am, are you inclined to matrimony!

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G Phil. Are you in love?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G Phil. Those naturals are always amorous (*Aside.*) How should you like me?

Maria. Of all things—

G Phil.

G Phil. A girl without ceremony, (*aside.*) Do you love me?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G Phil. But you don't love any body else?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G Phil. Frank and free, (*aside.*) But not so well as me?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G Phil. Better, may be?

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G Phil. The devil you do! (*aside.*) And perhaps, if I should marry you, I should have a chance to be made a —

Maria. Yes, Sir.

G Phil. The case is clear: Miss Maria, your very humble servant; you are not for my money, I promise you.

Maria. Sir!

G Phil. I have done, Ma'am, that's all; and I take my leave.

Maria. But you'll marry me?

G Phil. No, Ma'am, no;—no such thing—You may provide yourself a husband elsewhere: I am your humble servant.

Maria. Not marry me, Mr Philpot?—But you must—My papa said you must—and I will have you.

G Phil. There's another proof of her nonsense, (*aside.*) Make yourself easy, for I shall have nothing to do with you.

Maria. Not marry me, Mr Philpot? (*bursts out in tears.*) But I say you shall; and I will have a husband, or I'll know the reason why—You shall—you shall.

G Phil. A pretty sort of wife they intend for me here—

Maria. I wonder you an't ashamed of yourself to affront a young girl in this manner. I'll go and tell my papa—I will—I will—I will. [*Crying bitterly.*]

G Phil. And so you may—I have no more to say to you—And so your servant, Miss—your servant.

Maria. Ay! and by goles! my brother Bob shall fight you.

G Phil. What care I for your brother Bob? [*Going.*]
Maria.

Maria. How can you be so cruel, Mr Philpot? how can you — oh—[*Cries, and struggles with him. Exit G. Phil.* Ha, ha! I have carried my brother's scheme into execution charmingly, ha, ha! He will break off the match now of his own accord—Ha, ha! This is charming; this is fine; this is like a girl of spirit.

ACT II.

Enter Corinna, Tom following her.

Cor. **A**N elderly gentleman, did you say?
Tom. Yes; that says he has got a letter for you, Ma'am.

Cor. Desire the gentleman to walk up stairs. (*Exit Tom.*) These old fellows will be coming after a body—but they pay well, and so—Servant, Sir.

Enter Old Philpot.

Old Phil. Fair lady, your very humble servant—Truly a blooming young girl! Madam, I have a letter here for you from Bob Poacher, whom, I presume, you know.

Cor. Yes, Sir, I know Bob Poacher—He is a very good friend of mine, (*reads to herself,*) he speaks so handsomely of you, Sir, and says you are so much of the gentleman, that, to be sure, Sir, I shall endeavour to be agreeable, Sir.

Old Phil. Really you are very agreeable—You see I am punctual to my hour. [*Looks at his watch.*]

Cor. That is a mighty pretty watch, Sir.

Old Phil. Yes, Madam, it is a repeater; it has been in our family for a long time—This is a mighty pretty lodging—I have twenty guineas here in a purse; here they are, (*turns them out upon the table*), as pretty golden rogues as ever fair fingers play'd with.

Cor. I am always agreeable to any thing from a gentleman.

Old Phil. There are (*aside*) some light guineas among them—I always put off my light guineas in this way.—You are exceedingly welcome, Madam. Your fair hand looks so tempting, I must kiss it—Oh! I could eat it up—Fair lady, your lips look so cherry—They
actually

actually invite the touch, (*kisses.*) Really it makes the difference of *cent. per cent.* in one's constitution—You have really a mighty pretty foot—Oh, you little rogue—I could smother you with kisses—Oh you little delicate, charming— [*Kisses her.*]

George Philpot, within.

G Phil. Gee-houp!—Awhi!—Awhi! Gallows! Awhi!

Old Phil. Hey—What is all that?—Somebody coming!

Cor. Some young rake, I fancy, coming in whether my servants will or no.

Old Phil. What shall I do?—I would not be seen for the world—Can't you hide me in that room?

Cor. Dear heart! no, Sir—These wild young fellows take such liberties—He may take it into his head to go in there, and then you will be detected—Get under the table—He shan't remain long, whoever he is—Here—here, Sir, get under here.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; that will do—Don't let him stay long—Give me another buss—Wounds! I could—

Cor. Hush!—Make haste.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; I will, fair lady—(*Creeps under the table, and peeps out.*) Don't let him stay long.

Cor. Hush! Silence! you will ruin all else.

Enter G. Philpot, dress'd out.

G Phil. Sharper, do your work—Awhi! Awhi! So, my girl—how dost do?

Cor. Very well, thank you—I did not expect to see you so soon—I thought you was to be at the club—The servants told me you came back from the city at two o'clock to dress; and so I concluded you would have staid all night as usual.

G Phil. No; the run was against me again, and I did not care to pursue ill-fortune. But I am strong in cash, my girl.

Cor. Are you?

G Phil. Yes, yes—Suskins in plenty.

Old Phil. (*peeping.*) Ah the ungracious! These are your haunts, are they!

G Phil. Yes, yes; I am strong in cash—I have taken in old curmudgeon since I saw you.

Cor.

Cor. As how, pray!

Old Phil. (*peeping out.*) Ay, as how; let us hear, pray.

G Phil. Why, I'll tell you.

Old Phil. (*peeping.*) Ay, let us hear.

G Phil. I talk'd a world of wisdom to him.

Old Phil. Ay!

G Phil. Tipt him a few rascally sentiments of a scoundrelly kind of prudence.

Old Phil. Ay!

G Phil. The old curmudgeon chuckled at it.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; the old curmudgeon! ay, ay.

G Phil. He is a sad old fellow.

Old Phil. Ay! Go on.

G Phil. And so I appear'd to him as deserving of the gallows as he is himself.

Old Phil. Well said, boy, well said—Go on.

G Phil. And then he took a liking to me—Ay, ay, says he, ay, friendship has nothing to do with trade—George, thou art a son after my own heart; and then as I dealt out little maxims of penury, he grinn'd like a Jew-broker when he has cheated his principal of an eighth *per cent.*—and cried, Ay, ay, that is the very spirit of trade—A fool and his money are soon parted—(*mimicking him.*)—And so, on he went, like Harlequin in a French comedy, tickling himself into a good humour, till at last I tickled him out of fifteen hundred and odd pounds.

Old Phil. I have a mind to rise and break his bones—But then I discover myself—Lie still, Isaac, lie still.

G Phil. Oh, I understand trap—I talked of a great house stopping paym-nt—The thing was true enough; but I had no dealing with them.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G Phil. And so, for fear of breaking off a match with an idiot he wants me to marry, he lent me the money, and cheated me tho'.

Old Phil. Ay, you have found it out—have ye?

G Phil. No old usurer in England, grown hard-hearted in his trade, could have dealt worse with me—I must have commission upon these bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer—Your bond—lawful interest
I while

while I am out of the money—and the difference for selling out of the stocks—an old miserly good-for-nothing skin-flint.

Old Phil. My blood boils to be at him—Go on; can you tell us a little more?

G Phil. Poh! he is an old curmudgeon—And so I will talk no more about him—Come, give me a kiss.

[*They kiss.*]

Old Phil. The young dog, how he fastens his lips to her!

G Phil. You shall go with me to Epsom next Sunday.

Cor. Shall I? That's charming.

G Phil. You shall, in my chariot—I drive.

Cor. But I don't like to see you drive.

G Phil. But I like it; I am as good a coachman as any in England—There was my lord What d'ye call him—he kept a stage-coach for his own driving; but, Lord! he was nothing to me.

Cor. No!

G Phil. Oh! no—I know my road-work, my girl—When I have my coachman's hat on—Is my hat come home?

Cor. It hangs up yonder; but I don't like it.

G Phil. Let me see—Ay! the very thing—Mind me when I go to work—throw my eyes about a few—handle the braces—take the off-leader by the jaw—Here you—how have you curbed this horse up?—Let him out a link; do, you blood of a—Whoo Eh!—Jewel!—Button!—Whoo Eh! Come here, you Sir, how have you coupled Gallows! You know he'll take the bar of Sharper—Take him in two holes, do—There's four pretty little knots as any in England—Whoo Eh!

Cor. But can't you let your coachman drive?

G Phil. No, no—See me mount the box, handle the reins, my wrist turned down, square my elbows, stamp with my foot—Gee-up!—Off we go—Button, do you want to have us over?—Do your work, do—Awhi! awhi!—There we bowl away; see how sharp they are—Gallows!—Softly up hill, (*whistler.*) There's a public-house—Give 'em a mouthful of water, do—

And fetch me a dram—Drink it off—Gee-up! Awhi! awhi!—There we go scrambling all together—Reach Epsom in an hour and forty-three minutes, all Lombard-street to an egg-shell, we do—There's your work, my girl!—Eh! damn me.

Old Phil. Mercy on me! What a profligate debauched young dog it is!

Enter Young Wilding.

Wild. Ha! my little Corinna—Sir, your servant.

G Phil. Your servant, Sir.

Wild. Sir, your servant.

G Phil. Any commands for me, Sir?

Wild. For you, Sir?

G Phil. Yes; for me, Sir?

Wild. No, Sir, I have no commands for you, Sir.

G Phil. What's your business?

Wild. Business!

G Phil. Ay, business.

Wild. Why, very good business I think—My little Corinna—my life—my little—

G Phil. Is that your business?—Pray, Sir—Not so free, Sir.

Wild. Not so free!

G Phil. No, Sir! that lady belongs to me.

Wild. To you, Sir?

G Phil. Yes, to me.

Wild. To you! Who are you?

G Phil. As good a man as you.

Wild. Upon my word!—Who is this fellow, Corinna? some journeyman-taylor, I suppose, who chooses to try on the gentleman's cloaths before he carries them home.

G Phil. Taylor!—What do you mean by that? You lie! I am no Taylor.

Wild. You shall give me satisfaction for that!

G Phil. For what?

Wild. For giving me the lie.

G Phil. I did not.

Wild. You did, Sir.

G Phil. You lie; I'll bet you five pounds I did not—But if you have a mind for a frolic—Let me put by my sword—Now, Sir, come on

[In a boxing attitude.

Wild.

Wild. Why, you scoundrel, do you think I want to box? Draw, Sir, this moment.

G Phil. No I——come on.

Wild. Draw, or I'll cut you to pieces.

G Phil. I'll give you satisfaction this way (*pushes at him.*)

Wild. Draw, Sir, draw! You won't draw!—There, take that, Sirrah—and that—and that, you scoundrel.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; well done; lay it on—[*Peeps out.*

Wild. And there, you rascal; and there.

Old Phil. Thank you, thank you—Could not you find in your heart to lay on another for me?

Cor. Pray, don't be in such a passion, Sir.

Wild. My dear Corinna, don't be frightened; I shall not murder him.

Old Phil. I am safe here—lie still, Isaac, lie still—I am safe.

Wild. The fellow has put me out of breath. (*Sits down.*) (*Old Philpot's watch strikes ten under the table.* Whose watch is that? (*stares round.*) Hey! what is all this? (*Looks under the table.*) Your humble servant, Sir! Turn out, pray turn out—You won't—Then I'll unthell you. (*Takes away the table.*) Your very humble servant, Sir.

G Phil. Zounds! my father there all this time.

[*Aside.*

Wild. I suppose you will give me the lie too?

Old Phil. (*Still on the ground.*) No, Sir, not I truly; But the gentleman there may divert himself again if he has a mind.

G Phil. No, Sir, not I; I pass.

Old Phil. George, you are there I see.

G Phil. Yes, Sir; and you are there I see.

Wild. Come rise—Who is this old fellow?

Cor. Upon my word, I don't know—As I live and breathe, I don't—he came after my maid, I suppose; I'll go and ask her—Let me run out of the way, and hide myself from this scene of confusion. [*Exit Corinna.*

G Phil. What an imp of hell she is!

[*Aside.*

Wild. Come, get up, Sir; you are too old to be beat.

Old Phil. (*rising.*) In troth so I am—But there you may exercise yourself again if you please.

G Phil. No more for me, Sir—I thank you.

Old Phil. I have made but a bad voyage of it—The ship is sunk, and stock and block lost. [*Aside.*]

Wild. Ha, ha! upon my soul, I can't help laughing at his old square toes—As for you, Sir, you have had what you deserv'd—Ha, ha! you are a kind cull, I suppose—ha, ha! And you, reverend dad, you must come here tottering after a punk, ha, ha!

Old Phil. Oh! George! George!

G Phil. Oh! father! father!

Wild. Ha, ha! what, father and son! And so you have found one another out, ha, ha!—Well, you may have business; and so, gentlemen, I'll leave you to yourselves.

[*Exit.*]

G Phil. This is too much to bear—What an infamous jade she is! All her contrivance!—Don't be angry with me, Sir—I'll go my ways this moment, tie myself up in the matrimonial noose—and never have any thing to do with these courses again. [*Going.*]

Old Phil. And hark you, George; tie me up in a real noose, and turn me off as soon as you will. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Beaufort dressed as a lawyer, and Sir Jasper Wilding with a bottle and glass in his hand.

Beau. No more, Sir Jasper; I can't drink any more.

Sir Jasp. Why you be but a weezen-fac'd drinker, master Quagmire—come, man, finish this bottle.

Beau. I beg to be excused— you had better let me read over the deeds to you.

Sir Jasp. Zounds! 'tis all about out-houses, and messuages, and barns, and stables, and orchards, and meadows, and lands and tenements, and woods and underwoods, and commons, and backsides. I am o' the commission for Wilts, and I know the ley; and so truce with your jargon, Mr Quagmire.

Beau. But, Sir, you don't consider, marriage is an affair of importance—it is contracted between persons, first, consenting; secondly, free from canonical impediments; thirdly, free from civil impediments, and can only be dissolved for canonical causes or levitical causes—See *Leviticus* xviii. and xxviii. Harry VIII. chapter vii.

Sir

Sir Jasp. You shall drink t'other bumper, an you talk of ley.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Old Mr Philpot, Sir, and his son.

Sir Jasp. Wounds! that's right, they'll take me out of the hands of this lawyer here. *[Exit.]*

Beaufort solus.

Beau. Well done, Beaufort! thus far you have play'd your part, as if you had been of the pimplenose family of Furnival's-inn.

Re-enter Sir Jasper, with Old Philpot and G. Philpot.

Sir Jasp. Master Philpot, I be glad you are come: this man here has so plagued me with his ley, but now we'll have no more about it, but sign the papers at once.

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, Twenty thousand pounds, you know, is a great deal of money—I should not give you so much, if it was not for the sake of your daughter's marrying my son; so that if you will allow me discount for prompt payment, I will pay the money down.

G Phil. Sir, I must beg to see the young lady once more before I embark; for to be plain, Sir, she appears to be a mere natural.

Sir Jasp. I'll tell you what, youngster, I find my girl a notable wench—and here, here's zon Bob.

Enter Young Wilding.

Sir Jasp. Bob, gee us your hand—I ha' finish'd the business—and zo now—here, here, here's your vather-in-law.

Old Phil. Of all the birds in the air, is that he? *[Aside.]*

G Phil. He has behaved like a relation to me already. *[Aside.]*

Sir Jasp. Go to un, man—that's your vather—

Wild. This is the strangest accident—Sir—Sir—*(stifling a laugh.)* I—I—Sir—upon my soul, I can't stand this. *[Bursts out a laughing.]*

Old Phil. I deserve it! I deserve to be laughed at. *[Aside.]*

G Phil. He has shown his regard to his sister's family already. *[Aside.]*

Sir Jasp. What's the matter, Bob? I tell you this is your vather-in-law—*(Pulls Old Philpot to him.)* Ma-

ster Philpot, that's Bob—Speak to un, Bob—speak to un—

Wild. Sir—I—I am (*stiffes a laugh.*) I say, Sir—I am, Sir—extremely proud—of—of—

G Phil. Of having beat me, I suppose. [*Aside.*]

Wild. Of the honour, Sir—of—of— [*Laughs.*]

G Phil. Ay; that's what he means. [*Aside.*]

Wild. And, Sir—I—I—this opportunity—I cannot look him in the face—(*bursts out into a laugh*) ha, ha! I cannot stay in the room— [*Going.*]

Sir Jasp. Why, the folks are all mad, I believe! you shall stay, Bob; you shall stay. [*Holds him.*]

Wild. Sir, I—I cannot possibly— [*Whispers his father.*]

Old Phil. George, George, what a woful figure do we make?

G Phil. Bad enough, of all conscience, Sir.

Sir Jasp. An odd adventure, Bob. [*Laughs heartily.*]

Old Phil. Ay! there now he is hearing the whole affair, and is laughing at me.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha! Poh, never mind it—a did not hurt un.

Old Phil. It's all discover'd.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha!—I told ye zon Bob could find a hare squar upon her form with any he in Christendom—ha, ha! never mind it, man; Bob meant no harm—Here, here, Bob—here's your vather, and there's your brother—I should like to ha' zeen un under the table.

Wild. Gentlemen, your most obedient.

[*Stiffing a laugh.*]

Old Phil. Sir, your servant—He has lick'd George well—and I forgive him.

Sir Jasp. Well, young gentleman, which way is your mind now?

G Phil. Why, Sir, to be plain, I find your daughter an idiot.

Sir Jasp. Zee her again then—zee her again—Here, you, sirrah, send our Moll hither.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Sir Jasp. Very well then, we'll go into t'other room, crack a bottle, and settle matters there; and leave un together—Hoic! hoic—Our Moll—Tally over.

Enter

THE CITIZEN.

37

Enter Maria.

Maria. Did you call me, papa?

Sir Jasp. I did, my girl—There, the gentleman wants to speak with you—Behave like a clever wench as you are—Come along, my boys—Master Quagmire, come and finish the business. [*Exit singing, with Old Philpot and Beaufort. Manent George and Maria.*]

G Phil. I know she is a fool, and so I will speak to her without ceremony—Well, Miss, you told me you could read and write?

Maria. Read, Sir? Heavens!—(*Looking at him.*)

Ha, ha, ha!

G Phil. What does she laugh at?

Maria. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

G Phil. What diverts you so, pray?

Maria. Ha, ha, ha! What a fine taudry figure you have made of yourself? Ha, ha!

G Phil. Figure, Madam!

Maria. I shall die, I shall die! ha, ha, ha!

G Phil. Do you make a laughing-stock of me?

Maria. No, Sir; by no means—Ha, ha, ha!

G Phil. Let me tell you, Miss, I don't understand being treated thus.

Maria. Sir, I can't possibly help it—I—I—Ha, ha!

G Phil. I shall quit the room, and tell your papa, if you go on thus.

Maria. Sir, I beg your pardon a thousand times—I am but a giddy girl—I can't help it—I—I—Ha, ha!

G Phil. Ma'am, this is downright insult:

Maria. Sir, you look somehow or other—I don't know how, so comically—Ha, ha, ha!

G Phil. Did you never see a gentleman dress'd before?

Maria. Never like you—I beg your pardon, Sir—Ha, ha, ha!

G Phil. Now here is an idiot in spirits—I tell you, this is your ignorance—I am dress'd in high taste.

Maria. Yes; so you are—Ha, ha, ha!

G Phil. Will you have done laughing?

Maria.

‘ *Maria*. Yes, Sir, I will—I will—there—
‘ there—there—I have done.

‘ *G Phil*. Do so then, and behave yourself a little sedately.

‘ *Maria*. I will, Sir;—I won’t look at him, and
‘ then I shan’t laugh—— [*Aside*.

‘ *G Phil*. Let me tell you, Miss, that nobody understands dress better than I do.

‘ *Maria*. Ha, ha, ha!

‘ *G Phil*. She’s mad, sure.

‘ *Maria*. No, Sir, I am not mad—I have done, Sir—
‘ I have done—I assure you, Sir, that nobody is more
‘ averse from ill manners, and would take greater pains
‘ not to affront a gentleman——Ha, ha, ha!

‘ *G Phil*. Again? Zounds! what do you mean? you’ll
‘ put me in a passion, I can tell you, presently.

‘ *Maria*. I can’t help it—indeed I can’t—Beat me if
‘ you will, but let me laugh—I can’t help it—Ha, ha,
‘ ha!

‘ *G Phil*. I never met with such usage in my life.

‘ *Maria*. I shall die—Do, Sir, let me laugh—It will
‘ do me good—Ha, ha, ha!

‘ [*Falls down in a fit of laughing*.

‘ *G Phil*. If this is your way, I won’t stay a moment
‘ longer in the room—I’ll go this moment and tell your
‘ father.

‘ *Maria*. Sir, Sir, Mr Philpot, don’t be so hasty, Sir
‘ —I have done, Sir; it’s over now—I have had my
‘ laugh out—I am a giddy girl—but I’ll be grave.—
‘ I’ll compose myself, and act a different scene with him
‘ from what I did in the morning. I have all the materials
‘ of an impertinent wit, and I will now twirl him
‘ about the room, like a boy setting up his top with his
‘ finger and thumb. [*Aside*.

‘ *G Phil*. Miss, I think you told me you can read and
‘ write?

Maria. Read, Sir! Reading is the delight of my life
——Do you love reading, Sir?

C Phil. Prodigiously—How pert she is grown!—I
have read very little, and I’m resolv’d for the future to
read less. (*Aside*.) What have you read, Miss?

Maria. Every thing.

G Phil.

G Phil. You have?

Maria. Yes, Sir, I have.

G Phil. Oh! brave—and do you remember what you read, Miss?

Maria. Not so well as I could wish—Wits have short memories.

G Phil. Oh! you are a wit too?

Maria. I am—and do you know that I feel myself provok'd to a simile now?

G Phil. Provok'd to a simile!—Let us hear it.

Maria. What do you think we are both like?

G Phil. Well—

Maria. Like Cymon and Iphigenia in Dryden's fable.

G Phil. Jenny in Dryden's fable!

Maria. *The fanning breeze upon her bosom blows;*

To meet the fanning breeze, her bosom rose.

That's me——now you.

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,

And whistled as he went (mimicks) for want of thought.

G Phil. This is not the same girl. [Disconcerted.]

Maria. Mark again, mark again:

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,

And gaping mouth that testified surprise.

[He looks foolish, she laughs at him.]

G Phil. I must take care how I speak to her; she is not the fool I took her for. [Aside.]

Maria. You seem surpris'd, Sir—but this is my way—I read, Sir, and then I apply—I have read every thing; Suckling, Waller, Milton, Dryden, Lansdowne, Gay, Prior, Swift, Addison, Pope, Young, Thomson.

G Phil. Hey! the devil—what a clack is here!

[He walks across the stage.]

Maria, (following him eagerly.) Shakespear, Fletcher, Otway, Southern, Rowe, Congreve, Wicherly, Farquhar, Cibber, Vanbrugh, Steel, in short every body; and I find them all wit, fire, vivacity, spirit, genius, taste, imagination, railery, humour, character, and sentiment—Well done, Miss Notable! you have play'd your part like a young actress in high favour with the town. [Aside.]

G Phil. Her tongue goes like a water-mill. [Aside.]

Maria.

Maria. What do you say to me now, Sir?

G Phil. Say!—I don't know what the devil to say.

[*Aside.*]

Maria. What's the matter, Sir? Why, you look as if the stocks were fallen—or like London-bridge at low water—or like a waterman when the Thames is frozen—or like a politician without news—or like a prude without scandal—or like a great lawyer without a brief—or like some lawyers with one—or——

G Phil. Or like a poor devil of a husband henpeck'd by a wit, and so say no more of that——What a capricious piece here is!

[*Aside.*]

Maria. Oh, fie, you have spoil'd all—I had not half done.

G Phil. There is enough, of all conscience—You may content yourself.

Maria. But I can't be so easily contented——I like a simile half a mile long.

G Phil. I see you do.

Maria. Oh! And I make verses too—verses like an angel—off hand—extempore——Can you give me an extempore?

G Phil. What does she mean?—No, Miss—I have never a one about me.

Maria. You can't give me an extempore——Oh! for shame, Mr Philpot—I love an extempore of all things; and I love the poets dearly; their sense so fine, their invention rich as Pactolus.

G Phil. A poet rich as Pactolus!——I have heard of Pactolus in the city.

Maria. Very like.

G Phil. But you never heard of a poet as rich as he.

Maria. As who?

G Phil. Pactolus—He was a great Jew merchant——liv'd in the ward of Farringdon-Without.

Maria. Pactolus a Jew merchant!—Pactolus is a river.

G Phil. A river!

Maria. Yes——don't you understand geography?

G Phil. The girl's crazy!

Maria. Oh! Sir, if you don't understand geography, you are nobody—I understand geography, and I understand

stand

Hand orthography; you know I told you I can write—and I can dance too—will you dance a minuet?

[Sings and dances.

G Phil. You shan't lead me a dance, I promise you.

Maria. Oh! very well, Sir—you refuse me—remember you'll hear immediately of my being married to another, and then you'll be ready to hang yourself.

G Phil. Not I, I promise you.

Maria. Oh! very well—very well—remember—mark my words—I'll do it—you shall see—Ha, ha!

[Runs off in a fit of laughing.

George solus.

G Phil. Marry you! I would as soon carry my wife to live in Bow-street, and write over the door “Phil-pot's punch-house.”

Enter Old Philpot and Sir Jasper.

Sir Jasp. (singing.) “So rarely, so bravely we'll hunt him over the downs, and we'll hoop and we'll hollo.” Gee us your hand, young gentleman; well—what zay ye to un now?—Ben't she a clever girl?

G Phil. A very extraordinary girl indeed.

Sir Jasp. Did not I tell un zo—then you have nothing to do but to consummate as soon as you will.

G Phil. No; you may keep her, Sir—I thank you—I'll have nothing to do with her.

Old Phil. What's the matter now, George?

G Phil. Poh! she's a wit.

Sir Jasp. Ay, I told un zo.

G Phil. And that's worse than t'other—I am off, Sir.

Sir Jasp. Odds heart! I am afraid you are no great wit.

Enter Maria.

Maria. Well, papa, the gentleman won't have me.

Old Phil. The numskull won't do as his father bids him; and so, Sir Jasper, with your consent, I'll make a proposal to the young lady myself.

Maria. How! What does he say?

Old Phil. I am in the prime of my days, and I can be a brisk lover still—Fair lady, a glance of your eye is like the returning sun in the spring—it melts away the frost

frost of age, and gives a new warmth and vigour to all nature. *[Falls a coughing.]*

Maria. Dear heart! I should like to have a scene with him.

Sir Jasp. Hey! what's in the wind now?—This won't take—My girl shall have fair play—No old fellow shall totter to her bed—What say you, my girl, will you rock his cradle?

Maria. Sir, I have one small doubt—Pray, can I have two husbands at a time?

G Phil. There's a question now! She is grown foolish again.

Old Phil. Fair lady, the law of the land—

Sir Jasp. Hold ye, hold ye; let me talk of law;—I know the law better nor any on ye—Two husbands at once—No, no—Men are scarce, and that's downright poaching.

Maria. I am sorry for it, Sir—For then I can't marry him, I see.

Sir Jasp. Why not?

Maria. I am contracted to another.

Sir Jasp. Contracted! To whom?

Maria. To Mr Beaufort—that gentleman, Sir!

Old Phil. That gentleman!

Beau. Yes, Sir, *(throws open his gown.)* My name is Beaufort—And, I hope, Sir Jasper, when you consider my fortune, and my real affection for your daughter, you will generously forgive the stratagem I have made use of.

Sir Jasp. Master Quagmire!—What, are you young Beaufort all this time?

Old Phil. That won't do, Sir—that won't take.

Beau. But it must take, Sir—You have sign'd the deeds for your daughter's marriage; and Sir Jasper by this instrument has made me his son-in-law.

Old Phil. How is this, how is this! Then, Sir Jasper you will agree to cancel the deeds, I suppose; for you know—

Sir Jasp. Catch me at that, an ye can! I fulfill'd my promise, and your son refused, and so the wench has look'd out sily for herself elsewhere. Did I not tell you she was a clever girl! I ben't asham'd o' my girl—Our

Moll, you have done no harm, and Mr Beaufort is welcome to you with all my heart. I'll stand to what I have signed, though you have taken me by surprise.

Wild. Bravo! my scheme has succeeded rarely.

O Phil. And so here I am bubbled and choused out of my money——George, George, what a day's work have we made of it!——Well, if it must be so, be it so——I desire, young gentleman, you will come and take my daughter away to-morrow morning——And, I'll tell you what, here, here——take my family-watch into the bargain; and I wish it may play you just such another trick as it has me; that's all——I'll never go intriguing with a family-watch again.

Maria. Well, Sir! (*to G. Phil.*) What do you think of me now? An't I connoisseur, Sir? and a virtuoso?—Ha! ha!

G Phil. Yes; and much good may't do your husband——I have been connoisseur'd among ye to some purpose——Bubbled at play——dup'd by my wench——cudgel'd by a rake——laugh'd at by a girl——detected by my father——and there is the sum total of all I have got at this end of the town.

Old Phil. This end of the town! I desire never to see it again while I live——I'll pop into a hackney-coach this moment, drive to Mincing-lane, and never venture back to this side of Temple-bar. [*Going.*]

G Phil. And, Sir, Sir!——shall I drive you?

Old Phil. Ay; you or any body. [*Exit.*]

G Phil. I'll overturn the old hocus at the first corner. [*Following him.*]

Sir Jasp. They shan't go zo, neither—they shall stay and crack a bottle. [*Exit after them.*]

Maria. Well, brother, how have I play'd my part?

Wild. } To a miracle.

Beau. }

Maria. Have I?——I don't know how that is——

Love urg'd me on to try all wily arts

To win your—(to Beau.) No! not yours——

To win your hearts. [To the Audience.

Your hearts to win is now my aim alone;

"There if I grow, the harvest is your own."

E P I L O G U E,

By Old Philpot and George Philpot.

Fath. *OH! George, George, George! 'tis such young rakes as you
That bring vile jokes, and foul dishonour too,
Upon our city youth.*

Geo. ———— 'Tis very true.

Fath. *St James's end o' the town——*

Geo. ———— No place for me.

Fath. *No truly—no—their manners disagree
With ours entirely—Yet you there must run,
To ape their follies——*

Geo. ———— And so am undone.

Fath. *There you all learn a vanity in vice;
You turn mere fops——you game——*

Geo. ———— Ob damn the dice.

Fath. *Bubbled at play——*

Geo. ———— Yes, Sir——

Fath. ———— By every common cheat.

Geo. *Ay! here's two witnesses——* [Pulls out his pockets.

Fath. ———— You get well beat.

Geo. *A witness too of that [shows his head], and there's another.*

[To Young Wilding.

Fath. *You dare to give affronts——*

Geo. ———— Zounds, such a potter!——

Fath. *Affronts to gentlemen!*

Geo. ———— 'Twas a rash action——

Fath. *Damme, you lie! I'll give you satisfaction.* [Mimicking.
Drawn in by sirrumpets, and detected too!

Geo. *That's a sad thing, Sir! I'll be judg'd by you——*

Fath. *The dog be has me there——*

Geo. ———— Think you it right——under a table——

Fath. ———— Miserable plight!

Geo. *For grave threescere to sculk with trembling knees,
And envy each young lover that he sees!
Think you it fitting thus abroad to roam!*

Fath. *Wou'd I had stay'd to cast accounts at home.*

Geo. *Ay! there's another vice——*

Fath. ———— Sirrab, give o'er.

Geo. *You brood for ever o'er your much-lov'd store,
And scraping cent. per cent. still pine for more. }*
*At Jonathan's, where millions are undone,
Now cheat a nation, and now cheat your son.*

Fath. *Rascal, enough!*

Geo. ———— I could add, but am loth——

Fath. *Enough!—This jury [to the audience] will convict us both.*

Geo. *Then to the court we'd better make submission.
Ladies and gentlemen, with true contrition,*

*I here confess my faults—Ye sourly train,
Farewel!—farewel, ye giddy and ye vain!
I now take up—forfake the gay and witty,
To live henceforth a credit to the city.*

Fath. *You see me here quite cover'd o'er with shame;
I bate long speeches—But I'll do the same.
Come, George—to mend is all the best can boast.*

Geo. *Then let us in—*

Fath. *— — — And this shall be our toast,
May Britain's thunder on her foes be hurl'd,*

Geo. *And London prove the market of the world!*

D:

THE

THE T O Y - S H O P.

By MR ROBERT DODSLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Master of the Shop,</i>	-	-	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
1 } <i>Gentleman,</i>	-	-	Mr Chapman.
2 } <i>Gentleman,</i>	-	-	Mr Bridgewater,
3 } <i>Gentleman,</i>	-	-	Mr Wignell.
4 } <i>Gentleman,</i>	-	-	Mr Hallam.
<i>Beau,</i>	-	-	Mr Hale.
1 } <i>Old Man,</i>	-	-	Mr Neale.
2 } <i>Old Man,</i>	-	-	Mr James.
			Mr Hippefley.

W O M E N.

1 } <i>Lady,</i>	-	-	Mrs Bullock.
2 } <i>Lady,</i>	-	-	Mrs Norfa.
3 } <i>Lady,</i>	-	-	Mrs Mullart.
4 } <i>Lady,</i>	-	-	Miss Binks.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter a Gentleman and two Ladies.

GENTLEMAN.

AND you never have been at this extraordinary toy-shop, you say, Madam?

1 *La.* No, Sir: I have heard of the man, indeed; but most people say he's a very impertinent filly fellow.

Gent. That's because he sometimes tells them of their faults.

1 *La.* And that's sufficient. I should think any man imper-

impertinent that should pretend to tell me of my faults, if they did not concern him,

Gent. Yes, Madam; but people that know him take no exceptions. And really, though some may think him impertinent, in my opinion he's very entertaining.

2 La. Pray, who is the man you are talking of? I never heard of him.

Gent. He's one who has lately set up a toy-shop, Madam; and is, perhaps, the most extraordinary person in his way that ever was heard of. He is a general satirist, yet not rude or ill-natured. He has got a custom of moralizing upon every trifle he sells; and will strike a lesson or instruction out of a snuff-box, a thimble, or a cockle-shell.

1 La. Isn't he craz'd?

Gent. Madam, he may be call'd a humorist; but does not want sense, I do assure you.

2 La. Methinks I should be glad to see him.

Gent. I dare say you will be very much diverted. And if you'll give me leave, I'll wait on you. I'm particularly acquainted with him.

2 La. What say you, Madam, shall we go?

1 La. I can't help thinking he's a coxcomb; however, to satisfy my curiosity, I don't care if I do.

Gent. I believe the coach is at the door.

2 La. I hope he won't affront us.

Gent. He won't designedly, I'm sure, Madam.

[*Exeant.*]

The SCENE opens and discovers the Toy-shop; the Master standing behind the counter, looking over his books.

MASTER.

METHINKS I have had a tolerable good day of it to-day. A gold watch, five-and thirty guineas—Let me see—What did that watch stand me in?—* Where is it?—O here—Lent to Lady Basset eighteen guineas upon her gold-watch.—Ay, she died

D 3

and

* Turning to another book backwards and forwards.

and never redeem'd it—A set of old china, five pounds.—Bought of an old-cloaths man for five shillings. Right. A curious shell for a snuff-box, two guineas.—Bought of a poor fisherboy for a halfpenny. Now, if I had offered that shell for sixpence, nobody would have bought it. Well, thanks to the whimsical extravagance and folly of mankind.—I believe, from these childish toys and gilded baubles, I shall pick up a comfortable maintenance. For really, as it is a trifling age, so nothing but trifles are valued in it.—Men read none but trifling authors; pursue none but trifling amusements; and contend for none but trifling opinions. A trifling fellow is preferr'd; a trifling woman admir'd. Nay, as if there were not real trifles enow, they make trifles of the most serious and valuable things. Their time, their health, their money, their reputation, are trifled away. Honesty is become a trifle, conscience a trifle, honour a mere trifle, and religion the greatest trifle of all.

Enter the Gentleman and two Ladies.

Maft. Sir, your humble servant; I'm very glad to see you.

Gent. Sir, I am yours. I have brought you some customers here.

Maft. You are very good, Sir. What do you please to want, Ladies?

1 *La.* Please to want!—People seldom please to want any thing, Sir.

Maft. O, dear Madam, yes; I always imagine when people come into a toy-shop, it must be for something they please to want.

2 *La.* Here is a mighty pretty looking-glass: pray, Sir, what's the price of it?

Maft. This looking-glass, Madam, is the finest in all England. In this glass a coquette may see her vanity, and a prude her hypocrisy. Some ladies may see more beauty than modesty, more airs than graces, and more wit than good-nature.

1 *La. (aside.)* He begins already.

Maft. If a beau was to buy this glass, and look earnestly into it, he might see his folly almost as soon as his finery. 'Tis true, some people may not see their generosity in it, nor others their charity; yet it is a very clear glass.

glass. Some fine gentlemen may not see their good-manners in it, perhaps, nor some persons their religion; yet it is a very clear glass. In short, tho' every one that passes for a maid should not happen to see a virgin in it, yet it may be a very clear glass, you know, for all that.

2 *La.* Yes, Sir; but I did not ask you the virtues of it: I ask'd you the price.

Maft. It was necessary to tell you the virtues, Madam, in order to prevent you scrupling the price, which is five guineas; and for so extraordinary a glass, in my opinion, it is but a trifle.

2 *La.* Lord, I'm afraid to look into it, methinks, lest it shou'd show me more of my faults than I care to see.

1 *La.* Pray, Sir, what can be the use of this very diminutive piece of goods here?

Maft. This box, Madam! In the first place, it is a very great curiosity, being the least box that ever was seen in England.

1 *La.* Then a very little curiosity had been more proper.

Maft. Right, Madam. Yet, would you think it? in this same little box, a courtier may deposit his sincerity, a lawyer may screw up his honesty, and a poet may — hoard his money.

Gent. Ha, ha! I will make a present of it to Mr Stanza for the very same purpose.

2 *La.* Here's a fine perspective. Now, I think, Madam, in the country, these are a very pretty amusement.

Maft. Oh, Madam, the most useful and diverting things imaginable, either in town or country. The nature of this glass, Madam, (pardon my impertinence in pretending to tell you, what, to be sure, you are as well acquainted with as myself), is this: If you look thro' it at this end, every object is magnified, brought near, and discern'd with the greatest plainness; but turn it the other way, do you see, and they are all lessen'd, cast at a great distance, and rendered almost imperceptible. Thro' this end it is that we look at our own faults; but when other people are to be examined, we are ready enough to turn the other. Thro' this end are view'd all the benefits and advantages we at any time receive from others; but

but if ever we happen to confer any, they are sure to be shown in their greatest magnitude thro' the other. Thro' this end we enviously darken and contract the virtue, the merit, the beauty, of all the world around us; but fondly compliment our own with the most agreeable and advantageous light through the other.

2 *La.* Why, Sir, methinks you are a new kind of satirical parson; your shop is your scripture, and every piece of goods a different text, from which you expose the vices and follies of mankind in a very fine allegorical sermon.

Maſt. Right, Madam, right; I thank you for the simile. I may be call'd a parson indeed, and am a very good one in my way. I take delight in my calling, and am never better pleas'd than to see a full congregation. Yet it happens to me, as it does to most of my brethren, people sometimes vouchsafe to take home the text perhaps, but mind the sermon no more than if they had not heard one.

1 *La.* Why, Sir, when a short text has more in it than a long sermon, 'tis no wonder if they do.

Enter a third Lady.

3 *La.* Pray, Sir, let me look at some of your little dogs.

2 *La. (Aside.)* Little dogs! My stars! how cheaply some people are entertained! Well, 'tis a sign human conversation is grown low and insipid, whilst that of dogs and monkeys is preferred to it.

Maſt. Here are very beautiful dogs, Madam. These dogs, when they were alive, were some of them the greatest dogs of their age. I don't mean the largest, but dogs of the greatest quality and merit.

1 *La.* I love a dog of merit dearly: Has not he a dog of honour too, I wonder? [*Aside.*]

Maſt. Here's a dog, now, that never eat but upon plate or china, nor set his foot but upon a carpet or a cushion. Here's one, too; this dog belonged to a lady of as great beauty and fortune as any in England; he was her most intimate friend and particular favourite; and upon that account has received more compliments, more respect, and more addresses, than a first minister of state. Here's another, which was, doubtless, a dog of singular

singular worth and great importance, since at his death one of the greatest families in the kingdom were all in tears, received no visits for the space of a week, but shut themselves up, and mourn'd their loss with inconsolable sorrow. This dog, while he liv'd, either for contempt of his person, neglect of his business, or saucy and impertinent behaviours in their attendance on him, had the honour of turning away upwards of thirty servants. He died at last of a cold caught by following one of the maids into a damp room; for which she lost her place, her wages, and her character.

3 *La.* O the careless, wicked wretch! I wou'd have had her try'd for murder at least. That, that is just my case! The sad relation revives my grief so strongly, I cannot contain. Lucy, bring in the box. † See! see! the charming creature here lies dead! Its precious life is gone! Oh, my dear Chloe, no more wilt thou lie hugg'd in my warm bosom! no more will that sweet tongue lick o'er my face, nor that dear mouth eat dainty bits from mine. Oh, death! what hast thou robb'd me of?

Gent. (Aside.) A proper object to display your folly!

Mastr. Pray, Madam, moderate your grief; you ought to thank Heaven 'tis not your husband.

3 *La.* Oh, what is husband, father, mother, son, to my dear precious Chloe!—No, no, I cannot live without the sight of his dear image; and if you cannot make me the exact effigy of this poor dead creature, I must never hope to see one happy day in life.

Mastr. Well, Madam, be comforted, I will do it to your satisfaction.

[*Taking the box.*]

3 *La.* Let me have one look more. Poor creature! O cruel fate, that dogs are born to die!

[*Exit weeping.*]

Gent. What a scene is here! Are not the real and unavoidable evils of life sufficient, that people thus create to themselves imaginary woes?

Mastr. These, Sir, are the griefs of those who have no other

† Here her maid enters, and delivers a box, from which the lady pulls out a dead dog, kissing it, and weeping. Lucy too pretends great sorrow; but turning aside, bursts out a-laughing, and cries, "She little thinks I poison'd it."

other. Did they once truly feel the real miseries of life, ten thousand dogs might die without a tear.

Enter a second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* I want an ivory pocket-book.

Mast. Do you please to have it with directions or without?

2 *Gent.* Directions! What, how to use it?

Mast. Yes, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I should think every man's own business his best direction.

Mast. It may be so. Yet there are some general rules which it equally behoves every man to be acquainted with. As for instance: Always to make a memorandum of the benefits you receive from others; always to set down the faults or failings which from time to time you discover in yourself. And if you remark any thing that is ridiculous or faulty in others, let it not be with an ill-natur'd design to hurt or expose them at any time, but with a *nota bene*, that it is only for a caution to yourself not to be guilty of the like. With a great many other rules of such a nature, as makes one of my pocket-books both an useful monitor, and a very entertaining companion.

2 *Gent.* And pray, what's the price of one of them?

Mast. The price is a guinea, Sir.

2 *Gent.* That's very dear. But as it is a curiosity—

[Pays for it, and exit.]

Enter a Beau.

Beau. Pray, Sir, let me see some of your handsomest snuff-boxes.

Mast. Here is a plain gold one, Sir, a very neat box; here's a gold enamell'd; here's a silver one neatly carv'd and gilt; here's a curious shell, Sir, set in gold.

Beau. Damn your shells; there's not one of them fit for a gentleman to put his fingers into. I want one with some pretty device on the inside of the lid; something that may serve to joke upon, or help one to an occasion to be witty, that is, smutty, now and then.

Mast. And are witty and smutty then synonymous terms?

Mast. O dear, Sir, yes; a little decent smut is the very life of all conversation; 'tis the wit of drawing-rooms,

rooms, assemblies, and tea-tables; 'tis the smart raillery of fine gentlemen, and the innocent freedom of fine ladies; 'tis a double entendre, at which the coquette laughs, the prude looks grave, the modest blush, but all are pleased with.

Maſt. That it is the wit and entertainment of all conversation, I believe, Sir, may poſſibly be a miſtake. 'Tis true, thoſe who are ſo rude as to uſe it in all converſations, may poſſibly be ſo depraved themſelves, as to fancy every body elſe as agreeably entertained in hearing it as they are in uttering it. But I dare ſay, any man or woman, of real virtue and modeſty, has as little taſte for ſuch ribaldry, as thoſe coxcombs have for what is good ſenſe or true politeneſs.

Beau. Good ſenſe, Sir! Damme, Sir, what do you mean? I wou'd have you think I know good ſenſe as well as any man. Good ſenſe is a true—a right—a—a—Damn it, I ſcorn to be ſo pedantic as to make definitions: but I can invent a cramp oath, Sir; drink a ſmuttery health, Sir; ridicule prieſts, laugh at all religion, and make ſuch a grave prig as you look juſt like a fool, Sir. Now, damme, I take that to be good ſenſe.

Maſt. And I, unmov'd, can hear ſuch ſenſeleſs ridicule, and look upon its author with an eye of pity and contempt. And I take this to be good ſenſe.

Beau. Pſha, pſha, damn'd hypocrify and affectation, nothing elſe, nothing elſe. [Exit.

Maſt. There is nothing ſo much my averſion as a coxcomb.—They are a ridicule upon human nature, and make one almoſt aſham'd to be of the ſame ſpecies: and for that reaſon I can't forbear affronting them whenever they fall in my way. I hope the ladies will excuſe ſuch behaviour in their preſence.

2 *La.* Indeed, Sir, I wiſh we had always ſomebody to treat them with ſuch behaviour in our preſence. 'Twould be much more agreeable than their impertinence.

Enter a young Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* I want a plain gold-ring, Sir, exactly this ſize.

Maſt. Then it is not for yourſelf, Sir?

3 *Gent.*

3 *Gent.* No.

Mast. A wedding-ring, I presume.

3 *Gent.* No, Sir; I thank you kindly; that's a toy I never design to play with. 'Tis the most dangerous piece of goods in your whole shop. People are perpetually doing themselves a mischief with it. They hang themselves fast together first; and afterwards are ready to hang themselves separately, to get loose again.

1 *La.* This is but a fashionable cant. I'll be hang'd if this pretended railer at matrimony is not just upon the point of making some poor woman miserable. [*Aside.*]

3 *Gent.* Well, happy are we whilst we are children; we can then lay down one toy and take up another, and please ourselves with variety: but growing more foolish as we grow older, there's no toy will please us then but a wife; and that indeed, as 'tis a toy for life, so it is all toys in one. She is a rattle in a man's ears, which he cannot throw aside; a drum which is perpetually beating him a point of war; a top which he ought to whip for his exercise, for, like that, she is best when lash'd to sleep; a hobby-horse for the booby to ride on when the maggot takes him; a——

Mast. You may go on, Sir, in this ludicrous strain, if you please, and fancy 'tis wit; but, in my opinion, a good wife is the greatest blessing, and the most valuable possession, that Heaven, in this life, can bestow: she makes the cares of the world fit easy, and adds a sweetness to its pleasures; she is a man's best companion in prosperity, and his only friend in adversity; the carefullest preserver of his health, and the kindest attendant on his sickness; a faithful adviser in distress, a comforter in affliction, and a prudent manager of all his domestic affairs.

2 *La.* Charming doctrine! [*Aside.*]

3 *Gent.* Well, Sir, since I find you so staunch an advocate for matrimony, I confess 'tis a wedding-ring I want: the reason why I deny'd it, and of what I said in ridicule of marriage, was only to avoid the ridicule which I expected from you upon it.

Mast. Why, that now is just the way of the world in every thing, especially amongst young people. They are ashamed to do a good action, because it is not a fashionable

honourable one; and, in compliance with custom, act contrary to their own conscience. They displease themselves, to please the coxcombs of the world; and choose rather to be objects of divine wrath, than human ridicule.

3 *Gent.* 'Tis very true, indeed. There is not one man in ten thousand that dare be virtuous, for fear of being singular. 'Tis a weakness which I have hitherto been too much guilty of myself; but for the future I am resolv'd upon a more steady rule of action.

Maft. I am very glad of it. Here's your ring, Sir; I think it comes to about a guinea.

3 *Gent.* There's the money.

Maft. Sir, I wish you all the joy that a good wife can give you.

3 *Gent.* I thank you, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

1 *La.* Well, Sir; but after all, don't you think marriage a kind of desperate venture.

Maft. It is a desperate venture, Madam, to be sure; but, provided there be a tolerable share of sense and discretion on the man's part, and of mildness and condescension on the woman's, there is no danger of leading as happy and comfortable a life in that state as in any other.

Enter a fourth Lady.

4 *La.* I want a mask, Sir; have you got any?

Maft. No, Madam, I have not one indeed. The people of this age are arriv'd to such perfection in the art of masking themselves, that they have no occasion for any foreign disguises at all. You shall find infidelity mask'd in a gown and cassock; and wantonness and immodesty under a blushing countenance. Oppression is veil'd under the name of justice; and fraud and cunning under that of wisdom. The fool is mask'd under an affected gravity; and the vilest hypocrite under the greatest professions of sincerity. The flatterer passes upon you under the air of a friend; and he that now hugs you in his bosom, for a shilling would cut your throat. Calumny and detraction impose themselves upon the world for wit; and an eternal laugh would fain be thought good nature. An humble demeanour is assumed from a principle of pride; and the wants of the indigent relieve

ved out of ostentation. In short, worthlessness and villainy are oft disguised and dignified in gold and jewels, whilst honesty and merit lie hid under rags and misery. The whole world is in a mask; and it is impossible to see the natural face of any one individual.

4 *La.* That's a mistake, Sir; you yourself are an instance that no disguise will hide a coxcomb; and so your humble servant. [Exit.

Maſt. Humph!—Have I but just now been exclaiming against coxcombs, and am I accused of being one myself? Well—we can none of us see the ridiculous parts of our own characters. Could we but once learn to criticise ourselves, and to find out and expose to ourselves our own weak sides, it would be the surest means to conceal them from the criticism of others. But I would fain hope I am not a coxcomb, methinks, whatever I am else.

Gent. I suppose you have said something which her conscience would not suffer her to pass over without making the ungrateful application to herself; and that, as it often happens, instead of awaking in her a sense of her fault, has only served to put her in a passion.

Maſt. May be so, indeed; at least I am willing to think so.

Enter an Old Man.

O. Man. I want a pair of spectacles, Sir.

Maſt. Do you please to have them plain tortoise-shell, or set in gold or silver?

O. M. Pho! Do you think I buy spectacles as your fine gentlemen buy books? If I wanted a pair of spectacles only to look *at*, I would have 'em fine ones; but as I want them to look *with*, do you see, I'll have them good ones.

Maſt. Very well, Sir. Here's a pair I'm sure will please you. Through these spectacles all the follies of youth are seen in their true light. Those vices which to the strongest youthful eyes appear in characters scarce legible, are thro' these glasses discerned with the greatest plainness. A powder'd wig upon an empty head attracts no more respect through these optics than a greasy cap; and the lac'd coat of a coxcomb seems altogether as contemptible as his footman's livery.

O. M.

O. M. That indeed is showing things in their true light.

Maft. The common virtue of the world appears only a cloak for knavery, and its friendships no more than bargains of self interest. In short, he who is now passing away his days in a constant round of vanity, folly, intemperance, and extravagance, when he comes seriously to look back upon his past actions thro' these undistorting optics, will certainly be convinced, that a regular life, spent in the study of truth and virtue, and adorn'd with acts of justice, generosity, charity, and benevolence, would not only have afforded him more delight and satisfaction in the present moment, but would likewise have raised to his memory a lasting monument of fame and honour.

O. M. Humph! 'Tis very true; but very odd that such serious ware should be the commodity of a toy-shop. (*Aside.*) Well, Sir, and what's the price of these extraordinary spectacles?

Maft. Half-a-crown.

O. M. There's your money. [Exit.

Enter a fourth young Gentleman.

4 Gent. I want a pair of scales.

Maft. You shall have them, Sir.

4 Gent. Are they exactly true?

Maft. The very emblem of justice, Sir; a hair will turn them.

[Balancing the scales.

4 Gent. I would have them true, for they must determine some very nice statical experiments.

Maft. I'll engage they shall justly determine the nicest experiments in statics. I have try'd them myself in some uncommon subjects, and have prov'd their goodness. I have taken a large handful of great mens promises, and put into one end; and lo! the breath of a fly in the other has kick'd up the beam. I have seen four peacocks feathers, and the four gold clocks in Lord Tawdry's stockings, suspend the scales in equilibrio. I have found by experience, that the learning of a beau, and the wit of a pedant, are a just counterpoise to each other; that the pride and vanity of any man are in exact proportion to his ignorance; that a grain of good-nature will preponderate against an ounce of wit; a heart full of

virtue against a head-full of learning; and a thimble-full of content, against a chest-full of gold.

4 *Gent.* This must be a very pretty science, I fancy?

Maft. It would be endless to enumerate all the experiments that might be made in these scales—but there is one which every one ought to be apprized of; and that is, that a moderate fortune, enjoy'd with content, freedom, and independency, will turn the scales against whatever can be put in the other end.

4 *Gent.* Well, this is a branch of statics which, I must own, I had but little thoughts of entering into. However, I begin to be persuaded, that to know the true specific gravity of this kind of subjects, is of infinitely more importance than that of any other bodies in the universe.

Maft. It is indeed. And that you may not want encouragement to proceed in so useful a study, I will let you have the scales for ten shillings. If you make a right use of them, they will be worth more to you than ten thousand pounds.

4 *Gent.* I confess I am struck with the beauty and usefulness of this kind of moral statics, and believe I shall apply myself to make experiments with great delight. There's your money, Sir: You shall hear shortly what discoveries I make; in the mean time, I am your humble servant. [Exit,

Maft. Sir, I am yours.

Enter a second Old Man.

2 *O. M.* Sir, I understand you deal in curiosities. Have you any thing in your shop at present that's pretty and curious?

Maft. Yes, Sir, I have a great many things: but the most ancient curiosity I have got, is a small brass plate, on which is engrav'd the speech which Adam made to his wife on their first meeting, together with her answer. The characters, through age, are grown unintelligible: But for that 'tis the more to be valued. What is remarkable in this ancient piece is, that Eve's speech is about three times as long as her husband's. I have a ram's horn, one of those which helped to blow down the walls of Jericho. A lock of Samson's hair, tied up in a shred of Joseph's garment. With several other Jewish antiquities, which

which I purchased of that people at a very great price. Then I have the tune which Orpheus play'd to the devil when he charm'd back his wife.

Gent. That was thought to be a silly tune, I believe, for nobody has ever car'd to learn it.

Mast. Close cork'd up in a thumb-phial, I have some of the tears which Alexander wept because he could do no more mischief. I have a snuff-box made out of the tub in which Diogenes lived, and took snuff at all the world. I have the net in which Vulcan caught his spouse and her gallant; but our modern wives are grown to exceeding chaste, that there has not been an opportunity of casting it these many years.

Gent. Some would be so malicious, as, instead of chaste, to think he meant cunning. [*Aside to the Ladies,*

Mast. I have the pitch-pipe of Gracchus the Roman orator; who being apt, in dispute, to raise his voice too high, by touching a certain soft note in this pipe, would regulate and keep it in a moderate key.

2 La. Such a pipe as that, if it could be heard, would be very useful in coffee-houses, and other public places of debate and modern disputation.

Gent. Yes, Madam; and I believe many a poor husband would be glad of such a regulator of the voice in his own private family too.

Mast. There you was even with her, Sir.—But the most valuable curiosity I have, is a certain little tube, which I call a distinguisher; contrived with such art, that when rightly applied to the ear, it obstructs all falsehood, nonsense, and absurdity, from striking upon the tympanum; nothing but truth and reason can make the least impression upon the auditory nerves. I have sat in a coffee-house sometimes for the space of half an hour, and amongst what is generally called the best company, without hearing a single word. At a dispute too, when I could perceive, by the eager motions of both parties, that they made the greatest noise, I have enjoyed the most profound silence. It is a very useful thing to have about one, either at church, play house, or Westminster-hall; at all which places a vast variety both of useful and diverting experiments may be made with it. The only inconvenience attending it is, that no man can make him-

self a complete master of it under twenty years close and diligent practice. And that term of time is best commenced at ten or twelve years old.

Gent. That, indeed, is an inconvenience that will make it not every body's money. But one would think those parents, who see the beauty and the usefulness of knowledge, virtue, and a distinguishing judgment, should take particular care to engage their children early in the use and practice of such a distinguisher, whilst they have time before them, and no other concerns to interrupt their application.

Maft. Some few do. But the generality are so entirely taken up with the care of little Master's complexion, his dress, his dancing, and such like effeminacies, that they have not the least regard for any internal accomplishments whatsoever; and are so far from teaching him to subdue his passions, that they make it their whole business to gratify them all.

2 O. M. Well, Sir; to some people, these may be thought curious things, perhaps, and a very valuable collection. But, to confess the truth, these are not the sort of curious things I wanted. Have you no little box, representing a wounded heart on the inside the lid; nor pretty ring, with an amorous posy? Nothing of that sort, which is pretty and not common, in your shop?

Maft. O yes, Sir! I have a pretty snuff-box here; on the inside of the lid, do you see, is a man of threescore and ten acting the lover, and hunting, like a boy, after gewgaws and trifles, to please a girl with.

2 O. M. Meaning me, Sir! Do you banter me, Sir?

Maft. If you take it to yourself, Sir, I can't help it?

2 O. M. And is a person of my years and gravity to be laughed at?

Maft. Why, really, Sir, years and gravity do make such childishness very ridiculous, I can't help owning. However, I am very sorry I have none of these curious trifles for your diversion; but I have delicate hobby-horses and rattles, if you please.

2 O. M. By all the charms of Araminta, I will revenge this affront.

[Exit.

Gent. Ha, ha, ha! How contemptible is rage in impotence!

potence! But pray, Sir, don't you think this kind of freedom with your customers detrimental to your trade?

Maft. No, no, Sir; the odd character I have acquired by this rough kind of sincerity and plain-dealing, together with the whimsical humour of moralizing upon every trifle I sell, are the things which, by raising people's curiosity, furnish me with all my customers: and it is only fools and coxcombs I am so free with.

La. And, in my opinion, you are in the right of it. Folly and impertinence ought always to be the objects of satire and ridicule.

Gent. Nay, upon second thoughts, I don't know but this odd turn of mind which you have given yourself may not only be entertaining to several of your customers, but perhaps very much so to yourself.

Maft. Vastly so, Sir. It very often helps me to speculations infinitely agreeable. I can sit behind this counter, and fancy my little shop, and the transactions of it, an agreeable representation of the grand theatre of the world. — When I see a fool come in here, and throw away fifty or an hundred guineas for a trifle that is not really worth a shilling, I am surpris'd. But when I look out into the world, and see lordships and manors barter'd away for gilt coaches and equipage; an estate for a title; and an easy freedom in retirement for a servile attendance in a crowd; when I see health with eagerness exchanged for diseases, and happiness for a game at hazard; my wonder ceases. Surely the world is a great toy-shop, and all its inhabitants run mad for rattles. — Nay, even the very wisest of us, however we may flatter ourselves, have some failing or weakness, some toy or trifle, that we are ridiculously fond of. Yet, so very partial are we to our own dear selves, that we overlook those miscarriages in our own conduct which we loudly exclaim against in that of others, and tho' the same fool's turban fits us all.

You say that I, I say that you are he;

And each man swears, "The cap's not made for me."

Gent. Ha, ha! 'Tis very true indeed. But I imagine now you begin to think it time to shut up shop. Ladies, do you want any thing else?

La. No, I think not. — If you please to put up that looking-

looking-glass, and the perspective, I will pay you for them.

Gent. Well, Madam, how do you like this whimsical humorist?

La. Why, really, in my opinion, the man's as great a curiosity himself as any thing he has got in his shop.

Gent. He is so, indeed.

In this gay, thoughtless age, ha's found a way,
In trifling things just morals to convey;
'Tis his at once to please, and to reform,
And give old satire a new pow'r to charm.
And, wou'd you guide your lives and actions right,
Think on the maxims you have heard to-night.

EPILOGUE.

WELL, Heav'n be prais'd, this dull, grave sermon's done,

(For faith our author might have call'd it one.)

I wonder who the devil he thought to please!

Is this a time o' day for things like these?

Good sense and honest satire now offend;

We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend.

And so divinely wrapt in songs and tunes,

The next wise age will all be—fiddlers sons.

And did he think plain truth would favour find?

Ah! 'tis a sign he little knows mankind.

To please, he ought to have a song or dance,

The tune from Italy, the caper France:

These, these might charm—But hope to do't with sense!

Alas! alas! how vain is the pretence?

But tho' we told him,—Faith I will ne'er do—

Poh, never fear, he cry'd; tho' grave, 'tis new:

The whim, perhaps, may please, if not the wit;

And tho' they don't approve, they may permit.

If neither this nor that will intercede,

Submissive bend, and thus for pardon plead.

“Ye gen'rous Few, to you our author sues,

“His first essay with candour to excuse,

“‘T has faults he owns; but if they are but small,

“He hopes your kind applause will hide them all.”

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

IN TWO ACTS.

By KANE O'HARA, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

		<i>Covent Garden.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1776.</i>
Jupiter,	-	Mr Reinhold.	Mr Richards.
Mercury,	-	Mr Mahon.	Mr Brown.
Momus,	-	Mr Quick.	Mr Jackson.
Paris,	-	Mr Mattocks.	Mr Charteris.

W O M E N.

Juno,	-	Miss Catley.	Miss Catley.
Pallas,	-	Miss Dayes.	Mrs Webb.
Venus,	-	Miss Brown.	Mrs Richards.
Iris,	-	Miss Valois.	Mrs Sparks.

A C T I.

The curtain rising, discovers a splendid pavilion in the clouds; JUNO, PALLAS, and VENUS, at a card-table, playing at Tredrille; on one side a table, with goblets, &c. IRIS in waiting. During a symphony, VENUS shuffles and deals. PALLAS frets at her bad cards.

AIR. TRIO. FRANCESCO.

PALLAS, JUNO, VENUS.

I PALLAS.

PASS—I've done so all the night.

Juno. I take a king,

I take a king.

Ven. Pray, ladies, stay.

Pray, ladies, stay.—I'll play alone.

Juno.

- Juno.* } Again?—Bless me—again!
Pal. } Again!
Ven. } Di'monds are trumps.
Pal. } Bless me!—again?
Juno. } (*To Venus.*) You scarcely pass one hand in ten.
Pal. } (*Pecvishly.*) The cards owe me a spite,
(To Venus.) This lady knows you;—so do I.
 You dealt the cards—and we
 could spy.
Ven. (*Throws down her game.*) The vol is won.
 The vol is won—with matador.
Pal. Spadille at bottom—O fie!
Ven. } With matadors,
Juno. } (*To Pallas.*) Such hints are shocking, Mâm.
Pal. } Cheats are provoking, Mâm.
Ven. } Lord, such a rout!
Pal. } Cheats are provoking, Mâm.
Ven. } Lord, such a rout!
Juno. } (*To Pallas.*) Quite shocking—O fie!
Pal. } Cheats are provoking,—O fie!
Ven. } But losers must have leave to pout.
Pal. } Cheats are provoking, Mâm.
Ven. } But losers must ha' leave to pout.
Juno. } (*To Pallas.*) Such terms are shocking, Mâm.
Ven. } But losers, &c.
Pal. } Cheats are, &c. { O fie!
Juno. } Such terms, &c {
 [*Juno and Pallas rise in heat, and come forward. Venus sits still, counting and pocketing her gains.*]

RECITATIVE.

- Pal.* (*Mistily.*) Hang cards!
Juno. You're out o' luck!
Pal. As I'm a sinner!
 I haven't—since last Christmas—ris'n a winner.
Juno. That's hard!—So bad a run may well chagrin
 ons.
 Venus is quite a dab.
Pal. Dab!—She's—a keen one;
 At all games—plays th' whole game.
Juno. Ay, ay!

Pal.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

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Pal. Match none has!
For sleight of hand,—will slip an ace—with Jonas.

Juno. Gambles deep too!

Pal. Well may—who never loses:
At putt, poor girls!—she's beggar'd the nine muses;
Fine as a queen o' ginger-bread—parades it;
But ne'er has paid the wages of her maids yet.

Juno. (*Laughing.*) Like enough—for the Graces,
—and 'tis scandalous,
Go mother-naked.

Pal. (*With spleen.*) Skin-flint!—So to randle us!
'Twould vex a saint.—

AIR II.

Dogralin.

A thriving trade
The ninning jade
Has pick'd up, here, of chousing us;
With fly flim-flams,
And palming shams,
At brothel learnt, or bouzing-house!
[*Turning to Ven. insolently.*
You must poirloin.
In duds to shine
So dizen'd—there's no hoa wi' you;
But the next coin
You nab of mine,
By Pam! I'll pluck a crow wi' you.

RECITATIVE.

Juno. (*In disapprobation.*) Nay—Pallas!

[*Venus advances to them, smiling jocosely at Pallas.*

Ven. (*In banter.*) Miss—you're—funny.

Poor dear! has't lost it' temper with it' money! Ha,
ha, ha!

Pal. (*Exasperated.*) Pert chitty-face! 'cause lewd fops
call you—pretty;

You fancy those—patch-clenches—smart—and witty.

Ven. (*Gibing.*) Pretty!—The fools!—do they in-
deed?—Ah, tell us.

Pal. (*Contemptuously.*) Conceited moppet!

Ven. (*Waggishly.*) Sure, Miss—you an't jealous.

[*Takes out a pocket-glass, and views herself af-
fectedly.*

AIR

AIR III. MASCHI and GALLUPPI.

If I have some—little—beauty—

Can I help it?—No, not I;—

Some good luck too—'tis my duty

Gifts so precious to apply.

Nature—Fortune—gave 'em freely ;

And I'll use 'em quite genteelly.

If the smarts of the sky

Cringe, ogle, and sigh,

Whene'er I pass by,

And cry,

Looky' there!

What an air!

Gods, how fair!

Pray, why

(To feed your starch'd pride)

Must I go and hide

Till you're made a bride?

Who, I?

No, no—if I do, may I die.

RECITATIVE.

Pal. (Incensed.) Don't rouse me, Bold-face!—If
your tongue's so slipant,

I'll take y' a chuck—as shall chop off the tip on't.

[*Pallas advances upon her; she takes shelter
behind Juno.*]

Ven. (In fear, screaming.) I'll swear the peace;—
keep at arm's-length, virago!

[*To Juno, whimpering.*]

She'll brain me, Mâm!

Pal. (In spiteful rage.)—Well, had I don't long ago.

Ven. (Still whimpering.) Your tongue's no slander—
for that, not a button

Care I;—but I can't stand your fist o' mutton.

Juno. (Aside, chuckling.) Nuts to me; this—I hope,
'twill be a scuffle:

(*To them.*)

My stars! what was't could thus your tempers ruffle?

Pal. Her gibes.

Ven.

Her rants.

Pal.

Don't snouch then!

Ven. Don't you hector!

Juno, (taking each by the hand.)

Faults on both sides—sit down—come, I'll direct here.

And *Iris*—stir, wench—Fill about the nectar.

Pal. *Venus*—your quips would patient *Grisel* canker;
Howe'er, shake hands!

Ven. (Giving her hand.) Here, *Miss*, I bear no rancour.

A I R IV. *Touch the thing, you bastard.*

[All sit, and *Iris* serves them with goblets on a tray.]

Juno. (Sings.) When bick' rings hot,

To high words got,

Break out at *Gamiorum*;

The flame to cool,

My golden rule

Is—Push about the jorum.

With fist on jug,

Coifs who can lug?

Or show me that glib speaker,

Who her red rag

In gibe can wag,

With her mouth full of liquor.

[They all drink.]

[Exeunt, merrily singing in chorus]

The golden rule

Is—Push about the jorum.

[Scene closes.]

SCENE changes to a Wood.

Enter *Momus* in the habit of the antique court-jester.

Walks to and fro impatiently.

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

Mom. By jingo! if *Erynnis*—from the *Hesperides*—
Steals me the dragon's apple—we'll ha' merry days.

Augh!—ho!—oa!— [Fawning and stretching,
Court's grown damn'd hum-drum:—Jove, poor noodle!

Does nought but muddle.

Juno too—turn'd so—mim, forsooth,

Butter will scarce melt in her mouth.

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F

But

But th' apple——yes—I'll throw——that squib among
 'em——
 Shall stir the humours—as a wasp had stung 'em.

A I R V. *Behind the bush in the garden.*

To set at odds

These hair-brain'd gods,

The turn of a straw or a pin does ;

I make them fret,

Take pet,

Curvet,

And sling heav'n out o' the windows.

He, she, foul, handsome, all,

On wires I dance 'em all,

Jove of my puppets but is chief;

Sky, earth, and ocean,

I put in commotion ;

I doat on a snug bit o' mischief.

SCENE shifts to Juno's Pavilion.

A knocking ; then Juno's bell rings vehemently. Enter Iris running. Juno, Pallas, and Venus, enter on the other side.

RECITATIVE.

Juno. High time, Miss Lazyboots!—where ha' you been lolloping?

Iris. Sure, Mem—at the first tinkle—I came galloping.

Juno. Who rapp'd?

Iris. Beau Cupid, Mem, ask'd for Miss

Pallas.

[*Exit.*

Pal. For me? the whelp!——I'd see him to the gal-lows.

Ven. Gallows! Mâ'm. [*Rising provok'd.*

Pal. Ay—'twill be his prank conclusive,

As he goes on.

Ven. (to Juno) Mâ'm, she's downright abusive.

A I R VI. GIORDANI.

(*To Pallas.*)

But ah, sweet Miss! your temper keep!

Your peace my boy shall ne'er invade;

Cupid shall not break your sleep,

You shall still remain a maid.

ALL

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

All ever-green
 Be Pallas seen!
 Laurels her learned brows adorn!
 Baleful yew,
 Cypress too!
 Roses alone ne'er deck that thorn.

RECITATIVE.

Pal. I'd mince the blinkard—to a salmagondi.

[Enter Iris in a fright to Juno, the Apple in her hand.]

Iris. Oh, Mem!

Juno. Are you bewitch'd, girl?—What has stunn'd ye?

Hast seen a ghost—

Iris. Worse, Mem, that hag—Erynnis

Juno. Got in, d'ye say?—I won'dn't for five guineas—

Iris. In troth, I think that witch the devil in is.

A I R VII. *Sweet, if you love me, &c.*

1. Told by the porter and the page,

Not at home—

You'd ha' thought she'd burst with rage.

'Skips, I must see the queen, and will—

Dear Ma'am, says I—the queen is ill,

Takes James's powder, and Ward's pill.

Not at home;

Echo'd they to all her askings.

2. To this pippin bid her smell,

[Presents it to Juno.]

Bid her smell,

I'll engage she'll soon be well.

I box'd the fox this morn, says she,

And from the Hesperian dragon's tree

Hoik'd off with't to her majesty:

So, b'ye, b'ye!

I must fly;

He's hard at my galigaskins.

[Exit.]

[Juno and Pallas alternately admire the Apple, Venus desiring to look at it.]

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

RECITATIVE.

Ven. With your leave, Mâ—

[*Receiver, and narrowly examines it.*

Juno, (to Pallas.) Suppose that three shares equal
We make—

Pal. Oh—that—Erynnis might—not take well.

Ven. (Having surveyed it.) Bless us!—'t has grown
with an inscription on it.

Pal. (In gibe.) Have the snails trac'd a tag of some
—French sonnet?

Ven. (Nettled.) Nah, Mifs; plain English—and to
me directed.

(*Insulting.*) A wind-fall, Ladies!—yet—one can't
reject it.

So, poz—I will not have—my goods trifected. }

Juno. (In surprise.) Yours!

Pal. (With indignation.) Yours!

Ven. (With provoking calmness.) Mine!

[*Both take fire.*

Pal. (To Venus, blustering.) By what right?

Juno, (To ditto, with insolence.) What title? Fool-y'!

Ven. (With scorn.) What—when ye hear—will make
you both look blueely.

[*Reads to them distinctly the inscription without
Recitative.*

TO THE FAIREST IN HEAVEN.

BE THIS APPLE GIVEN.

RECITATIVE.

Pal. (To Juno.) Stand clear, Mâ—let me to her—

(*To Venus.*) Shut your fly-trap,

Your title I'll soon quash else—with a tight rap.

Juno. (Interposing.) I bar blows—yet that fruit I'll
have—depend on't:

'Tis mine, (*to Venus.*) so give it me—and there's an
end on't.

AIR VIII. ARNE.

Yield; or beware, lest rage, disdain,

Resentment, fire my mind!

The claim my rank, my charms sustain.

Shall never be resign'd.

RE-

RECITATIVE.

Pal. (To Juno.) Yours, Madam?—Sure—my claim's
the more undoubted;

So (*to Venus*) give it me—and say no more about it.

Ven. (Gently.) Ladies, for pow'r, arms, arts, I don't
dispute ye,

But—all the world (*bridling*) gives me the crack for
beauty.

Juno. You trapes!

Pal. You demi-rep! you batter'd dowdy!

Nam'd of a day with us—you're—

Juno.

Oh! nobody.

Ven. (Piqued.) Two to one's odds;—but, ladies—
since you crow so,

Let Jove judge.

Juno. (Eagerly.) Done!

Pal. Done!

Ven.

He's a virtuoso

In female matters.

Pal. (To Juno.) Is he?

Juno.

Troth—but so, so.

AIR IX. 'Twas you, Sir, &c.

Ven. My title, my title,

Will need no long recital.

Can you,

Or you,

Dispute the prize?

If not—say who.

Pal. You maukin! you maukin!

What signifies your talking?

Don't name

That claim,

If you be wise,

Before us two.

Juno. Gads me! Gad's me!

Such rank-conceit! It mads me,

So pert

A flirt

Shou'd brave the skies!

What's here to do?

Ven. My title,

Pal. You maukin! } &c.

Juno. Gads me!

SCENE changes to Jupiter's Hall of Audience.

Enter Momus laughing.

Mom. Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!

Three cats—I left 'em at it—spitting—scratching.

(*Seeing Jupiter.*) Gadso!

Now, what can that wise nob be hatching?

[*Stands aside to observe.*]

Jupiter comes forward.

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

Jup. How shall I get this tangled hank unravell'd?

Put to my trumps, and gravell'd!

'Twou'd dumb-found Wizard Merlin, or Friar Bacon;

Ay, all the square-caps from Oxford to Pekin.

No making head or tail on't—which way so'er I turn it—

If I know how to act—I'm a fous'd gurnet.

AIR X. FISCHIETTI.

As judge, spouse, progenitor,

What part shall I take?

My character, as senator,

My name lies at stake.

Says justice—What d'ye lag on?

For shame!—content the dragon.

Then whispers court-favour,

To bilk him will be braver.

What part shall I take?

My choice is keep swinging,

Like Bow-bell a-ringing;

Let go—then pull'd back.

Why, let them huff,

And jour and chide!

I'll save my buff,

Whate'er betide.

To shun domestic jangle,

This paltry pippin-brangle,

'Fore George! I'll not decide.

[*Towards the close of the air, Momus advances to him.*]

R E.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

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RECITATIVE.

Mom. That's fix'd then.

Jup. Yes, yes—I've wound up my bottom.

Mom. Roundly; like a true Solomon—(aside) of Gotham.

Jup. But how to still their clamours—there's the matter.

Mom. Depute some mortal for their arbitrator; 'Twill pull 'em down a peg.

Jup. (Rubbing his hands, delighted.) 'Twill, 'twill—the flutes!

I'll do't—to fiddle-strings 'twill fret their gats.

Mom. Oh! they'll cajole you with their ifs and buts. Did not they coax you in your beer to impris'n The dragon, but for claiming what was his'n?

AIR XI. COTELLO.

When you're bosky, half-seas over,

Doxies wind you as they please;

Thro' their eyes you then discover,

That the moon's a huge green cheese:

They have their wits,

Mind their own hits;

Nick the fit

To wheedle a bit,

With a tip,

Of the lip,

And a roguish squeeze.

Jovy, my soul!

What does it say?—

Fire the North Pole!

Jove's your valed—

When you're bosky, &c.

RECITATIVE.

(Mercury enters hastily, and twitches Jupiter's sleeve.)

Mer. Most doughty—please edge this way.

Jup. Eh! What matter y'?

Mer. The goddesses—at loggerheads—i'th' buttery.

Jup. Fight dog, fight bear—l!—Blood! I've other bus'ness.

Must Jove sit judge—on dimples—snouts—and pigsnies? Bid

Bid 'em scrub up as clean as hands can make 'em.

Mom. Shou'd they run rust——

Jup. By Jericho!—I'd flake 'em—
(*To Mercury.*) Conduct them, you, to Ida——

There young Paris
Shall view, and there give judgment which most fair is.

[*Jupiter and Momus confer together.*

Mer. What!—Paris of Troy,

That hobble-de-hoy?

He lord chief justice constituted?

If h'as guts in his brains, or in's skull eyes,

Sure, sure, this heav'n-embroiling prize

Cannot be long disputed.

AIR XII. FISHER.

Pallas and Juno,

All who see true know,

Never, no, never can bear the bell.

No, chuck the golden pippin

Fair Venus's lip in,

For Venus herself is a nonpareil.

[*Exit.*

[*Jupiter and Momus come forward, as continuing
their conversation.*

RECITATIVE.

Mom. What comes o' you?

Jup. Oh! I—after the inspection——

May call—to hear—which carry'd the election.

Mom. Mum!—yonder's Juno——

[*Going.*

Jup. Aye—my message—snubs.

Mom. Now—keep it up—be sure—a few dry rubs }

Will give her majesty—the mulligrubs.

AIR XIII. Cotillon tune.

Since 'tis writ in the volume of fate,

That to surrender

To the male gender,

Females must lay their account soon or late;

She must submit has a god to her mate.

Bounce, bounce; Juno may flounce;

Storm, and thunder;

She'll knock under;

Rave.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

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Rave, Rave; Jupiter, rave;
Master you'll be—and your wife be a slave.

RECITATIVE.

Jup. (*As Juno advances.*) How now, dame Part-
let?—

*Enter Juno stalking haughtily up to him; her arms
a-kimbo.*

(*Aside.*) Now—she opes her budget.

Juno. So, Sir! Our cause—you scorn, it seems—to
judge it.

Jup. I wash my hands o't:—woundy ticklish mat-
ters

These!—How decree—'twixt my own wife and daugh-
ters!

Juno. (*Resentfully.*) Then, Sir, who shall?

Jup. (*Having ponder'd.*) Why—Paris—son of
Priam—

Ganymede's coz—a better judge than I am.

Juno. (*With spleen.*) Finely fobb'd off! Had it been
Madam Semele—

Jup. (*Imperiously.*) Juno—go, scold your maids—
do—mind your family.

Juno. No; with all heaven for my due I'd grapple:
Were there an orchard, mine were every apple.

AIR XI. ARNE.

Juno. (*Affronted.*)

With your wife, Sir, ne'er dispute,

Lady of the manor she;

Due to her the choicest fruit,

Due to her the branch and tree:

And you know she'll have her right;

Yes, Sir, morning, noon, and night.

RECITATIVE.

Jup. Right!—Stuff!—Between us,
None has a legal right to it but Venus.

Juno. (*Much piqued.*) Fool that I was, my husband
to refer to!

Venus!—a sneaking kindness—goat!—for her too—

Jup. (*Indignant.*) My daughter?

Juno. (*With rancour.*) Wer't your mother.

Jup.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Jup. (Ironically.) Why, my pet-lamb
Ought not go loose—It should be lodg'd in bedlam.
These maggots, child——

Juno. (Outrageous.) By each new trull supplanted!

Jup. (Provok'd.) I'll be divorc'd——

Juno. (Obstinately.) The very thing I wanted.

A I R XIV. *Duo finale.* MONSIGNIER.

Juno.

Go!

But know

I'll not be treated so

By you, case-harden'd bully!

Jup.

Let not your fury gull y' ;

I'm no tame, hen-peckt-cully.

Juno.

Ungrateful!

To sacrifice me thus!

Jup.

More hateful

Your jealousy and fufs.

Juno.

Your sister?

Jup.

Wou'd I'ad mist her!

Juno.

And your spouse too?

Jup.

(Aside.) A sweet blowze too!

Juno.

The chum you pawn'd your nuptial
vows to?

Jup.

Trust my house to,

And my brows too?

Juno.

A blister

On your tongue for't.

Jup.

I'm well stung for't,

Sorely wrung for't.

Juno.

You broke all your vows—you hot bell-
swagger!

Jup. (Aside.)

That's a dagger;

Shan't I gag her?

Juno.

To see that num-skull

Jup.

(To her.) These wipes

Juno.

Act the swan, act the bull!

Jup.

Bring stripes.

Juno.

How mortals must laugh——

Jup.

Your sides, my love, itch——

Juno.

At the goose, at the calf.

Jup.

For a taste of the switch.

Juno.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

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Juno. } Your } Wife { a cast-off } stale.
Jup. } Wife } Wife { those taunts are }
Juno. } Yet you { can't say black's her } nail.
Jup. } { urge them tooth and }
Juno. } I'll { not sit down mum } chance.
Jup. } { rove, and take my }
Juno. } You shall } see the devil dance.
Jup. } Tho' I }
Juno. More sack on the mill!—No, no;
'Tis better pill—it kicks—
Jup. Jack must have his gill—I trow;
And, as Jove, I will ha' fix.

A C T II.

SCENE, Mount Ida.

Paris enters, admiring his finery.

Par. C'EST quelque chose cela—no more a rustic
 scrubbish,

Paris at court has dusted off his rubbish.

A I R I. ARNE.

But now let me flaunt it,
 Rant, flirt it, and jaunt it,
 Gallant it, and dress it away;
 At opera and ball,
 Play, concert, and all,
 I'll warrant I carry the day.
 I'll make the folks stare
 By clubbing my hair;
 I'll ogle, I'll prattle,
 The dice-box I'll rattle,
 Lose thousands, and call it mere sport:
 While men all admire me,
 All ladies desire me,
 Sweet Paris, the pink of the court!

[*Paris turns, and spies Mercury advancing.*

What chap comes here, trick'd out so nicely?

Enter to him Mercury.

[*He stands bowing at a distance.*

Dem' mauvaise honte—So thus—concisely.

A I R

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

AIR II. DUET. FRANCESCO.

Par. *Mon enfant—écoutez.*

Merc. Royal swain, what d'ye say?

Par. If I may conjecture,
By garb, gait, and aspect, you're
François.

Merc. Nay, nay.

Par. *Au moins*—you've made the tour.

Merc. No sure.

Your highness means to flatter

Par. *Pardonnez moi*—This hat here
Paris cock—

Merc. No such matter.

Par. Those pumps too—*diantre!*—curious—

Merc. Jove's son, Sir—

[*Bowing.*]

Par. *Vous?*

Merc. Yes; spurious.

Controller of his pages,

And bear his love-messages.

Par. *Quoi?* Merky?—ah! *le drole!*

Merc. The same—upon my soul,

At your command.

Par. I kiss your hand.

RECITATIVE.

Par. But whence—and whither now?

Merc. My errand

At present is—

Par. (*Taking snuff.*) To me—I warrant?

Merc. E'en so.

Par. (*With extravagant airs of vanity.*)

With my poor person smitten?

Merc. (*Shaking his head.*) No, Sir—a matter—
you'd scarce hit on.

This apple— [Produces the golden apple.]

Par. (*Much mortified.*) Ay!

Merc. (*Tho' no nice fruit 'tis*)

Has set by the ears three tip-top beauties.

Th' inscription—there's the bone—

Par. (*Reads it.*) TO THE FAIREST!

Merc. Till that point's settled—heaven can de-
rest—

Juno, Miss Pallas, Venus—stiffly
Lay claim to't—

Par. Well—*mon cher*?

Mer.

Why, briefly—

You're nam'd their judge—

Par. (*Eyeing it contemptuously.*) A precious bauble
To set three goddesses—at squabble!

A I R III. BRYAN.

Mer. A goddess, like an earthly dame,
In trifles will precedence claim;
Deny'd, foul language will bestow,
And turn from dearest friend to foe.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. But why to me this beauty-reference?

Mer. Jove they'd think partial—interested;
Therefore in you his pow'r is vested.

Par. What jeopardy! —My case quite desperate!
Can please but one—two must exasperate.

Mer. Do as you like—but—leave off prating,
You keep their goddessships a-waiting. [Exit.

(*Paris alone, after meditation.*)

Good Jove, direct me!

Since in this task

I'm but your mask,

I hope, Sir, you'll protect me.

Re-enter Mercury, leading Juno, whom he announces most ceremoniously. She advances with over-strained haughtiness.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mer. Queen Juno, Sir, (*bow*) Jove's consort—

Juno. (*Imperiously.*)

Less palaver.

We've other fish to fry—[Beckons Mercury away; he
sneaks off.

Par. (*Tripping familiarly to kiss her.*) Ma'am—by
your favour—[*She draws back with indignation.*

Juno. Meat for your lord!—I thought you better knew
me.

Par. (*Aside.*) *La fiere!*—a three-pil'd prude, consume
me!

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Juno.

Juno.—(*Haughtily.*)

Lad, don't you feel yourself, at times, ambitious
Of pow'r—and wealth?

Par. *Ma-fô!* They're both delicious.

Juno. Both you may have—

Par. *Comment?*

Juno. For me pass sentence,

And you will bless your stars for our acquaintance.

Par. (*Aside.*) Now *un grand coup*—You're warm—
and I in spirits—

(*To her.*) 'Gad, Ma'am, let's use your husband as he
merits.

AIR IV. *Down derry derry.*

(*To her with petulant familiarity.*)

Sweet revenge there is a clue to,

Wou'd you take a fool's advice—

Me voici tout pret—Cornuto

We may dub him in a trice.

Dans le bon ton—Down derry derry.

Dans le bon ton,

Sur le gazon.

(*Juno in furious indignation turns fiercely upon him.*)

RECITATIVE.

Juno. Indeed!—'Squire Hotspur!—two words to that
bargain.

Par. (*With cutting indifference.*)

N'importe—There needs no further arguing.

[*Turns away.*

Juno. (*Apart.*) To be sent haggling here with such a
puppy!

Well, Jove, remember this, if I ben't up wi' ye.

AIR V.

Tender passion, gentle love,

Cooing murm'ring, like the dove,

Shall desert my troubled breast

If not the fairest I'm confest.

[*Exit.*

RECITATIVE.

(*Paris alone.*)

Sans ceremonie, I dismiss her.

Hey, Mercury!

Enter

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

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Enter Mercury.

Fetch in Pallas—

Mer. (Bowling.) Yes, Sir—

Mercury re-enters, introducing Pallas. He bows, and retires. She stands sullen; Paris hops pertly up to kiss her.

Par. Servant, my dear!—

(She repulses him with a violent push.)

Pal. Since when, spruce master *Jemmy?*

Par. (Aside, his hands on his breast as in pain.)

That peg she had from Broughton—demme!

Well, Joan of Aro!—my frumpish missy!

You might as well ha' let me kiss ye.

Pal. Paris, no airs—That pippin, without musing,
Adjudge to me—

Par. (Ironically.) Bon!—for your skill in bruising?

Pal. I'll make your fortune:—Call me else Canary.

Par. My fortune, Mifs!—

Pal. Ay, in the milita—ry.

A I R VI.

To arms, Paris, to arms!

Hark! the shrill trumpets sound,

And the dread cannon roars.

Hark! hark! the loud alarms,

From hill to hill rebound,

And shake the neighb'ring shores.

RECITATIVE.

Par. (Having stared at her with surprise.)

Zauns, Mifs—what see you in my figure,

As if I lov'd to draw a trigger?

Now, Merc'ry!—let the Cyprian belle come.

[Enter Mercury; hands out Pallas, and introduces Venus; then bows, and exit. She advances, snirking. Paris, though struck with her beauty, trips to salute her with his usual pertness.]

Ay, this! *(to her.)* Permettez moi!

[Kisses her.]

Ven. (Frankly.) And welcome.

(Leering, and chucking him under the chin.)

My Paris! can you love?

G 2

Par.

Par. (Aside.)

No foolish item.

Yes, Ma'am—kind souls!—I never slight 'em.

Ven. Well, there's a judge—one Menelaus—in
Sparta;

(A judge's crest is—horns—by Magna Charta)

That judge, he hath a wife—that wife high Nelly,

But such a Nell!—at ev'ry glance

The cockles of your heart would dance,

Warm'd as if by vermicelli.

A I R VII.

Helen if you can trepan,

Thou of heroes shalt lead the van!

Never dally,

Shilli-shally;

Faint heart ne'er fair lady won:

Be bold, and play the man!

That's the plan.

That shape, that jim rigging

Was form'd for intriguing;

And in foreign parts

You'll reign king of hearts.

Oh, such bliss! you've no ideas

She's a peerless Dulcinea!

Wit delighting,

Charms inviting,

Youth inciting,

Helen, Helen to trepan.

RECITATIVE.

Par. Agreed—*touchez!*—Now for a barrel

Of golden pippins—we shall never quarrel

I'll call the ladies in that went hence.

[*Takes the apple in his hand, crosses the stage, and calls aloud.*

Mercury!—I'm going to pass sentence.

*Enter on one side Mercury, ushering in Juno and Pallas;
on the other side Venus alone.*

A I R VIII. Venetian ballad.

Par. (Bowling to Juno and Pallas.)

Mesdames—to speech you

But more might disoblige you

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

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I therefore beseech you,
Let this action teach you

My upright award,
By equity squar'd,

Nor bribe or pelf;

The pippin, on strict scrutiny,

Rests here *—tho' losers mutiny.

Fair ye to the bone are;—

But this *belle debonaire*

Is fairness' self.

[*Juno and Pallas walk to and fro, stomachful; Venus and Paris bowing and curtsying. Mercury stands titling.*]

RECITATIVE.

Juno. (Turning upon Paris, enraged.)

Buzzard!—in real beauty, ignoramus!

Pal. (Pointing to Venus.)

That lewd trull's person was his fee to bam us.

Juno. (Menacing.) For this—an old house o'er your
sconce I'll tumble.

Pal. Poltroon! Since war you dread, its din shall
rumble

In both your ears—

Mer. Ladies!—You're not to grumble—

A furious symphony; then enter hastily Jupiter, outrageously angry, the thunder-bolt in his hand.

RECITATIVE.

Jup. (To Juno and Pallas.)

Ye spiteful jades!—threat not my puny judge, else

For him I will, myself, take up the cudgels—

The proudest she that with him dares to meddle,

I'll make dance Barnaby—without a fiddle!

A I R XI. and last.

SESTETTO. VIVALDI.

Jupiter, Juno, Pallas, Venus, Paris, Dragon.

Jup. This be the period

Of jars—Shake fists and bus.

G 3

* Placing it in a bouquet in Venus's bosom.

Juno

Juno. } Yet, Sir, 'tis very odd,
Pal. } You'll side with her 'gainst us.
To each other. } Had you been adjudg'd it,
Jup. (To Juno.) } I ne'er shou'd ha' grudg'd it.
Jup. You puffs,
Why grudge Venus?
Ven. Why to me this mortal hatred?
Par. Why to me this spleen inveterate?
Jup. } Why to her { this mortal hatred?
Dra. } { such spleen inveterate?
Ven. Beauty's my sole gift of nature,
Par. Justice mine.
Juno. (To Par.) Yours! venal traitor!
Pal. (To Ven.) Conceited creature!
Dra. (To Par. and Ven.) Thank her, she cou'd
give no greater.
Juno. (Aside to Pal.) I have no patience with such
flirts.
Pal. (Aside to Juno.) Ne'er heed. We'll stick to both
their skirts.
Jup. } Blood!—don't again my passion
rouze.
Dra. } (To both.) { He's your pappas, Miss—and your
spouse.
Jup. (To ditto.) If you will not be cool,
I have for scolds a school,
Juno. } You see, Sir, we are cool,
Pal. } That's call'd the ducking-stool.
Jup. We shall }
Pal. } not need that school.
Dra. } They will }
Par. } You see, Sir, they are cool.
Juno. }
Pal. } Shake hands—We're friends—No spite.
Ven. }
Par. }
Jup. } Be friends—That's right.
Dra. }
Jup. } For this good hap
We'll all get sap,
Dra. } And drain the tap.

Ven.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

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Ven. In peace let's live,
 Par. Forget, forgive.
 Juno. } (*Aside to each other.*) We'll make believe.
 Pal. }
 Jup. } This day shall
 Juno. }
 Pal. } be high jubilee.
 Ven. }
 Par. } Let this day
 Dra. } (*To the audience*)—Applaud, applaud,
 Jove's gracious nod.

THE

THE
ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.
 IN TWO ACTS.

By **SAMUEL FOOTE Esq.**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr Subtle,
Classic,
Buck,
Sir John Buck,
Marquis,
Roger,
Dauphine,
Peruke-maker,
Gamut, Music-master,
Kitteau, Dancing-master,

Covent-Garden.
Mr Collins.
Mr Anderson.
Mr Macklin.
Mr Bransby.
Mr Usher.
Mr Dunstall.
Mr Stoppelaer.

Edinburgh, 1782.
Mr Johnson.
Mr Taylor.
Mr Ward.
Mr Mountfort.
Mr Marshall.
Mr T. Banks.
Mr Hollingsworth.
Mr Simpson.
Mr Hallion.
Mr Charteris.

WOMEN.

Mrs Subtle,
Lucinda,

Mrs Macklin,
Miss Macklin.

Mrs Mountfort.
Mrs Bulkley.

Servants, &c.

A C T I.

Enter Mr SUTLE and CLASSIC.

MR SUTLE.

WELL, well, that may be; but still I say that a Frenchman—

Classic. Is a fop; it is their national disease; not one of the qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its origin to a foible; their taste is trifling, their gaiety grimace, and their politeness pride.

M

Mr. Sub. Hey-day! Why, what the deuce brings you to Paris then?

Claff. A debt to friendship; not but I think a short residence here a very necessary part in every man of fashion's education.

Mr. Sub. Where's the use?

Claff. In giving them a true relish for their own domestic happiness; a proper veneration for their national liberties; a contempt for adulation; and an honour for the extended generous commerce of their country.

Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, Mr. Claffic: the traders here are a sharp-set, cozening people; foreigners are their food; civilities with a—ay! ay! a congee for a crown, and a shrug for a shilling: devilish dear, Master Claffic, devilish dear.

Claff. To avoid their exactions, we are, Mr. Subtle, recommended to your protection.

Mr. Sub. Ay! and wisely they did who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my lady's recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your charge? Where was Mr. Buck last night? My lady made a party at cards on purpose for him, and my ward Lucinda is mightily taken with him; she longs to see him again.

Claff. I am afraid with the same set his father sent him hither to avoid; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a taste for the gallantries of this court, and his passion for the lower amusement of ours will diminish of course.

Mr. Sub. All the fraternity of men-makers are for that purpose without; tailors, peruquiers, hatters, hosi-
siers—Is not that Mr. Buck's English servant?

Enter Roger.

Claff. Oh! ay, honest Roger. So, the old doings, Roger; what time did your master come home?

Rog. Between five and six, pummell'd to a jelly: here been two of his old comrades follow'd in already; I count we shall ha' the whole gang in a se'n night.

Claff. Comrades, who?

Rog. Dick Daylight and Bob Breadbasket the brui-
sers: they all went to the show together, where they had the devil to pay; belike they had been sent to Bridewell, hadn't a great gentleman in a blue string come by
and

and releas'd them.——I hear master's bell; do, Master Classic, step up and talk to un; he's now sober, and may hearken to reason.

Class. I attend him. Mr Subtle, you won't be out of the way. [Exit Classic.]

Mr Sub. I shall talk a little with the tradesmen. A smoky fellow this Classic; but if Lucinda plays her cards well, we have not much to fear from that quarter: contradiction seems to be the life and soul of young Buck——A tolerable expedition this, if it succeeds.——Fleece the younker!——Psha, that's a thing of course!——but by his means to get rid of Lucinda, and securely pocket her patrimony; ay! that indeed——

Enter Mrs Subtle.
Oh! wife! Have you open'd the plot? Does the girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs Sub. A little squeamish at first; but I have open'd her eyes. Never fear, my dear, sooner or later women will attend to their interest.

Mr Sub. Their interest! ay, that's true; but consider, my dear, how deeply our own interest is concern'd, and let that quicken your zeal.

Mrs Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the girl has got such whimsical notions of honour, and is withal so decent and modest: I wonder where the deuce she got it; I am sure it was not in my house.

Mr Sub. How does she like Buck's person?

Mrs Sub. Well enough! But prithee, husband, leave her to my management, and consider we have more irons in the fire than one. 'Here is the Marquis de Soleil to meet Madame de Farde to-night.—And where to put 'em, unless we can have Buck's apartment.' Oh! by-the-bye, has Count Cog sent you your share out of Mr Puntwell's lofings a-Thursday.

Mr Sub. I intend calling on him this morning.

Mrs Sub. Don't fail; he's a slippery chap, you know.

Mr Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty countrywoman lays about her handsomely, ha!——Hearts by hundreds! hum!

Mrs Sub. Ay! that's a noble prize, if we could but manage her; but she's so indiscreet, that she'll be blown before we have made half our market. I am this morn-
ing

ing to give audience, on her score, to two counts and a foreign minister.

Mr Sub. Then strike whilst the iron's hot: but they'll be here before I can talk to my people; send 'em in, prithee. [Exit Mrs Subtle.

Enter Tradesmen.

So, gentlemen. Oh! hush! we are interrupted: If they ask for your bills, you have left them at home.

Enter Buck, Classic, and Roger.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! Master Subtle, how do'st, old buck, hey? Give's thy paw! And little Lucy, how fares it with she? Hum!

Mr Sub. What has been the matter, squire? Your face seems a little in deshabille.

Buck. A touch of the times, old boy! a small skirmish; after I was down, tho', a set of cowardly sons of—; there's George and I will box any five for their sum.

Mr Sub. But how happen'd it? The French are generally civil to strangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall seven or eight upon three: Seven or eight! ecod, we had the whole house upon us at last.

Mr Sub. But what had you done?

Buck. Done! why, nothing at all. But, wounds! how the powder flew about, and the Monfieurs scour'd!

Mr Sub. But what offence had either they or you committed?

Buck. Why, I was telling Domine. Last night, Dick Daylight, Bob Breadbasket, and I, were walking thro' one of their rues, I think they call them here, they are streets in London; but they have such devilish out-of-the-way names for things, that there is no remembering them; so we see crowds of people going into a house, and comedy pasted over the door: in we troop'd with the rest, paid our cash, and sat down on the stage. Presently they had a dance; and one of the young women with long hair trailing behind her, stood with her back to a rail, just by me: Ecod, what does me! for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail; so, when 'twas her turn to figure out, fouse she slapp'd on her back; 'twas devilish comical,

cal, but they set up such an uproar. One whey-fac'd son of a bitch, that camē too loose the woman, turn'd up his nose, and call'd me *bete*: eood, I lent him a lick in his lanthorn jaws, that will make him remember the spawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him. Another came up to second him; but I let drive at the mark, made the soup-maigre rumble in his bread basket, and laid him sprawling. Then in pour'd a million of them; I was knocked down in a trice; and what happened after, I know no more than you. But where's Lucy? I'll go see her.

Glass. Oh fie! ladies are treated here with a little more ceremony:—Mr Subtle too has collected these people, who are to equip you for the conversation of the ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all these? What, Mr Subtle, these are Monsecres too, I suppose?

Mr Sub. No, Squire, they are Englishmen: fashion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but foreigners at home, you must take up with your own countrymen here.

Glass. It is not in this instance alone we are particular, Mr Subtle; I have observ'd many of our pretty gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native language here, sputter nothing but bad French in the side-boxes at home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your wife, and Miss Lucy, I like you all well enough; but the devil a good thing else have I seen since I lost sight of Dover. The men are all puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning: the women are a parcel of painted dolls; their food's fit for hogs; and as for their language, let them learn it that like it; I'll none on't; no, nor their frippery neither: So here you may all march to the place from whence you—Harkee! What, are you an Englishman?

Barb. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine! look here, what a monster the monkey has made of himself?—Sirrah, if your string was long enough, I'd do your business myself, you dog, to sink a bold Briton into such a sneaking, snivelling—the rascal looks as he had not had a piece of beef and pudding in his paunch these twenty years; I'll be hang'd if

if the rogue han't been fed on frogs ever since he came over. Away with your trumpery!

Claff. Mr Buck, a compliance with the customs of the country in which we live, where neither our religion or morals are concern'd, is a duty we owe ourselves.

Mr Sub. Besides, 'squire, Lucinda expects that you should usher her to public places; which it would be impossible to do in that dress.

Buck. Why not?

Mr Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I should be glad to see that—No! no! they han't spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these fellows here are English, and it is the fashion, try on your fooleries.

Mr Sub. Mr Dauphine, come, produce—Upon my word, in an elegant taste, Sir—This gentleman has had the honour to—

Dauph. To work for all the beaux esprits of the court. My good fortune commenc'd by a small alteration in a cut of the corner of the sleeve for Count Crib; but the addition of a ninth plat in the skirt of Marshal Tonerre, was applauded by Madam la duchess Rambouillet, and totally established the reputation of your humble servant.

Buck. Hold your jaw, and dispatch.

Mr Sub. A word with you—I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with Madam de Rambouillet.

Buck. An't she a Papist?

Mr Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

Mr Sub. Oh fie! who minds the religion of a pretty woman? Besides, all this country are of the same.

Buck. For that reason I don't care how soon I get out of it: Come, let's get rid of you all as soon as we can. And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je suis pe:uquier, Monsieur.

Buck. Speak English, you son of a whore.

Barb. I am a perriwig-maker, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you say so at first? What, are you asham'd of your mother-tongue? I knew this

fellow was a puppy by his pig-tail. Come, let's see your handy-work.

Barb. As I found you were in a hurry, I have brought you, Sir, something that will do for the present: But a peruke is a different *ouillage*, another sort of a thing here from what it is *en Angleterre*; we must consult the colour of the complexion, and the *tour de visage*, the form of the face; for which end it will be necessary to regard your countenance in different lights: A little to the right, if you please.

Buck. Why, you dog, d'ye think I'll submit to be exercised by you?

Barb. *Oh mon Dieu! Monsieur*, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your wig *comm' il faut*.

Buck. Sirrah, speak another French word, and I'll kick you down stairs.

Barb. Gad's curse! Would you resemble some of your countrymen, who, at the first importation, with nine hairs of a side to a brawny pair of cheeks, look like a Saracen's head! Or else their water-gruel jaws, sunk in a thicket of curls, appear for all the world like a lark in a soup-dish!

Mr Sub. Come, 'squire, submit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, but what must I do?

[Places him in a chair.

Barb. To the right, Sir—now to the left—now your full—and now, Sir, I'll do your business.

Mr Sub. Look at yourself a little; see what a revolution this has occasion'd in your whole figure.

Buck. Yes, a bloody pretty figure indeed! But 'tis a figure I am damnably ashamed of: I would not be seen by Jack Wildfire or Dick Riot for fifty pounds in this trim, for all that.

Mr Sub. Upon my honour, dress greatly improves you. Your opinion, Mr Clastic.

Clasf. They do mighty well, Sir; and in a little time Mr Buck will be easy in them.

Buck. Shall I? I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneasy at present, Mr Subtle. What must I do now?

Mr Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my wife, you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

Buck.

Buck. Come along, Domine! But harkee, Mr Subtle, I'll out of my trammels when I hunt with the king.

Mr Sub. Well, well.

Buck. I'll on with my jemmies; none of your black bags and jack-boots for me.

Mr Sub. No, no.

Buck. I'll show them the odds on't, old Silver-tail! I will. Hey?

Mr Sub. Ay, ay.

Buck. Hedge, stake, or stile, over we go!

Mr Sub. Ay; but Mr Classic waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr Sub. Oh no! impossible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a chace she carry'd me last Christmas eve? We unkennell'd at——

Mr Sub. I am busy now; at any other time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my hounds and horses.

Mr Sub. Have you?

Buck. They shall make the tour of Europe with me: And then there's Tom Atkins the huntsman, the two whippers-in, and little Joey the groom, comes with them. Damme, what a strange place they'll think this. But no matter for that; then we shall be company enough of ourselves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr Sub. In ten minutes—An impertinent jacksnapes! But I shall soon ha' done with him. So, gentlemen; well, you see we have a good subject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I must have more than 20 per cent. out of that suit.

Dauph. Upon my soul, Mr Subtle, I can't.

Mr Sub. Why, I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New, Sir! Why, as I hope to be——

Mr Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn yourself, Dauphine; don't be a rogue; did not I see at Madam Fripon's that waistcoat and sleeves upon Colonel Crambo?

Dauph. As to the waistcoat and sleeves, I own; but for the body and lining—may I never see——

Mr Sub. Come, don't be a scoundrel; five-and-thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I must, I must.

[Exit Dauph.

‘ *Mr Sub.* Oh, Solitaire! I can’t pay that draft of
‘ *Mr* — these six weeks; I want money.

‘ *Soli.* *Je suis dans le meme cas—Je—*

‘ *Mrs Sub.* What, d’ye mutiny, rascal? About your
‘ business, or ——— [Exit.]

I must keep these fellows under, or I shall have a fine
time on’t; they know they can’t do without me.

Enter Mrs Subtle.

Mrs Sub. The Calais letters, my dear.

Mr Sub. (reads.) Ah! ah! Calais—the Dover packet arrived last night, loading as follows: Six taylors, ditto barbers; five milliners, bound to Paris to study fashions; four citizens come to settle here for a month, by way of seeing the country; ditto, their wives; ten French valets, with nine cooks, all from Newgate, where they had been sent for robbing their masters; nine figure-dancers, exported in September ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good case; ‘ twelve dogs, ditto ‘ bitches, with two monkeys, and a litter of puppies ‘ from Mother Midnight’s in the Hay-market.’ A precious cargo! *Postscript.* One of the coasters is just put in, with his grace the duke of —, my lord, and an old gentleman whose name I can’t learn! Gadso! Well, my dear, I must run, and try to secure these customers; there’s no time to be lost. [Exit. ‘ Mean ‘ while——’

Enter Classic.

Mrs Sub. So, Mr Classic, what, have you left the young couple together?

Class. They want your ladyship’s presence, Madam, for a short tour to the Tuilleries. I have received some letters, which I must answer immediately.

‘ *Mrs Sub.* Oh! well, well; no ceremony; we are all of a family, you know. Servant. [Exit.]

Enter Roger.

Class. Roger!

Rog. Anon!

Class. I have just received a letter from your old master; he was landed at Calais, and will be this evening at Paris. It is absolutely necessary that this circumstance should be conceal’d from his son; for which purpose

pose you must wait at the Picardy Gate, and deliver a letter I shall give you into his own hand.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Class. But, Roger, be secret.

Rog. O lud! never you fear.

Class. So, Mr Subtle, I see your aim. A pretty lodging we have hit upon; the mistress a commode, and the master a—But who can this ward be? Possibly the neglected punk of some riotous man of quality. 'Tis lucky Mr Buck's father is arriv'd, or my authority would prove but an insufficient match for my pupil's obstinacy. This mad boy! How difficult, how disagreeable a task have I undertaken? And how general; yet how dangerous, an experiment is it to expose our youth, in the very fire and fury of their blood, to all the follies and extravagance of this fantastical court? Far different was the prudent practice of our forefathers:

They scorn'd to truck, for base unmanly arts,

Their native plainness and their honest hearts;

Whene'er they deign'd to visit haughty France,

'Twas arm'd with bearded dart and pointed lance.

' No pompous pageants lur'd their curious eye,

' No charms for them had sops or flattery;

' Paris, they knew, their streamers wav'd around,

' There Britons saw a British Harry crown'd.'

Far other views attract our modern race,

Trulls, toupees, trinkets, bags, brocade, and lace;

A flaunting form and a fictitious face.

Rouse! reassume! refuse a Gallic reign,

Nor let their arts win that their arms could never gain.

A C T II.

Enter Mr CLASSIC and ROGER.

Roger.

OLD maister's at a coffee-house next street, and will tarry till you send for 'un.

Class. By-and-bye; in the dusk, bring him up the back-stairs. You must be careful that nobody sees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Class. Let Sir John know that I would wait on him.

myself, but I don't think it safe to quit the house an instant.

Rog. Ay, ay.

[*Exit Roger.*]

Claff. I suppose by this time matters are pretty well settled within, and my absence only wanted to accomplish the scene; but I shall take care to ——— Oh! Mr Subtle and his lady.

Enter Mr and Mrs Subtle.

Mrs Sub. Oh, delightfully! Now, my dearest, I hope you will no longer dispute my abilities for forming a female.

Mr Sub. Never, never: How the baggage leer'd!

Mrs Sub. And the booby gap'd!

Mr Sub. So kind, and yet so coy; so free, but then so reserv'd: Oh, she has him!

Mrs Sub. Ay, aye; the fish is hook'd: but then safely to land him — Is Claffie suspicious?

Mr Sub. Not that I observe; but the secret must soon be blaz'd.

Mrs Sub. Therefore dispatch: I have laid a trap to inflame his affection.

Mr Sub. How?

Mrs Sub. He shall be treated with a display of Lucy's talents; her singing, dancing.

Mr Sub. Psha! her singing and dancing!

Mrs Sub. Ah! you don't know, husband, half the force of these accomplishments in a fashionable figure.

Mr Sub. I doubt her execution.

Mrs Sub. You have no reason; she does both well enough to flatter a fool, especially with love for her second: besides, I have a coup de maitre, a sure card.

Mr Sub. What's that?

Mrs Sub. A rival.

Mr Sub. Who?

Mrs Sub. The language-master: He may be easily equipt for the expedition; a second-hand tawdry suit of cloaths will pass him on our countryman for a marquis; and then, to excuse his speaking our language so well, he may have been educated early in England. But hush! the Squire approaches; don't seem to observe him.

(*Enter Buck.*)

For my part, I never saw any thing so alter'd since I

was

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was born: In my conscience, I believe she's in love with him.

Buck. Hush! *[Aside.]*

Mr Sub. D'ye think so?

Mrs Sub. Why, where's the wonder? He's a pretty, good-humour'd sprightly fellow: and, for the time, such an improvement! Why, he wears his cloaths as easily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at Paris these twenty years.

Mr Sub. Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs Sub. Why, he has had but three lessons from Marfeil, and he moves already like Dupré. Oh! three months stay here will render him a perfect model for the English court.

Mr Sub. Gadso! No wonder then, with these qualities, that he has caught the heart of my ward; but we must take care that the girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs Sub. Oh, dismiss your fears; her family, good sense, and, more than all, her being educated under my eye, render them unnecessary; besides, Mr Buck is too much a man of honour to——

(He interrupts them.)

Buck. Damn me if I an't.

Mrs Sub. Bless me, Sir, you here! I did not expect——

Buck. I beg pardon: but all that I heard was, that Mr Buck was a man of honour. I wanted to have some chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You see I dare trust you alone with my wife.

Buck. So you may safely; I have other game in view. Servant, Mr Subtle.

Mrs Sub. Now for a puzzling scene: I long to know how he'll begin. *(Aside.)* Well, Mr Buck, your commands with me, Sir?

Buck. Why, Madam—I ah—I ah—but let's shut the door; I was, Madam—ah! ah! Can't you guess what I want to talk about?

Mrs Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my soul, I'll tell you if you're right.

Mrs

Mrs Sub. It will be impossible for me to divine—But come, open a little.

Buck. Why, have you observ'd nothing?

Mrs Sub. About who?

Buck. Why, about me.

Mrs Sub. Yes; you are new-dress'd, and your cloaths become you.

Buck. Pretty well; but it an't that.

Mrs Sub. What is it?

Buck. Why, ah! ah!—Upon my soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs Sub. Nay, then 'tis to no purpose to wait: Write your mind.

Buck. No, no; stop a moment, and I will tell.

Mrs Sub. be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miss Lucinda.

Mrs Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine girl; and I should be glad to——

Mrs Sub. To——Bless me!—What, Mr Buck, and in my house?—Oh, Mr Buck, you have deceiv'd me!—Little did I think, that under the appearance of so much honesty, you could go to——

Buck. Upon my soul, you're mistaken.

Mrs Sub. A poor orphan too! depriv'd in her earliest infancy of a father's prudence and a mother's care.

Buck. Why, I tell you——

Mrs Sub. So sweet, so lovely an innocence; her mind as spotless as her person.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs Sub. And me, Sir; where had you your thoughts of me? How dar'd you suppose that I would connive at such a——

Buck. The woman is bewitch'd!

Mrs Sub. I! whose untainted reputation the blistering tongue of slander never blasted. Full fifteen years, in wedlock's sacred bands, have I liv'd unreprouch'd; and now to——

Buck. Od's fury! She's in heroica.

Mrs Sub. And this from you, too, whose fair outside and bewitching tongue had so far lull'd my fears, I dar'd

dar'd have trusted all my daughters, nay, myself too, singly, with you.

Buck. Upon my soul, and so you might safely.

Mrs Sub. Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your defence?

Buck. Oh, oh! What, are you got pretty well to the end of your line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a bit, we may make a shift to understand one another a little.

Mrs Sub. Be quick, and ease me of my fears.

Buck. Ease you of your fears! I don't know how the devil you got them. All that I wanted to say was, that Miss Lucy was a fine wench; and if she was as willing as me——

Mrs Sub. Willing! Sir! What demon——

Buck. If you are in your airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why, that if she lik'd me as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs Sub. Oh, Sir! if that was indeed your drift, I am satisfy'd. But don't indulge your wish too much; there are numerous obstacles; your father's consent, the law of the land——

Buck. What laws?

Mrs Sub. All clandestine marriages are void in this country.

Buck. Damn the country!—In London now, a footman may drive to May-fair, and in five minutes be tack'd to a countess; but there's no liberty here.

Mrs Sub. Some inconsiderate couples have indeed gone off post to Protestant states; but I hope my ward will have more prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think she likes me?

Mrs Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, she does.

Buck. Does she, by——

Mrs Sub. Calm your transports.

Buck. Well! but how? She did not, did she? Hey! Come now, tell——

Mrs

Mrs. Sub. I hear her coming ; this is her hour for music and dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a peep?

Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this corner.

Enter Lucinda, with Gamut.

Luc. The news, the news, Monsieur Gamut ; I die, if I have not the first intelligence ! What's doing at Versailles ? When goes the court to Marli ? Does Rameau write the next opera ? What say the critics of Voltaire's Duke de Foix ?—Answer me all in a breath.

Buck. A brave-spirited girl ! She'll take a five-barr'd gate in a fortnight.

Gam. The conversation of the court your ladyship has engross'd, ever since you last honour'd it with your appearance.

Luc. Oh, you flatterer ! have I ? Well, and what fresh victims ? But 'tis impossible ; the sunshine of a northern beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy heart of a French courtier.

Gam. What injustice to your own charms and our discernment !

Luc. Indeed ! nay, I care not—if I have fire enough to warm one British bosom, rule ! rule ! ye Paris belles ! I envy not your conquests.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed !

Mrs. Sub. Certain !

Buck. Hush !

Luc. But come, a truce to gallantry, Gamut, and to the business of the day. Oh ! I am quite enchanted with this new instrument ; 'tis so languishing and so portable, and so soft and so silly—But come, for your last lesson.

Gam. D'ye like the words ?

Luc. Oh, charming ! They are so melting, and easy, and elegant. Now for a *coup d'essai*.

Gam. Take care of your expression ; let your eyes and address accompany the sound and sentiment.

Luc. But, dear Gamut, if I am out, don't interrupt me ; correct me afterwards.

Gam. Allons, commencez.

[*Lucinda sings.*

[*An occasional song is here introduced by Lucinda.*]

Gam. Bravo ! bravo !

Buck.

Buck. Bravo! bravissimo! My lady, what was the song about? [*Aside to my lady.*]

Mrs Sub. Love: 'tis her own composing.

Buck. What, does she make verses then?

Mrs Sub. Finely. I take you to be the subject of these.

Buck. Ah! d'ye think so? Gad! I thought by her oggling, 'twas the music-man himself.

Luc. Well, Mr Gamut; tolerably well, for so young a scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyship's progress will undoubtedly fix my fortune.

Enter Servant.

Luc. Your servant, Sir.

Ser. Madam, your dancing-master, Monsieur Kitteau.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter Kitteau.

Monsieur Kitteau, I can't possibly take a lesson this morning, I am so busy; but if you please, I'll just hobble over a minuet by way of exercise.

[*A minuet here introduced.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Monsieur le Marquis de—

Luc. Admit him this instant.

Mrs Sub. A lover of Lucinda! a Frenchman of fashion, and vast fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll soon do his business, I'll warrant you.

Enter Marquis.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Mar. *Ma chere adorable!*—'Tis an age since I saw you.

Luc. Oh! an eternity! But 'tis your own fault, though.

Mar. My misfortune, *ma princesse!* But now I'll redeem my error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I shall make a shift to transplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your absence has distressed me. Demand of these gentlemen the melancholy mood of my mind.

Mar. But now that I'm arriv'd, we'll dance and sing,
and

and drive care to the—Ha! Monsieur Kitteau! Have you practised this morning?

Luc. I had just given my hand to Kitteau before you came.

Mar. I was in hopes that honour would have been reserv'd for me. May I flatter myself that your ladyship will do me the honour of venturing upon the fatigue of another minuet this morning with me?

Enter Buck briskly. Takes her hand.

Buck. Not that you know of, Monsieur.

Mar. Hey! *Diable! Quelle bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monsieur Ragout, if you repeat that word *bête*, I shall make you swallow it again, as I did last night one of your countrymen.

Mar. *Quel savage!*

Buck. And another word; as I know you can speak very good English, if you will; when you don't, I shall take it for granted you're abusing me, and treat you accordingly.

Mar. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Mademoiselle, who is this officious gentleman? How comes he to be interested? Some relation, I suppose?

Buck. No; I'm a lover.

Mar. Oh! Oh! a rival! *Eh morbleu!* a dangerous one too. Ha, ha! Well, Monsieur, what, and I suppose you presume to give laws to this lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and singular affection, to knock down every mortal she likes, *a-la-mode d'Angleterre*? Hey! Monsieur Roast-beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that lady for my wife; consider her as such; and don't choose to have her soil'd by the impertinent addresses of every French fop, *a-la-mode de Paris*, Monsieur Fricassly!

Mar. Fricassly!

Buck. We.

Luc. A truce, a truce, I beseech you, gentlemen: it seems I am the golden prize for which you plead; produce your pretensions; you are the representatives of your respective countries. Begin, Marquis, for the honour of France; let me hear what advantages I am to derive from a conjugal union with you.

Mar. Abstracted from those which I think are pretty
visible

visible, a perpetual residence in this paradise of pleasures; to be the object of universal adoration; to say what you please, go where you will, do what you like, form fashions; hate your husband, and let him see it; indulge your gallant, and let t'other know it; run in debt, and oblige the poor devil to pay it. He! *Ma chere!* There are pleasures for you.

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! these are allurements for a woman of spirit: but don't let us conclude hastily; hear the other side. What have you to offer, Mr Buck, in favour of England?

Buck. Why, Madam, for a woman of spirit, they give you the same advantages at London as at Paris, with a privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indisputable right to cheat at cards, in spite of detection.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, we have the same; but I thought this privilege so known and universal, that 'twas needless to mention it.

Buck. You give up nothing, I find: but to tell you my blunt thoughts in a word, if any woman can be so abandon'd, as to rank amongst the comforts of matrimony, the privilege of hating her husband, and the liberty of committing every folly and every vice contained in your catalogue, she may stay single for me; for damn me if I'm a husband fit for her humour; that's all.

Mar. I told you, Mademoiselle!

Luc. But stay; what have you to offer as a counter-balance for these pleasures?

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, courage to protect you, good-nature to indulge your love, and health enough to make gallants useless, and too good a fortune to render running in debt necessary. Find that here if you can.

Mar. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the sincerity of a Briton; and as I don't perceive that I shall have any use for the fashionable liberties you propose, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national prejudice, here's my hand, Mr Buck.

Buck. Servant, Monsieur.

Mar. *Serviteur.*

Buck. No offence?

Mar. Not in the least; I am only afraid the reputation of that lady's taste will suffer a little; and to show

her at once the difference of her choice, the preference, which if bestow'd on me would not fail to exasperate you, I support without murmuring; so that favour which would probably have provok'd my fate, is now your protection. *Voilà la politesse Française*, Madam; I have the honour to be—*Bon jour, Monsieur.* Tol de rol.

[*Exit Mar.*

Buck. The fellow bears it well. Now, if you'll give me your hand, we'll in, and settle matters with Mr Subtle.

Luc. 'Tis now my duty to obey.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Roger, peeping about.

Rog. The coast is clear; Sir, Sir, you may come in now, Mr Classic.

Enter Mr Classic and Sir John Buck.

Class. Roger, watch at the door. I wish, Sir John, I could give you a more cheerful welcome: but we have no time to lose in ceremony; you are arrived in the critical minute; two hours more would have plac'd the inconsiderable couple out of the reach of pursuit.

Sir John. How can I acknowledge your kindness? You have preserv'd my son; you have sav'd—

Class. I have done my duty; but of that—

Rog. Maister and the young woman's coming.

Class. Sir John, place yourself here, and be a witness how near a crisis is the fate of your family.

Enter Buck and Lucinda.

Buck. Psha! What signifies her? 'Tis odds whether she'd consent, from the fear of my father. Besides, she told me we could never be married here; and so pack up a few things, and we'll off in a post-chaise directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr Buck, let me have a moment's reflection—What am I about? Contriving in concert with the most profligate couple that ever disgrac'd human nature, to impose an indigent orphan on the sole representative of a wealthy and honourable family! Is this a character becoming my birth and education? What must be the consequence? Sure detection and contempt; contempt even from him, when his passions cool—I have resolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam!

Luc. As the expedition we are upon the point of taking,

king, is to be a lasting one, we ought not to be over-hasty in our resolution.

Buck. Psha! Stuff! When a thing's resolv'd, the sooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is absolutely resolv'd, give me leave to beg an answer to two questions.

Buck. Make haste then.

Luc. What are your thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why, that you are a sensible, civil, handsome, handy girl, and will make a devilish good wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my rank and fortune?

Buck. Mr Subtle says they are both great; but that's no business of mine; I was always determin'd to marry for love.

Luc. Generously said! My birth, I believe, won't disgrace you; but for my fortune, your friend Mr Subtle, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much good may it do him; I have enough for both: but we lose time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By domine; or perhaps father may come.

Luc. Your father!—You think he would prevent you then?

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know: but psha! 'zooks! this is like saying one's catechise.

Luc. But don't you think your father's consent necessary?

Buck. No: why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along: old fellows love to be obstinate; but 'ecod I am as mulish as he; and to tell you the truth, if he had propos'd me a wife, that would have been reason enough to make me dislike her; and I don't think I should be half so hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old-fellow damnably. So, my pretty partner, come along; let's have no more—

Enter Sir John Buck and Classic.

Sir John. Sir, I am obliged to you for this declaration, as to it I owe the entire subjection of that paternal weakness which has hitherto suspended the correction your
I 2 aban-

abandoned libertinism has long provok'd. You have forgot the duty you owe a father, disclaim'd my protection, cancell'd the natural covenant between us; 'tis time I now should give you up to the guidance of your own guilty passions, and treat you as a stranger to my blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen if he should come; but you may thank yourself.

Sir John. Equally weak as wicked, the dupe of a raw, giddy girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; complete your project, and add her ruin to your own.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may say what you please; but for the young woman, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a penny of portion into the bargain.

Sir John. A stale, obvious artifice! She knew the discovery of the fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate marriage, and would then plead the merits of her prior candid discovery. The lady, doubtless, Sir, has other secrets to disclose; but as her cunning reveal'd the first, her policy will preserve the rest.

Luc. What secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by-and-by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the protectress of my own honour; in justice to that, I must demand an explanation. What secrets, Sir?

Sir John. Oh, perhaps a thousand. But I am to blame to call them secrets; the customs of this gay country give sanction, and stamp merit upon vice; and vanity will here proclaim what modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

Luc. Modesty!—You suspect my virtue then?

Sir John. You are a lady; but the fears of a father may be permitted to neglect a little your plan of politeness: therefore, to be plain, from your residence in this house, from your connection with these people, and from the scheme which my presence has interrupted, I have suspicions—of what nature, ask yourself.

Luc. Sir, you have reason; appearances are against me, I confess; but when you have heard my melancholy story,

story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom you now hate.

Sir John. Madam, 'you misemploy your time; there 'tell your story, there it will be believ'd;' I am too knowing in the wiles of women to be soften'd by a syren-tear, or impos'd on by an artful tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir; on my knee I beg it, nay I demand it; you have wrong'd me, and must do me justice.

Cliff. I am sure, Madam, Sir John will be glad to find his fears are false; but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir; and I shall but little trespass on his patience. When you know, Sir, that I am the orphan of an honourable and once wealthy family, whom her father, misguided by pernicious politics, brought with him, in her earliest infancy, to France; that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor remnant of our shatter'd fortune, to the direction of this rapacious pair; I am sure you'll tremble for me.

Sir John. Go on.

Luc. But when you know that, plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this plot; forced to comply, under the penalty of deepest want; without one hospitable roof to shelter me; without one friend to comfort or relieve me; you must, you can't but pity me.

Sir John. Proceed.

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your coming, I had determin'd never to wed your son, at least without your knowledge and consent, I hope your justice then will credit and acquit me.

Sir John. Madam, your tale is plausible and moving; I hope 'tis true. Here comes the explainer of this riddle.

Enter Mr and Mrs Subtle.

Mr Sub. Buck's father!

Sir John. I'll take some other time, Sir, to thank you for the last proofs of your friendship to my family; in the mean time, be so candid as to instruct us in the knowledge of this lady, whom, it seems, you have chosen for the partner of my son.

Mr Sub. Mr Buck's partner—I chose—I—I—

Sir John. No equivocation or reserve; your plot's reveal'd, known to the bottom. Who is the lady?

Mr Sub. Lady, Sir,—the lady's a gentlewoman, Sir.

Sir John. By what means?

Mr Sub. By her father and mother.

Sir John. Who were they, Sir?

Mr Sub. Her mother was of—I forget her maiden name.

Sir John. You ha'nt forgot her father's?

Mr Sub. No, no, no.

Sir John. Tell it then.

Mr Sub. She has told it you, I suppose.

Sir John. No matter, I must have it, Sir, from you. Here's some mystery.

Mr Sub. 'Twas Worthy.

Sir John. Not the daughter of Sir Gilbert?

Mr Sub. You have it.

Sir John. My poor girl! I indeed have wrong'd, but will redress you. And pray, Sir, after the many pressing letters you received from me, how came this truth concealed? But I guess your motive. Dry up your tears, Lucinda, at last you have found a father. Hence, ye degenerate, ye abandon'd wretches, who, abusing the confidence of your country, unite to plunder those ye promise to protect. [Exit Mr and Mrs Subtle.

Luc. Am I then justified?

Sir John. You are: your father was my first and firmest friend; I mourn'd his loss; and long have sought for thee in vain, Lucinda.

Buck. Pray, han't I some merit in finding her? she's mine by the custom of the manor.

Sir John. Yours!—First study to deserve her; she's mine, Sir; I have just redeem'd this valuable treasure, and shall not trust it in a spendthrift's hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, Sir?

Sir John. Disclaim the partners of your riot, polish your manners, reform your pleasures, and before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourself. And now, my beauteous ward, we'll for the land where first you saw the light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long bondage you have suffer'd here. I suppose, Sir, we shall have no difficulty in persuading you to accompany

company us; it is not in France I am to hope for your reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who transports a profligate son to Paris, by way of mending his manners, only adds the vices and follies of that country to those of his own.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by LUCINDA.

ESCAP'D from my guardian's tyrannical sway,
By a fortunate voyage on a prosperous day,
I am landed in England; and now must endeavour,
By some means or other, to curry your favour.

Of what use to be freed from a Gallic subjection,
Unless I'm secure of a British protection?
Without cash—but one friend—and he too just made;
Egad, I've a mind to set up some trade:

Of what sort? In the papers I'll publish a puff,
Which won't fail to procure me custom enough;

"That a lady from Paris is lately arriv'd,

"Who with exquisite art has nicely contriv'd

"The best paint for the face—the best paste for the hands;

"A water for freckles, for flusings, and tans.

"She can teach you the melior coiffeure for the head,

"To lisp—amble—and simper—and put on the red:

"To rival, to rally, to backbite, and sneer,

"Um—no; that they already know pretty well here.

"The beaux she instructs to bow with a grace,

"The happiest shrug—the newest grimace;

"To parler François—sib, flatter, and dance;

"Which is very near all that they teach ye in France.

"Not a buck nor a blood, through the whole English nation,

"But his roughness she'll soften, his figure she'll fashion.

"The merriest John Trot in a week you shall see

"Bien poli, bien frizé, tout-à-fait un marquis."

What d'ye think of my plan, is it form'd to your gout?

May I hope for disciples in any of you?

Shall I tell you my thoughts, without guile, without art?

Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain at heart.

Then take this advice, which I give for her sake,

You'll gain nothing by any exchange you can make:

In a country of commerce, too great the expence,

For their baubles and bows to give your good sense.

THE
ENGLISHMAN
 Return'd from PARIS.

IN TWO ACTS.

By **SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Buck,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Grab,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr Foote.</i>
<i>Lord John,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr Sparks.</i>
<i>Macrutben,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr White.</i>
<i>Racket,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr Shuter.</i>
<i>Tallyho,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr Cushin.</i>
<i>Latitas,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr Costollo.</i>
<i>Surgeon,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr Wignel.</i>
				<i>Mr Dunstall.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Lucinda,</i>	-	-	<i>Mrs Bellamy.</i>
<i>La Jonquil,</i>	<i>La Ldire,</i>	<i>Bearnois,</i>	<i>and Servants.</i>

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr FOOTE.

*Of all the passions that possess mankind,
 The love of novelty rules most the mind;
 In search of this from realm to realm we roam;
 Our fleets come fraught with ev'ry folly home.
 From Lybia's desert hostile brutes advance,
 And dancing-dogs in droves skip here from France;
 From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
 Striking our British breasts with awe and fear,
 At once the Lilliputians—Gulliver.
 Not only objects that affect the sight,
 In foreign arts and artists we delight.*

*Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,
(In humble prose) the place is Charing-Cross,
Close by the margin of a kennel's side,
A dirty dismal entry opens wide:
There, with hoarse voice, check'd shirt, and callous hand,
Duff's Indign English trader takes his stand,
Surveys each passenger with curious eyes,
And rustic Roger falls an easy prize:
Here's China porcelain that Chelsea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields;
With Turkey carpets that from Wilton come,
And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham.
Factors are forc'd to favour this deceit,
And English goods are smuggled thro' the street.
The rude to polish, and the fair to please,
The hero of to-night has cross'd the seas;
Tho' to be born a Briton be his crime,
He's manufactur'd in another clime.
'Tis Buck begs leave once more to come before ye,
The little subject of a former story:
How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether brute or beau,
We trust the following scenes will fully show.
For them and him we your indulgence crave;
'Tis ours still to sin, and yours to save.*

ACT I.

CRAB discovered reading.

" **A**ND I do constitute my very good friend Giles
" Crab, Esq; of St Martin's in the Fields, ex-
" cutor to this my will; and do appoint him guardian
" to my ward Lucinda; and do submit to his direction
" the management of all my affairs till the return of my
" son from his travels; whom I do intreat my said ex-
" cutor, in consideration of our ancient friendship, to
" advise, to counsel, &c. &c. JOHN BUCK."

A good, pretty legacy! Let's see; I find myself heir
by this generous devise of my very good friend, to ten
actions at common law, nine suits in chancery; the con-
duct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and finished a fop
abroad; together with the direction of a marriageable,
and therefore an unmanageable, wench; and all this to
an old fellow of sixty-six, who heartily hates bus'ness, is
tired

tired of the world, and despises every thing in it. Why, how the devil came I to merit——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr Latitat of Staple's Inn.

Crab. So, here begin my plagues. Show the hound in.

Enter Latitat, with a bag, &c.

Lat. I wou'd, Mr Crab, have attended your summons immediately; but I was obliged to sign judgment in error at the common-pleas; sue out of the exchequer a writ of *que minus*; and surrender in *banco regis* the defendant, before the return of the *sci fa*, to discharge the bail.

Crab. Pr'ythee, man, none of thy unintelligible law-jargon to me; but tell me, in the language of common sense and thy country, what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr Crab, as you are already possess'd of *probat*, and letters of administration *de bonis* are granted, you may sue or be sued. I hold it sound doctrine for no executor to discharge debts without a receipt upon record; this can be obtained by no means but by an action. Now actions, Sir, are of various kinds: There are special actions; actions on the case, 'or *assumpsits*;' actions of trover; 'actions of *clausum fregit*;' actions of battery; actions of——

Crab. Hey, the devil, where's the fellow running now? —But hark'ee, Latitat, why I thought all our law-proceedings were directed to be in English.

Lat. True, Mr Crab.

Crab. And what do you call all this stuff, ha?

Lat. English.

Crab. The devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my honour, Mr Crab. For as Lord Coke describes the common law to be the perfection——

Crab. So, here's a fresh deluge of impertinence.——A truce to thy authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impossible to understand thee without an interpreter, if you will meet me at five, at Mr Brief's chambers, why, if you have any thing to say, he will translate it for me.

Lat. Mr Brief, Sir, and translate, Sir!——Sir, I would have

have you to know, that no practitioner in Westminster-hall gives clearer——

Crab. Sir, I believe it;—for which reason I have referred you to a man who never goes into Westminster-hall.

Lat. A bad proof of his practice, Mr Crab.

Crab. A good one of his principles, Mr Latitat.

Lat. Why, Sir, do you think that a lawyer——

Crab. Zounds, Sir! I never thought about a lawyer—
The law is an oracular idol, you are the explanatory ministers; nor should any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beastly Baal. I had rather lose a cause than contest it. And had not this old doating dunce, Sir John Buck, plagu'd me with the management of his money, and the care of his booby boy, bedlam shou'd sooner have had me than the bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the bar! Since, Sir, I am provok'd, I don't know what your choice may be, or what your friends may choose for you; I wish I was your *prochain ami*:—But I am under some doubts as to the sanity of the testator, otherwise he could not have chosen for his executor, under the sanction of the law, a person who despises the law. And the law, give me leave to tell you, Mr Crab, is the bulwark, the fence, the protection, the *sine qua non*, the *non plus ultra*——

Crab. Mercy, good six-and-eight pence.

Lat. The defence, and offence, the by which, and the whereby, the statute common and customary; or, as Plowden classically and elegantly expresses it, 'tis

Mos commune vetus mores, consulta senatus,

Hæc tria jus statuunt terra Britannia tibi.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own house?

Lat. Sir, a man's house is his *castellum*, his castle; and so tender is the law of any infringement of that sacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud or violence, clandestinely, or *vi et armis*, is not only deem'd *felonius* but *burglarius*. Now, Sir, a burglary may be committed, either upon the dwelling, or the out-house.

Crab. O lud! O lud!

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your clerk, Sir——The parties, he says, are all in waiting at your chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but just explain to Mr Crab the nature of a burglary, as it has been described by a late statute.

Crab. Zounds, Sir! I have not the least curiosity.

Lat. Sir, but every gentleman should know——

Crab. I won't know.—Besides, your clients——

Lat. O, they may stay. I shan't take up five minutes, Sir——A burglary——

Crab. Not an instant.

Lat. By the common law——

Crab. I'll not hear a word.

Lat. It was but a *claustrum fregit*?

Crab. Dear Sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late acts of par——

Crab. Help, you dog. Zounds, Sir, get out of my house.

Ser. Your clients, Sir——

Crab. Push him out. (*The lawyer talking all the while.*) So ho! Hark'ee, rascal, if you suffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very next minute. (*Exit Ser.*) This, is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad every instant, I'd fly for it myself, and quit the kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My young master's travelling tutor, Sir, just arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I suppose the blockhead of a baronet is close at his heels. Show him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now, is either the clumsy curate of the knight's parish-church; or some needy Highlander, the outcast of his country, who, with the pride of a German baron, the poverty of a French marquis, the address of a Swiss soldier, and the learning of an academy usher, is to give our heir-apparent politeness, taste, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himself.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Master Crab, I am your devoted servant.

Crab. 'Oh, a British child, by the mefs.'—Well, where's your charge?

Mac. O, the young baronet is o'the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'rta'en me; for between Canterbury and Rochester, I was stopt and robb'd by a highwayman.

Crab. Robb'd! What the devil con'd he rob you of?

Mac. In gude troth, not a mighty booty. Buchanan's history, Lauder against Melton, and two pound of high-dry'd Glasgow.

Crab. A good travelling equipage. Well, and what's become of your cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir Charles?—I left him at Calais, with another young nobleman returning from his travels. But why caw ye him cub, Maister Crab? In gude troth, there's a meeghty alteration.

Crab. Yea, yes; I have a shrewd guess at his improvements.

Mac. He's quite a phenomenon.

Crab. Oh, a comet, I dare swear; but not an unusual one at Paris. The Faux-bourg of St Germain's swarms with such, to the no small amusement of our very good friends the French.

Mac. Oh, the French were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the language, I suppose he's a perfect master of that?

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need; but he is na quite maister of the accent.

Crab. A most astonishing progress!

Mac. Suspend your judgment a while, and you'll find him all you wish, allowing for the fallies of juvenility; and I must take the vanity to myself of being, in a great measure, the author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he must be a finish'd piece.

Mac. You are pleas'd to compliment.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you and your—What's your name?

Mac. Macruthen, at your service.

Crab. Macruthen! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable disposition.

Crab. Oh, ay; and it would be wrong to sour his temper. You know your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maister Crab.

Crab. Oh, by no means, Mr Macruthen; all your bus'ness was to keep him out of frays; to take care, for the sake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his mistresses as they shou'd be. You pimp'd for him, I suppose?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront—

Crab. To suppose the contrary would be the affront, Mr Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threshold of ten thousand pounds a-year?

Mac. Why, to be sure, great allowances must be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt!

Mac. I see, Maister Crab, you know mankind. You are Sir John Buck's executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be useful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Cou'd na we contrive to make a hond o' the young baronet.

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the will, have the care o' the cash; and I can make a shift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ, and apply it to our own use. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha' hit it.

Crab. Why, what a superlative rascal art thou, thou inhospitable villain! Under the roof and in the presence of thy benefactor's representative, with almost his ill-blessed bread in thy mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child? And from what part of my life didst

didst thou derive a hope of my compliance with such a hellish scheme?

Mac. Maister Crab, I am of a nation —

Crab. Of known honour and integrity—I allow it.
The kingdom you have quitted, in consigning the care of its monarch, for ages, to your predecessors, in preference to its proper subjects, has given you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be sure —

Crab. And one happiness it is, that though national glory can beam a brightness on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a disgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.

Mac. Why, Maister Crab, I —

Crab. Guilt and confusion choak thy utterance. Avoid my sight; vanish. [*Exit. Mac.*] A fine fellow this to protect the person, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the desires of an unbridled boy! But can it be strange, whilst the parent negligently accepts a superficial recommendation to so important a trust, that the person, whose wants, perhaps, more than his abilities, make desirous of it, should consider the youth as a kind of property, and not study what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a foundation for his future sordid hopes, by a criminal compliance with the lad's present prevailing passions? But vice and folly rule the world—Without, there. (*Enter Ser.*) Rascal, where d'you run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither.—Fresh instances, every moment, fortify my abhorrence, my detestation, of mankind. This turn may be term'd misanthropy, and imputed to chagrin and disappointment; but it can only be by those fools who, thro' softness or ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their own, thro' the wrong end of the perspective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what, I suppose your spirits are all afloat? You have heard your fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your usual discernment, Sir, you wou'd distinguish in my countenance an expression very different from that of joy.

K 2

Crab.

Crab. Oh, what, I suppose your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot dy'd in moulting.

Luc. A person less censorious than Mr Crab might assign a more generous motive for my distress.

Crab. Distress! A pretty poetical phrase! What motive canst thou have for distress? Has not Sir John Buck's death assured thy fortune? and art not thou——

Luc. By that very means a helpless, unprotected orphan.

Crab. Poh! pr'ythee, wench, none of thy romantic cant to me. What, I know the sex: the objects of every woman's wish are property and power. The first you have, and the second you won't be long without; for here's a puppy riding post to put on your chains.

* *Luc.* It wou'd appear affectation not to understand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that subject I wish'd to engage you.

* *Crab.* Your information was needless; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that the very warm recommendation of your deceased friend wou'd have abated a little of that rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, Lucy. Age and contempt have long shut these gates against flattery and dissimulation. You have no sex for me. Without preface, speak your purpose.

Luc. What then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying Sir Charles Buck?

Crab. And do you seriously want my advice?

Luc. Most sincerely.

Crab. Then you are a blockhead. Why, where cou'd you mend yourself? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love?—Look'ee, girl. (*Enter Servant.*) Who sent for you, Sir?

Ser. Sir, my young master's post-chaise is broke down at the corner of the street by a coal-cart. His cloaths are all dirt, and he swears like a trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his chaise to the coach-maker's, his coat to a scowerer's, and him before a justice——Pr'ythee, why dost trouble me? I suppose you wou'd not meet your gallant.

Luc. Do you think I shou'd?

Crab. No, retire. And if this application for my ad-
vice

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vicé is not a copy of your countenance, a mask; if you are obedient, I may set you right.

Luc. I shall with pleasure follow your directions.

[*Exit.*

Crab. 'Yes, so long as they correspond with your own inclination.' Now we shall see what Paris has done for this puppy. But here he comes, light as the cork in his heels, or the feather in his hat.

Enter Buck, Lord John, La Loire, Bearnois, and Macruthen.

Buck. Not a word, mi Lor; *jernie*, it is not to be supported!—after being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by that execrable *pavé*, to be tumbled into a kennel by a filthy *charbonnier*, a dirty retailer of sea-coal, *morbleu*!

L. John. An accident that might have happened anywhere, Sir Charles.

Buck. And then the hideous hootings of that detestable *canaille*, that murtherous mob, with the barbarous, "Monsieur in the mud, huzza!" Ah, *païs sauvage, barbare, inhospitable*! Ah, ah, *qu'est ce-que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is Maister Crab, your father's executor.

Buck. Ha, ha, *Serviteur tres humble, Monsieur.* Eh bien! What? is he dumb? Mac, mi Lor, *mort de ma vie*, the veritable Jack-roast-beef of the French comedy. Ha, ha! How do you do, Monsieur Jack-roast-beef? Ha, ha!

Crab. Pr'ythee take a turn or two about the room.

Buck. A turn or two! *Volontiers.* Eh bien! Well, have you, in your life, seen any thing so, Ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many spectators of your tumble.

Buck. *Pourquoi?* Why so?

Crab. Because I wou'd not have the public curiosity forestalled. I can't but think, in a country so fond of strange sights, if you were kept up a little, you wou'd bring a great deal of money.

Buck. I don't know, my dear, what my person wou'd produce in this country, but the counterpart of your very grotesque figure has been extremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'est-ce pas vrai, mi Lor?* Ha, ha!

L. John. The resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps I may seem singular; but the particular customs of particular countries, I own, never appeared to me as proper objects of ridicule.

Buck. Why so?

L. John. Because in this case it is impossible to have a rule for your judgment. The forms and customs which climate, constitution, and government, have given to one kingdom, can never be transplanted with advantage to another founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be strictly, because naturally, right.

Crab. Why, there are some glimmerings of common sense about this young thing. Harkee, child, by what accident did you stumble upon this blockhead?—
(*To Buck.*) I suppose the line of your understanding is too short to fathom the depth of your companion's reasoning.

Buck. My dear!

[*Gapes.*

Crab. I say, you can draw no conclusion from the above premises.

Buck. Who I? Damn your premises and conclusions too. But this I conclude, from what I have seen, my dear, that the French are the first people in the universe; that, in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world; and that whosoever wou'd either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, *avec elegance*, must go to Paris to learn it. This is my creed.

Crab. And these precious principles you are come here to propagate?

Buck. *C'est vrai*, Monsieur Crab: and with the aid of these brother missionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many proselytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois, avancez.* This is an officer of my household, unknown to this country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiss porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hotel.

Crab.

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Crab. What, do you suppose that we have no porters?

Buck. Yes, you have dunces that open doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a disagreeable visitor; for politeness in introducing a mistress; acuteness in discerning, and constancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the Cantons.

Crab. Astonishing qualities!

Buck. *Retirez, Bearnoï.* But here's a *bijou*, here's a jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire.* *Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

La Loire. *Très bien.*

Buck. Very well. Civil creature! This, Monsieur Crab, is my cook *La Loire*; and for *bors d'auteurs, entre rotis, ragouts, entremets*, and the disposition of a dessert, Paris never saw his parallel.

Crab. His wages, I suppose, are proportioned to his merit.

Buck. A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance in coming hither into exile with me, I have indeed doubled his stipend.

Crab. You could do no less.

Buck. And now, Sir, to complete my equipage, *regardez Monsieur La Jonquil*, my first valet de chambre, excellent in every thing; but *pour l'accommodage*, for decorating the head, inimitable. In one word, *La Jonquil* shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tie, frieze, cut, curl, or comb with any garçon perruquier, from the Land's-end to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite fund of public spirit must you have, to drain your purse, mortify your inclination, and expose your person, for the mere improvement of your countrymen!

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at present I had another reason of returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why, I find there is a likelihood of some little fracas between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear agreeable creatures for a trifle.

Crab.

Crab. They have your affections then?

Buck. *De tout mon cœur.* From the infinite civility shown to us in France, and their friendly professions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendship, you booby! Yes, their civility at Paris has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their friendship to your nation leave it a foot of land in the universe.

Buck. Lord John, this is a strange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you mistake this thing egregiously. But all you English are constitutionally sullen. — November-frogs, with salt boil'd beef, are most cursed recipes for good-humour or a quick apprehension. Paris is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love, and live.

' Vive l'amour ! Sans amour, et sans ses desirs, un cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il ne pense.

' Crab. Now, wou'd not any soul suppose that this yelping hound had a real relish for the country he has quitted?

' Buck. A mighty unnatural supposition, truly.

' Crab. Foppery and affectation all.

' Buck. And you really think Paris a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear?

' Crab. To thee the most solitary spot upon earth, my dear. — Familiar puppy!

' Buck. Whimsical enough.' But come, *pour passer le tems*, let us, Old Diogenes, enter into a little debate. Mi Lor, and you, Macruthen, determine the dispute between that source of delights, *ce paradis de plaisir*, and this cave of care, this seat of scurvy and the spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Maister Crab has met with his match.

Buck. And first for the great pleasure of life, the pleasure of the table: Ah, *quelle difference!* The ease, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *persiflage*, the *double entendre*, the *chansons à boire!* Oh what delicious moments have I pass'd chez *Madame la Duchesse de Bar-bouliac!*

Crab. Your mistress, I suppose?

Buck.

Buck. Who, I! *Fi donc!* How is it possible for a woman to have a *penchant* for me? Hey, Mac!

Mac. Sir Charles is too much a man of honour to blab. But, to say truth, the whole city of Paris thought as much.

Crab. A precious fellow this!

Buck. *Taisez vous*, Mac. But we lose the point in view. Now, Monsieur Crab, let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And first: the melancholy mistress is fix'd in her chair, where, by-the-bye, she is condemn'd to do more drudgery than a dray-horse. Next proceeds the master to marshal the guests; in which as much caution is necessary as at a coronation; with, "My lady, sit here," and, "Sir Thomas, sit there;" till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have destroy'd all apprehensions of the meat's burning your mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' say Sir Charles was a phenomenon?

Crab. Peace, puppy.

Buck. Then, in solemn silence, they proceed to demolish the substantials, with perhaps an occasional interruption of, "Here's to you, friends;" "Hob or nob;" "Your love and mine." Pork succeeds to beef, pies to puddings. The cloth is remov'd. Madam, drench'd with a bumper, drops a curtsy, and departs; leaving the jovial host with his sprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. '*Voilà un repas à la mode d'Angleterre, Monsieur Crab.*'

Crab. It is a thousand pities that your father is not a living witness of these prodigious improvements.

Buck. *C'est vrai.* But, *à propos*, he is dead, as you say, and you are——

Crab. Against my inclination, his executor.

Buck. *Peut-etre*; well, and——

Crab. Oh, my trust will soon determine. One article, indeed, I am strictly enjoin'd to see perform'd; your marriage with your old acquaintance Lucinda.

Buck. Ha, ha, *la petite Lucinde! et comment——*

Crab. Pry'thee, peace, and hear me. She is bequeath'd conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her,
twenty

twenty thousand pounds; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the wisdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, Mac? But could not we have an *entrevue*?

Crab. Who's there? Let Lucinda know we expect her.

Mac. Had na'ye better, Sir Charles, equip yoursell in a more suitable garb upon a first visit to your mistress?

Crab. Oh, such a figure and address can derive no advantage from dress.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, Mac's hint may not be so *mal à propos*. *Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi Lor, shall I trespass upon your patience? My toilette is but a work of ten minutes. Mac, dispose of my domestics *à leur aise*, and then attend me with my port-feuille, and read, while I dress, those remarks I made in last voyage from Fountainebleau to Compeigne. *Serviteur, Messieurs.*

Car le bon vin

Du matin,

Sortant du tonneau,

Vaut bien mieux que

Le Latin

De tout la Sorbonne.

[Exit.

Crab. This is the most consummate coxcomb! I told the fool of a father what a puppy Paris would produce him; but travel is the word, and the consequence an importation of every foreign folly: And thus the plain persons and principles of Old England are so confounded and jumbl'd with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have lost all our ancient characteristic, and are become a bundle of contradictions, a piece of patch-work, a mere harlequin's coat.

L. John. Do you suppose then, Sir, that no good may be obtain'd—

Crab. Why, pry'thee, what have you gain'd?

L. John. I should be sorry my acquisitions were to determine the debate. But, do you think, Sir, the shaking off some native qualities, and the being made more sensible, from comparison, of certain national and constitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention?

Crab. You show the favourable side, young man:
But

But how frequently are substituted for national prepossessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilty and unnatural prejudices?—'Unnatural!—For the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to despise his country, sins against the most laudable law of nature; he is a traitor to the community where Providence has placed him, and should he deny'd those social benefits he has render'd himself unworthy to partake.' But sententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

L. John. I differ from you here, Mr Crab. Principles that call for perpetual practice cannot be too soon receiv'd. I sincerely thank you, Sir, for this communication, and should be happy to have always near me so moral a monitor.

Crab. You are indebted to France for her flattery.—But I leave you with a lady, where it will be better employed.

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young man waits here till your puppy is powder'd. You may ask him after your French acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a fool as your fellow.

[*Exit.*

Luc, I am afraid, Sir, you have had but a disagreeable tête à tête.

L. John. Just the contrary, Madam. By good-sense, ting'd with singularity, we are entertain'd as well as improved. For a lady, indeed, Mr Crab's manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a jot; I am familiarized to them. I know his integrity, and can never be disoblig'd by his sincerity.

L. John. This declaration is a little particular from a lady who must have received her first impressions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair-sex. But good-sense can conquer even early habits.

Luc. This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I possess was taught me by a very severe mistress, Adversity. But you, Sir,
are

are too well acquainted with Sir Charles Buck not to have known my situation.

L. John. I have heard your story, Madam, before I had the honour of seeing you. It was affecting: You'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes interesting.—However, it is impossible I should not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy catastrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the will of another, a thousand unforeseen accidents may interrupt.

L. John. Could I hope, Madam, your present critical condition would acquit me of temerity. I should take the liberty to presume, if the suit of Sir Charles be rejected——

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, youngster! what, I suppose you are already practising one of your foreign lessons. Perverting the affections of a friend's mistress, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes in modern morality——But at present you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow-traveller. (*Exit L. John.*)——I wou'd speak with you in the library. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I shall attend you, Sir, Never was so unhappy an interruption. What cou'd my Lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me.—Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wish of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future peace? But reason not, rash girl! obedience is thy province.

Tho' hard the task, be it my part to prove,
That sometimes duty can give laws to love.

ACT II.

Buck at his toilet, attended by three Valets de chambre and MACRUTHEN.

MACRUTHEN.

NOTWITHSTANDING aw his plain-dealing, I doubt whether Maister Crab is so honest a man.

Buck. Pr'ythee, Mac, name not the monster. If I may be permitted a quotation from one of their paltry poets,

Who is knight of the shire represents 'em all.

Did ever mortal see such *mirroirs*, such looking-glass, as they have here too? One might as well address one's self for information to a bucket of water. — *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge assez. He bien, Mac, miserable! Hey!*

Mac. 'Tis very becoming.

Buck. Ay, it will do for this place; I really cou'd have forgiven my father's living a year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this. — (*Enter L. John.*) My dear Lord, *je demande mille pardons*; but the terrible fracas in my chaise had so gaiéed and disordered my hair, that it required an age to adjust it.

L. John. No apology, Sir Charles, I have been entertain'd very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear Lord, to entertain you?

L. John. The very individual lady that's soon to make you a happy husband.

Buck. A happy who? Husband? — What two very opposite ideas have you confounded *ensemble!* — In my conscience, I believe there's contagion in the clime, and mi Lor is infected. But pray, mi dear Lor, by what accident have you discovered that I was upon the point of becoming that happy — Oh, *un mari! Diable!*

L. John. The lady's beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father's injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you suppose that the lady's beauty may be possess'd, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratify'd, without an absolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

L. John. It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, mi Lor. Those kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez moi mon manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young Squire Racket and Sir Toby Tallyhoe, who call themselves your Honour's old acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the brutes! By what accident cou'd they

‘ discover my arrival?—Mi dear, dear Lor, aid me to
 ‘ escape this embarras.

‘ Racket and Tallyhoe without.

‘ Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

‘ Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the Hotten-
 ‘ tots have brought a whole hundred of hounds with
 ‘ them. But, they say, forms keep fools at a distance.
 ‘ I’ll receive them *en ceremoni*.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

‘ Tally. Hey boy; hoics, my little Buck.

‘ Buck. *Monsieur le Chevalier, votre tres humble ser-
 ‘ teur.*

‘ Tally. Hey!

‘ Buck. *Monsieur Racket, je suis charmé de vous voir.*

‘ Rack. Anon! what?

‘ Buck. *Ne m’entendez vous?* Don’t you know French?

‘ Rack. Know French! No, nor you neither, I think.

‘ Sir Toby, ’fore Gad, I believe the Papistes ha’ be-
 ‘ witch’d him in foreign parts.

‘ Tally. Bewitch’d, and transform’d him too. Let
 ‘ me perish, Racket, if I don’t think he’s like one of
 ‘ the folks we used to read of at school, in Ovid’s Me-
 ‘ tamorphis; that they have turned him into a beast.

‘ Rack. A beast! No; a bird, you fool. Lookee,
 ‘ Sir Toby, by the Lord Harry, here are his wings.

‘ Tally. Hey! eood, and so they are, ha, ha! I
 ‘ reckon, Racket, he came over with the woodcocks.

‘ Buck. *Voila des véritables Anglois.* The rustic, rude
 ‘ ruffians!

‘ Rack. Let us see what the devil he has got upon
 ‘ his pole, Sir Toby.

‘ Tally. Ay.

‘ Buck. Do, dear savage, keep your distance.

‘ Tally. Nay, ’fore George, we will have a scrutiny.

‘ Rack. Ay, ay, a scrutiny.

‘ Buck. *En grace, la Janquil,* mi Lor, protect me
 ‘ from these pirates.

‘ L. John. A little compassion, I beg, gentlemen.—
 ‘ Consider, Sir Charles is upon a visit to his bride.

‘ Tally. Bride! Zounds, he’s fitter for a band-box—
 ‘ Racket, hocks the heels.

‘ Rack. I have ’em, Knight. ’Fore gad, he is the
 ‘ very

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very reverse of a Bantam cock—His comb's on his feet, and his feathers on his head.—Who have we got here? What are these three fellows? Pastry-cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly-acquired accomplishments, letting your mistress languish for a—but you have company, I see.

Buck. O yes; I have been inexpressibly happy.—These gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my arrival, with what, I believe, they call in this country a rout—Mi dear Lor, if you don't favour my flight—But see if the toads an't tumbling my toilet.

L. John. Now's your time, steal off—I'll cover your retreat.

Buck. Mac, let La Jonquil follow to resettle my cheveux.—*Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon cher, mi Lor.*

Rack. Hola, Sir Toby, stole away!

Buck. *O mon Dieu!*

Tally. Poh, rot him; let him alone. He'll never do for our purpose. You must know we intended to kick up a riot to-night at the play-house, and we wanted him of the party; but that fop would swoon at the sight of a cudgel.

L. John. Pray, Sir, what is your cause of contention?

Tally. Cause of contention? Hey, faith, I know nothing of the matter. Racket, what is it we are angry about?

Rack. Angry about!—Why, you know we are to demolish the dancers.

Tally. True, true; I had forgot. Will you make one?

L. John. I beg to be excused.

Rack. Mayhap you are a friend to the French.

L. John. Not I, indeed, Sir—But, if the occasion will permit me a pun, though I am far from being a well-wisher to their arms, I have no objection to the being entertained by their legs.

Tally. Ay,—Why then, if you'll come to-night,
L 2 you'll

' you'll split your sides with laughing; for I'll be rot if
' we don't make them caper higher, and run faster, than
' ever they have done since the battle of Blenheim.
' Come along, Racket. [Exit.

' *L. John.* Was there ever such a contrast?

' *Crab.* Not so remote as you imagine; they are
' cions from the same stock, set in different soils. The
' first shrub, you see, flowers most prodigally, but ma-
' tures nothing; the last slip, tho' stunted, bears a little
' fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but still the growth of the
' clime. Come, you'll follow your friend. [Exit.

*Enter Lucinda with a Servant.**

Luc. When Mr. Crab or Sir Charles inquire for me,
you will conduct them hither. (*Exit Ser.*) How I long
for an end to this important interview! Not that I have
any great expectations from the issue; but still, in my
circumstances, a state of suspense is of all situations most
disagreeable. But hush, they come.

Enter Sir Charles, Macruthen, Lord John, and Crab.

Buck. Mac, announce me

Mac. Madam, Sir Charles Buck craves the honour of
kissing your hand.

Buck. *Tres humble serviteur. Et comment sa porte, Ma-
demoiselle?* I am ravish'd to see thee, *ma chere petite Lu-
cinde—Eh bien, ma reine!* Why, you look divinely, child.
But, *mon enfant*, they have dress'd you most diabolically.
Why, what a *coiffeuse* must you have! and, *oh mon Dieu!*
a total absence of *rouge*. But perhaps you are out. I
had a cargo from Deffreny the day of my departure:
Shall I have the honour to supply you?

Luc. You are obliging, Sir: but I confess myself a
convert to the chaste customs of this country; and, with
a commercial people, you know, Sir Charles, all arti-
fice—

Buck. Artifice! You mistake the point, *ma chere*. A
proper proportion of red is an indispensable part of your
dress; and, in my private opinion, a woman might as
well appear in public without powder or a petticoat.

' *Crab.* And, in my private opinion, a woman who
' puts on the first wou'd make very little difficulty in
' pulling off the last.

Buck.

* Act II. usually begins here.

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* *Buck.* Oh, Monsieur Crab's judgment must be decisive in dress. Well, and what amusements, what spectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer farther Time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one must *ennuier considerablement* in your London here.

* *Luc.* Oh, we are in no distress for diversions. We have an opera.

* *Buck.* *Italien*, I suppose; *pitieable*, shocking, *assomant*! Oh, there is no supporting their *bi, bi, bi, bi*.

* *Ab mon Dieu! Ab, chassé brilliant soleil,*

* *Brilliant soleil.*

* *A-t-on jamais vu ton pareil?*

* There's music and melody.

* *Luc.* What a fop.

* *Buck.* But proceed, *ma princesse*.

* *Luc.* Oh, then we have plays.

* *Buck.* That I deny, child.

* *Luc.* No plays!

* *Buck.* No.

* *Luc.* The assertion is a little whimsical.

* *Buck.* Ay, that may be; you have here dramatic things, farcical in their composition, and ridiculous in their representation.

* *Luc.* Sir, I own myself unequal to the controversy; but surely Shakespeare—My Lord, this subject calls upon you for its defence.

* *Crab.* I know from what fountain this fool has drawn his remarks; the author of the Chinese Orphan, in the preface to which Mr Voltaire calls the principal works of Shakespeare monstrous farces.

* *L. John.* Mr Crab is right, Madam. Mr Voltaire has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very invidious appellation the principal works of that great master of the passions; and his apparent motive renders him the more inexcusable.

* *Luc.* What could it be, my Lord?

* *L. John.* The preventing his countrymen from becoming acquainted with our author, that he might be at liberty to pilfer from him with the greater security.

* *Luc.* Ungenerous, indeed!

* *Buck.* Palpable defamation.

* *Luc.* And as to the exhibition, I have been taught
 * to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and a spirited
 * expression, no people upon earth——

* *Buck.* You are impos'd upon, child; the *Lequesne*,
 * the *Lanouc*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gaussen*,
 * what dignity, what action! But, *à propos*, I have my-
 * self wrote a tragedy in French.

* *Luc.* Indeed!

* *Buck.* *En vérité*, upon Voltaire's plan.

* *Crab.* That must be a precious piece of work.

* *Buck.* It is now in repetition at the French comedy.
 * *Grandval* and *La Gaussen* perform the principal parts.
 * Oh, what an éclat! What a burst will it make in the
 * parterre, when the king of *Ananamaboe* refuses the
 * person of the princess of *Cochineal*!

* *Luc.* Do you remember the passage?

* *Buck.* Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their
 * manner.

* *Luc.* That will be delightful.

* *Buck.* And first the king.

* *Ma chere princesse, je vous aime, c'est vrai;*

* *De ma femme vous portez les charmans attrails.*

* *Mais ce n'est pas bonéte pour un homme tel que moi,*

* *De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.*

* *Luc.* Inimitable!

* *Buck.* Now the princess; she is, as you may suppose,
 * in extreme distress.

* *Luc.* No doubt.

* *Buck.* *Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable,*

* *Ayez pitié de moi; je suis inconsolable.*

* (Then he turns his back upon her; at which she in a
 * fury,)

* *Monstre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeste,*

* *Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteste!*

* (Then he,)

* *Pensez vous, Madame, à me donner la loi?*

* *Vôtre baine, vôtre amour, sont les mêmes choses à
 * moi.*

* *Luc.* Bravo!

* *L. John.* Bravo, bravo!

* *Buck.* Ay, there's passion and poetry, and reason
 * and rhyme. Oh how I detest blood and blank verse!

* There

RETURN'D FROM PARIS. 127

There is something so soft, so musical, and so natural,
in the rich rhimes of the *theatre François*!

L. John. I did not know Sir Charles was so totally
devoted to the belles lettres.

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the ton, the taste. I am
every night at the *Caffé * Procope*; and had not I had
the misfortune to be born in this curst country, I make
no doubt but you would have seen my name among the
foremost of the French academy.

Crab. I should think you might easily get over that
difficulty, if you will be but so obliging as publicly to
renounce us. I dare engage not one of your country-
men should contradict or claim you.

Buck. No!—Impossible. From the barbarity of my
education, I must ever be taken for an *Anglois*.

Crab. Never.

Buck. *En vérité?*

Crab. *En vérité.*

Buck. You flatter me.

Crab. But common justice.

Mac. Nay, Maister Crab is in the right; for I have
often heard the French themselves say, Is it possible
that gentleman can be British?

Buck. Obliging creatures! And you all concur with
them?

Crab. Entirely.

Luc. Entirely.

L. John. Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me!

Crab. Egregious puppy! But we lose time. A truce
to this trumpery. You have read your father's will?

Buck. No; I read no English. When Mac has turn'd
it into French, I may run over the items.

Crab. I have told you the part that concerns the girl.
And as your declaration upon it will discharge me, I
leave you to what you will call an *éclaircissement*. Come,
my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monsieur Crab, mi Lor, Mac.

Crab. Along with us. [*Exit Crab and L. John.*]

Buck. A comfortable scrape I am in! What the deuce
am

* A coffee-house opposite the French-comedy, where the wits as-
semble every evening.

am I to do? In the language of the place, I am to make love, I suppose. A pretty employment!

Luc. I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer creature, that Crab, *ma petite*. But, *à propos*, How d'you like my Lord?

Luc. He seems to have good sense and good breeding.

Buck. *Pas trop*. But don't you think he has something of a foreign kind of air about him?

Luc. Foreign!

Buck. Ay, something so English in his manner?

Luc. Foreign and English! I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the ease, the *je ne sçai quoi*, the *bon ton*.—In a word, he does not resemble me now.

Luc. Not in the least.

Buck. Ah, I thought so. He is to be pity'd, poor devil; he can't help it. But, *entre nous, ma chère*, the fellow has a fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir Charles?

Buck. Why, *je pense, ma reine*, that your eyes have done execution there.

Luc. My eyes execution!

Buck. Ay, child, is there any thing so extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the vivacity of his praise, that he had already summon'd the garrison to surrender.

Luc. To carry on the allusion, I believe my Lord is too good a commander to commence a fruitless siege. He cou'd not but know the condition of the town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma chère*.

Luc. I was in hopes your interview with Mr Crab had made that unnecessary.

Buck. Oh, ay, I do recollect something of a ridiculous article about marriage in a will. But what a plot against the peace of two poor people! Well, the malice of some men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the mischief they can in their life, they are for entailing their malevolence, like their estates, to latest posterity.

Luc. Your contempt of me, Sir Charles, I receive as

a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man who had the misfortune to call you son, compel me to insist, that, in my presence at least, no indignity be offered to his memory.

Buck. Heyday! What, in heroics, *ma reine*?

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial wretch! so soon to trample on his ashes, the greatest load of whose fond heart, in his last hour, were his fears for thy future welfare.

Buck. *Ma foi, elle est folle*, she is mad, *sans doute*.

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one sacred relation regard another? Can the monster who is corrupt enough to condemn the place of his birth, reverence those who gave him being?—Impossible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine soliloquy this, child.

Luc. Contemptible! But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we shall understand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and so concludes our acquaintance.

Buck. *Vous allez trop vite*; you are too quick. *ma chere*. If I recollect, the consequence of this rejection is my paying you twenty thousand pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now, that have not I the least inclination to do.

Luc. No, Sir? Why you own that marriage—

Buck. Is my aversion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you please; but I have a prodigious love for the Louis.

Luc. Oh, we'll soon settle that dispute; the law—

Buck. But, hold, *ma reine*. I don't find that my provident father has precisely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I say, my soul, there goes no more to your dying a maid than my living a bachelor.

Luc. O, Sir, I shall find a remedy.

Buck. But now suppose, *ma belle*, I have found one to your hand?

Luc.

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And first, *mon enfant*, tho' I have an irresistible antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal charms; in the possession of which, if you please to place me, not only the aforesaid twenty thousand pounds, but the whole *terre* of your devoted shall fall at your —

Luc. Grant me patience!

Buck. Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, Sir, your other. For this is —

Buck. I grant, not quite so fashionable as my other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his assistant, his private friend, his *cicisbei*. And as we are to be joint partakers of your person, let us be equal sharers in your fortune, *ma belle*.

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing. Thy miscreants! Gracious Heaven! Universal empire shou'd not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuse, cou'd a woman of the least sense or spirit make for so unnatural a connection!

Buck. *Fort bien!*

Luc. Where are thy attractions? Canst thou be weak enough to suppose thy hippy dress, thy affectation, thy grimace, cou'd influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

Buck. *Tres bien!*

Luc. And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber: for thy dress, thou art indebted to thy taylor. Thou hast lost thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

Buck. *Extrêmement bien!*

Luc. Had not thy vanity so soon exposed thy villainy, I might, in reverence to that name to which thou art a disgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that; and a pretty pacific partner I should have had. Why, look'ee child, you have been, to be sure, very eloquent, and upon the whole not unentertaining; tho' by the bye, you have forgot in your catalogue one of my foreign acquisitions;

c'est-

est-à-dire, that I can with a most intrepid *sang froid*, without a single emotion, support all this storm of female fury. But, *adieu, ma belle*; and when a cool hour of reflection has made you sensible of the propriety of my proposals, I shall expect the honour of a card.

[Exit Buck.

Luc. be gone for ever.

Buck. *Pour jamais!* 'Fore gad, she would make an admirable *actrice*. If I once get her to Paris, she shall play a part in my piece. [Exit.]

Luc. I am ashamed this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Desire Mr Crab—

Enter Lord John and Crab.

L John. We have been unwillingly, Madam, silent witnesses to this shameful scene. I blush that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, shou'd be in his morals so much below—

Crab. Pr'ythee why didst thou not call thy maids, and toss the booby in a blanket?

L John. If I might be permitted, Madam, to conclude what I intended saying, when interrupted by Mr Crab—

Luc. My Lord, don't think me guilty of affectation, I believe I guess at your generous design: but my temper is really so ruffled; besides, I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

L John. Dear Madam, can I assist?

Luc. Only by desiring my maid to bring hither the tea.—My Lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but—

L John. No apology—You honour me, Madam.

[Exit.

Crab. And pry'thee, wench, what is thy scheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you.

Crab. Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see the puppy severely punished, methinks.

Luc. Sir Charles, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the house. Will you desire him to step hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wish to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll send him. [Exit.]

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place these things on the table, a chair on each side

side—very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, Lettice. [Exit Lettice.]

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, so, I thought she wou'd come to; but, I confess, not altogether so soon. *Eh bien, ma belle*, see me ready to receive your commands.

Luc. Pray be seated, Sir Charles. I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurried me into some expressions not altogether so suitable.

Buck. Ah, *bagatelle*. Name it not.

Luc. Will you drink tea, Sir?

Buck. *Volontiers*. This tea is a pretty innocent kind of beverage; I wonder the French don't take it. I have some thoughts of giving it a fashion next winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme service to the ladies this side the water, you know.

Buck. True, it promotes parties, and infuses a kind of spirit into conversation, 'that——

' Luc. *En voulez-vous encore?*

' Buck. *Je vous rends mille graces.*'——But what has occasioned me, *ma reine*, the honour of your message by Mr Crab?

Luc. The favours I have received from your family, Sir Charles, I thought demanded from me, at my quitting your house, a more decent and ceremonious adieu than our last interview would admit of.

Buck. Is that all, *ma chere*? I thought your flinty heart had at last relented. Well, *ma reine*, adieu.

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The fates will have it so.

Luc. Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this consolation however, that if I cannot legally possess you, no other woman shall.

Buck. Hey, how, what!

Luc. And though the pleasure of living with you is deny'd me, in our deaths, at least, we shall soon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in death! When, child?

Luc. Within this hour.

Buck. Which way?

Luc. The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every pore. Pangs, pangs, unutterable!

terable! The tea we drank, urg'd by despair and love—
Oh!

Buck. Well.

Luc. I poison'd—

Buck. The devil!

Luc. And as my generous heart wou'd have shar'd all
with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curse your generosity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold comfort of a last embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it may'nt be
too late. Macruthen, Jonquil, physicians, apothecaries,
oil, and antidotes. Oh! *Je meurs, je meurs! Ah, la*
diablesse! [Exit Buck.

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Crab. A brave wench. I cou'd kiss thee for this contrivance.

L John. He really deserves it all.

Crab. Deserves it! Hang him. But the sensible resentment of this girl has almost reconciled me to the world again. But stay, let us see—Can't we make a farther use of the puppy's punishment? I suppose we may very safely depend on your contempt of him?

Luc. Most securely.

Crab. And this young thing here has been breathing passions and protestations. But I'll take care my girl shan't go a beggar to any man's bed. We must have this twenty thousand pound, Lucy.

L John. I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be—

Crab. Psha, don't seorch me with thy flames. Reserve your raptures; or, if they must have vent, retire into that room whilst I go plague the puppy.

[Exit Crab one way, Lucy and L John another.
SCENE changes, and discovers Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Surgeon. Buck in a cap and night-gown.

Surg. This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation; and if the six blisters on your head and back rise, why there may be hopes.

Buck. Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a shoot. And now again, I freeze.

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Mac. Ay, They are aw symptoms of a strong poison.

Buck. Oh, I am on the rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab. Where is this miserable devil? What, is he alive still?

Mac. In gude troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh!

Crab. So, you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

Buck. O what cou'd provoke me to return from Paris!

Crab. Had you never been there, this cou'd not have happened.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he?—He's a dead man, his eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poison'd him, Racket?

Rack. Gad I don't know.—His French cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a possibility of thy reformation, I have yet a secret to restore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it!

Crab. Not so fast. It must be on good conditions.

Buck. Name 'em Take my estate, my—save but my life, take all.

Crab. First, then, renounce thy right to that lady, whose just resentment has drawn this punishment upon thee, and in which she is an unhappy partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my soul.

Crab. To this declaration you are witnesses. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign soppery, your washes, paints, pomades, must blaze before your door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a rag shall be reserv'd. The execution of this part of your sentence shall be assign'd to your old friends here.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzzah! Come, Racket, let's rummage.

Crab.

Crab. And, lastly, I'll have these exotic attendants, these instruments of your luxury, these pandars to your pride, pack'd in the first cart, and sent post to the place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but La Jonquil.

Crab. Not an instant. The importation of these puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends the French; unable to resist you whilst you retain your ancient roughness, they have recourse to these minions, who would first by unmanly means sap and soften all your native spirit, and then deliver you an easy prey to their employers.

Buck. Since then it must be so, adieu La Jonquil.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Crab. And now to the remedy. Come forth, Lucinda.

Enter Lucinda and Lord John.

Buck. Hey, why did she not swallow the poison?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

Luc. Ay, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, Sir Charles. But you allow me to be an excellent *actrice*.

'Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.'

Buck. Oh, curse your talents!

Crab. This fellow's 'public' renunciation has put your person and fortune in your own power: and if you were sincere in your declaration of being directed by me, bestow it there.

Luc. As a proof of my sincerity, my Lord, receive it.

L. John. With more transport than Sir Charles the news of his safety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not at present in a condition to take possession of your post.

Buck. What?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my Lord's private friend; his assistant, you know.

Buck. Oh, oh!

Mac. But, Sir Charles, as I find the affair of the poison was but a joke, had na' ye better withdraw and tack off your blisters?

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Crab. No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my care. But before we close the scene, receive, young man, this last advice from the old friend of your father: As it is your happiness to be born a Briton, let it be your boast; know that the blessings of liberty are your birth-right, which while you preserve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or condemn you. Believe, that French fashions are as ill suited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

A convert to these sacred truths, you'll find
That poison for your punishment design'd
Will prove a wholesome medicine to your mind.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs BELLAMY.

AMONG the arts to make a piece go down,
And fix the fickle favour of the town,
An Epilogue is deem'd the surest way
To atone for all the errors of the play.
Thus, when pathetic strains have made you cry,
In trips the comic muse, and wipes your eye.
With equal reason, when she has made you laugh,
Melpomene should send you sniveling off;
But here our bard, unequal to the task,
Rejects the dagger, and retains the masque:
Fain would he send you cheerful home to-night,
And harmless mirth by honest means excite;
Scorning, with luscious phrase or double sense,
To raise a laughter at the fair's expence.
What method shall we choose your taste to hit;
Will no one lend our bad a little wit?
Thank ye, kind souls, I'll take it from the pit.
The piece concluded, and the curtain down,
Up starts that fatal phalanx call'd The Town;
In full assembly weighs our author's fate;
And Surly thus commences the debate:
"Pray, among friends, does not this poisoning scene
The sacred rights of tragedy profane?
If force may mimic thus her awful bowl;
Oh fie, all wrong, stark naught, upon my soul!"

Then Buck cries, " Billy, can it be in nature?

Not the least likeness in a single feature."

My Lord, Lord love him, "'Tis a precious piece;

Let's come on Friday night and have a bifs:"

To this a perruquier assents with joy,

Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.

In such distress what can the poet do?

Where seek for shelter when these foes pursue?

He dares demand protection, Sirs, from you.

M₃

THE

THE
INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.
IN TWO ACTS.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Goodull,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1762.</i>
<i>Valentine,</i>	Mr Jones.	Mr Charteris.
<i>Lord Pride,</i>	Mr Stoppelaer.	Mr Kelly.
<i>Lord Puff,</i>	Mr Hewson.	
<i>Colonel Bluff,</i>	Mr Charles Jone.	Mr Digges.
<i>Oldcastle,</i>	Mr Macklin.	Mr Johnson.
<i>Rakeit,</i>	Mr Norris.	
<i>Marquis,</i>	Mr Mullart.	
<i>Slap,</i>	Mademoiselle Grognet.	Mr White.
<i>Trick,</i>	Mr Topham.	
<i>Security,</i>	Mr Hallam.	Mr Elliot.
	Mr Gilcs.	

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs Highman,</i>	Mrs Mullart.	Mrs Charteris.
<i>Charlotte,</i>	Mrs Atherton.	Mrs White.
<i>Lettice,</i>	Mrs Clive.	Mrs Heaphy.

Ladies, Constables, Servants, &c.

P R O L O G U E.

Upon the Revival of the AUTHOR's Farce.

Spoken by Mrs CLIVE.

AS when some ancient, hospitable seat,
Where plenty oft has giv'n the jovial treat,
Where in full bowls each welcome guest has drown'd
All sorrowing thought, while mirth and joy went round;

PROLOGUE.

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*It by some worthless wanton beir destroy'd,
Its once full rooms grown a deserted void:
With sighs, each neighbour views the mournful place;
With sighs, each recollects what once it was.*

*So does our wretched theatre appear;
For mirth and joy once kept their revels here.
Here the beau-monde in crowds repair'd each day,
And went well pleas'd and entertain'd away.
While Oldfield here bath charm'd the list'ning age,
And Wilks adorn'd, and Booth bath fill'd the stage;
Soft cunuchs warbled in successful strain,
And tumblers shew'd their little tricks in vain:
Those boxes fill the brighter circles were,
Triumphant toasts receiv'd their homage there.*

*But now, alas! how alter'd is our case!
I view with tears this poor deserted place;
None to our boxes now in pity stray,
But poets free o' th' house and beaux who never pay.
No longer now we see our crowded door
Send the late comer back again at four.*

*At seven now into our empty pit
Drops from his counter some old prudent cit,
Contented with twelve pennyworth of wit.*

*—Our author, of a gen'rous soul possess'd,
Hath kindly aim'd to succour the distress'd:
To-night what he shall offer in our cause
Already bath been blest with your applause;
Yet this his muse, maturer, bath revis'd,
And added more to that which once so much you priz'd.
We sue, not mean to make a partial friend;
But without prejudice at least attend.
If we are dull, e'en censure; but we trust
Satire can ne'er displease you when 'tis just:
Nor can we fear a brave, a gen'rous town,
Will join to crush us, when we're almost down.*

ACT I.

SCENE, Covent-Garden.

Mrs HIGHMAN, LETTICE.

Mrs HIGHMAN.

OH! Mrs Lettice; is it you? I am extremely glad to see you; you are the very person I would meet.

Let. I am much at your service, Madam.

Mrs High. Oh, Madam, I know very well that; and at every one's service, I dare swear, that will pay for it:
but

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but all the service, Madam, that I have for you, is to carry a message to your master—I desire, Madam, that you would tell him from me, that he is a very great villain; and that I intreat him never to come near my doors—for if I find him within 'em, I will turn my niece out of them.

Let. Truly, Madam, you must send this by another messenger—But, pray, what has my master done, to deserve it should be sent at all?

Mrs High. He has done nothing yet, I believe;—I thank heaven, and my own prudence; but I know what he wou'd do.

Let. He wou'd do nothing but what becomes a gentleman, I am confident.

Mrs High. Oh! I dare swear, Madam; debauching a young lady is acting like a very fine gentleman: but I shall keep my niece out of the hands of such fine gentlemen.

Let. You wrong my master, Madam, cruelly: I know his designs on your niece are honourable.

Mrs High. You know!

Let. Yes, Madam; no one knows my master's heart better than I do: I am sure, were his designs otherwise, I would not be accessary to 'em; I love your niece too much, Madam, to carry on an amour in which she shou'd be a loser: but as I know that my master is heartily in love with her, and that she is heartily in love with my master, and as I am certain they will be a very happy couple, I will not leave one stone unturn'd to bring 'em together.

Mrs High. Rare impudence! Huffy, I have another match for her, she shall marry Mr. Oldcastle.

Let. Oh!—then I find it is you that have a dishonourable design on your niece.

Mrs High. How? sauciness!

Let. Yes, Madam, marrying a young lady, who is in love with a young fellow, to an old one whom she hates, is the surest way to bring about I know what, that can possibly be taken.

A I R I. *Soldier Laddie.*

When a virgin in love with a brisk jolly lad,

You match to a spark more fit for her dad,

'Tis

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'Tis as pure, and as sure, and secure as a gun,
The young lover's business is happily done:
Tho' it seems to her arms he takes the wrong rout,

Yet my life for a farthing,

Pursuing

His wooing,

The young fellow finds, tho' he go round about,

'Tis only to come

The nearest way home.

Mrs High. I can bear this no longer. I wou'd advise you, Madam, and your master both, to keep from my house, or I shall take measures you won't like. [*Exit.*]

Let. I defy you: we have the strongest party: and I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young lady herself.

Enter Charlotte.

Char. So, Mrs Lettice!

Let. 'Tis pity you had not come a little sooner, Madam; your aunt is but just gone, and has left positive orders that you should make more frequent visits at our house.—

Char. Indeed!

Let. Yes, Madam; for she has forbid my master ever visiting at yours, and I know it will be impossible for you to live without seeing him.

Char. I assure you! Do you think me so fond then?

Let. Do I! I know you are; you love nothing else, think of nothing else all day; and, if you will confess the truth, I dare lay a wager that you dream of nothing else all night.

Char. Then, to show you, Madam, how well you know me—the devil take me—if you are not in the right.

Let. Ah! Madam, to a woman practis'd in love, like me, there's no occasion for confession;—for my part, I don't want words to assure me of what the eyes tell me. Oh! if the lovers would but consult the eyes of their mistresses, we shou'd not have such sighing, languishing, and despairing as we have.

A I R II. *Bush of Boon.*

What need he trust your words precise,
Your soft desires denying;

When

When, oh! he reads within your eyes
 Your tender heart complying,
 Your tongue may cheat,
 And with deceit
 Your softer wishes cover;
 But oh! your eyes
 Know no disguise,
 Nor ever cheat your lover.

Enter Valentine.

Val. My dearest Charlotte! this is meeting my wishes indeed; for I was coming to wait on you.

Let. 'Tis very lucky that you do meet her here, for her house is forbidden ground; you have seen the last of that, Mrs Highman swears.

Val. Ha! not go where my dear Charlotte is? what danger cou'd deter me? what difficulty prevent me? Not cannon nor plagues, nor all the most frightful forms of death, should keep me from her arms.

Char. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your valour to any proof;—the danger is to be mine; I am to be turn'd out of doors if ever you are seen in them again.

Val. The apprehensions of your danger wou'd, indeed, put it to the severest proof: But why will my dearest Charlotte continue in the house of one who threatens to turn her out of it? why will she not know another home, one where she would find a protector from every kind of danger?

Char. How can you pretend to love me, Valentine, and ask me that in our present desperate circumstances?

Let. Nay, nay, don't accuse him wrongfully: I won't indeed insist that he gives you any great instance of his prudence by it; but I'll swear it is a very strong one of his love, and such an instance, as when a man has once shown, no woman of any honesty, or honour, or gratitude, can refuse him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a lover who had not wicked mercenary views upon my fortune, I should have married him, whatever he had been.

Char. Thy fortune!

Let. My fortune! Yes, Madam, my fortune; I was worth fifty-six pounds before I put it into the lottery:
 What

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What it will be now, I can't tell; but you know, somebody must get the great lot, and why not I?

Val. Oh, Charlotte! wou'd you had the same sentiments with me! For, by heavens! I apprehend no danger but that of losing you; and; believe me, love will sufficiently reward us for all the hazards we run on his account.

A I R III. *Fanny blooming fair, &c.*

Let bold ambition lie
 Within the warrior's mind;
 False honours let him buy,
 With slaughter of mankind:
 To crowns a doubtful right,
 Lay thousands in the grave;
 While wretched armies fight
 Which master shall enslave.
 Love took my heart with storm,
 Let him there rule alone,
 In Charlotte's charming form,
 Still sitting on his throne:
 How will my soul rejoice,
 At his commands to fly;
 If spoken in that voice,
 Or look'd from that dear eye!
 To universal sway
 Love's title is the best;
 Well, shall we him obey
 Who makes his subjects blest?
 If heaven for human good
 Did empire first design,
 Love must be understood
 To rule by right divine.

Let. Hift! hift! get you both about your business; Mr Oldcastle is just turn'd the corner, and if he shou'd see you together you are undone. (*Exeunt Valentine and Charlotte.*) Now will I banter this old coxcomb severely; for I think it is a most impertinent thing in these old fumlbers to interpose in young people's sport.

Enter Oldcastle.

Old. Hem! hem? I profess it is a very severe easterly wind;

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wind—and if it was not to see a mistress, I believe I should scarce have stirred abroad all day.

Let. Mr Oldcastle, your very humble servant.

Old. Your humble servant, Madam; I ask your pardon; but I profess I have not the honour of knowing you.

Let. Men of your figure, Sir, are known by more than they are themselves able to remember; I am a poor handmaid of a young lady of your acquaintance, Miss Charlotte Highman.

Old. Oh! your very humble servant, Madam. I hope your lady is well?

Let. Hum! so, so—She sent me, Sir, of a small message to you.

Old. I am the happiest man in the world.

Let. To desire a particular favour of you.

Old. She honours me with her commands.

Let. She begs, if you have the least affection for her, that she may never see you here again.

Old. What! what!

Let. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natur'd lady, and does not care to send a rude message; therefore only bids me tell you, she hates you, scorns you, detests you, more than any creature upon the earth; that if you are resolv'd to marry, she wou'd recommend to you a certain excellent dry-nurse, who might possibly be brought by your money to do any thing but go to bed with you; and lastly, she bide me tell you, in this cold weather, never to go to-bed without a good warm posset, and never to lie without at least a pair of flannel-shirts.

Old. Hold your impertinent saucy tongue!

Let. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my message; and that too in as civil and concise a manner as possible.

Old. Your mistress is a pert young hussy, and I shall tell her aunt of her.

Let. That will never do; you had better trust to her own good nature. 'Tis I am your friend; and if we can get over three little obstacles, I don't despair of marrying you to her yet.

Old. What are those obstacles?

Let. Why, Sir, there is in the first place your great age; you are at least some sixty-six.

Old. 'Tis a lie; I want several——months of it.

Let. If you did not, I think we may get over this: one half of your fortune makes a very sufficient amends for your age.

Old. We shan't fall out about that.

Let. Well, Sir; then there is, in the second place, your terrible ungenteel air: this is a grand obstacle with her, who is so doatingly fond of every thing that is fine and foppish; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other half of your fortune——And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to set aside, I believe I may promise you, you shall have her: and that is, Sir, that horrible face of yours, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frighten'd.

Old. Ye impudent baggage! I'll tell your mistress, I'll have you turn'd off.

Let. That will be well repaying me indeed, for all the services I have done you.

Old. Services!

Let. Services! Yes, Sir, services; and to let you see I think you fit for a husband, I'll have you myself! Who can be more proper for a husband, than a man of your age and taste? for I think you cou'd not have the conscience to live above a year, or a year and a half at most: and I think a good plentiful jointure wou'd make amends for one's enduring you as long as that; provided we live in separate parts of the house, and one had a good handsome groom of the chambers to attend one.

A I R. IV. *Hark, hark, the cock crows.*

When a lover like you
Does a woman pursue,
She must have little wit in her brain, Sir;
If for better and worse,
She takes not the purse,
Alas, with her sighing poor swain, Sir;
Tho' hugg'd to her wishes,
Amidst empty dishes,

Much hunger her stomach may prove, Sir;
 But a pocket of gold,
 As full as 'twill hold,
 Will still find her food for her love, Sir.

[Exit.]

Old. You are an impertinent, impudent baggage! and I have a mind to—I am out of breath with passion; and I shall not recover it this half hour. [Exit.]

Enter Lettice and Rakeit.

Let. A very pretty lover for a young lady indeed!

Rak. Your servant, Mrs Lettice: What have you and the great squire Oldcastle been entertaining one another with?

Let. With his passion for your young mistress, or rather her passion for him. I have been bantering him till he is in such a rage, that I actually doubt whether he will beat her or no.

Rak. Will you never leave off your frolics, since we must pay for them? You have put him out of humour; now will he go and put my lady out of humour, and then we may be all beaten for aught I know.

Let. Well, Sirrah; and do you think I had not rather twenty such as you shou'd be beaten to death, than my master shou'd be robb'd of his mistress?

Rak. Your humble servant, Madam; you need not take any great pains to convince me of your fondness for your master. I believe he has more mistresses than what are in our house: but hang it, I am too polite to be jealous; and if he has done me the favour with you, why, perhaps, I may return it one day with somebody else. I am not the first gentleman of the party-colour'd regiment who has been even with his master.

Let. Not with such gentlemen as Mr Valentine. Indeed with your little pert skipping beaux, I don't know what may happen. Such masters and their men are often both in dress and behaviour so very like one another, that a woman may be innocently false, and mistake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether such a change as you mention may not be sometimes for the better.

AIR V. *As down in a meadow, &c.*

' See John and his master as together they pass,
' Or see 'em admiring themselves in a glass:
' Each cocks fierce his hat, each struts and looks big:
' Both have lace on their coat, and a bag to their wig:
' Both swear, and both rattle, both game, and both drink;
' Who neither can write, or can read, or e'er think.
' Say then where the difference lies, if you can;
' Faith! widows, you'd give it on the side of the man.
' *Rak.* But, my dear Lettice, I do not approve this
' match in our families.

' *Let.* Why so?

' *Rak.* You know how desperate his circumstances are,
' and she has no fortune.

' *Let.* She hath indeed no fortune of her own; but
' her aunt Highman is very rich.

' *Rak.* She will be little the better for't.

' *Let.* Then there's the chance of both her brothers
' deaths; besides an uncle in Yorkshire, who hath but five
' children only, one of which hath never had the small-
' pox; nay, there are not above sixteen or seventeen be-
' tween her and an Irish barony.

' *Rak.* Ay, this lady wou'd make a fine fortune after
' two or three good plagues. In short, I find there is
' but little hopes on our side; and if there be no more on
' yours—

' *Let.* Oh, yes, there are hopes enough on ours. There
' are hopes of my young master's growing better, for I am
' sure there is no possibility of his growing worse. Hopes
' of my old master's staying abroad; hopes of his being
' drown'd if he attempts coming home; hopes of the
' stars falling—

' *Rak.* Dear Mrs Lettice, do not jest with such serious
' things as hunger and thirst. Do you seriously think
' that all your master's entertainments are at an end?

' *Let.* So far from it, that he is this day to give a
' grand entertainment to your mistress, and about a dozen
' more gentlemen and ladies.

' *Rak.* My chops begin to water. I find your master
' is a very honest fellow; and it is possible may hold out
' two or three weeks longer.

' *Let.* You are mistaken, Sir, there will be no danger

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• of his giving any more entertainments; for there is a
• certain gentleman call'd an upholsterer, who, the mo-
• ment that the company is gone, is to make his entrance
• into the house, and carry every thing out on't.

• *Rak.* A very good way, faith, of furnishing a house
• to receive a wife in; your master has set me a very good
• pattern against you and I marry, Mrs Lettice.

• *Let.* Sauce-box! Do you think I'll have you?

• *Rak.* Unless I can provide better for myself.

• *Let.* Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain; and
• what I am fond of I can't imagine, unless it be thy in-
• vincible impudence.

• *Rak.* Why, faith, I think I have the impudence of a
• gentleman; and there is nothing better to succeed with
• the ladies.

A I R VI.

• When modesty sues for a favour,

• What answers the politic lass?

• *Let.* That she mightily likes his behaviour,

• And thinks in her heart he's an ass;

• And thinks in her heart he's an ass.

• *Rak.* But when bolder impudence rushes,

• And manfully seizes her charms;

• *Let.* Lard! you're rude, Sir, she cries; then she
• blushes,

• And folds the brisk youth in her arms.

• And folds, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valentine and Trick.

• *Val.* You say I owe you 500*l.* principal and inte-
• rest.

• *Trick.* Yes, Sir; you will please to cast it up yourself,
and I believe our accounts will correspond.

• *Val.* I'll take your word for it, Sir; and if you please
to let me have 500 more, I shall owe you 1000.

• *Trick.* Sir, the money was none of my own, I had it
from another; and it must be paid, Sir; he hath called
it in.

• *Val.* He may call as long as he pleases; but till I call
it in, it will not signify much, Sir. I have thought of
an expedient: If the money you lent me was another's,
and he be impatient for it, you may pay him off, lay
me

me down the other 500, and take the whole debt upon yourself.

Trick. I am quite out of cash, Sir, or you know you might command me; and therefore I hope you will not put off the payment any longer.

Val. I am extremely busy to-day, and beg you would call another time.

Trick. I have call'd so often that I am quite weary of calling; and if I am not paid within these three days, I shall send a lawyer for my money—and so your servant.

[Exit.

Enter Trusty.

Val. So, honest Trusty, what success?

Trusty. I went to the jeweller's with the ring which your honour told me cost an hundred pound, but he refus'd to give me any more than fifty for it; so I e'en took that.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. As for the old silver bowl which your father valu'd at fourscore pounds, Mr Whiting said, there was so much reckon'd for the fashion, and that it was so old and ungenteel, that he offer'd me but twenty: but I knew your honour wanted money, and so I took it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. The gold repeating watch I carried to the maker, and told him he had received fifty odd guineas for it two years ago: but he said it was much the worse for wearing; and that the nobility and gentry run so much into pinchbeck, that he had not dispos'd of two gold watches this month. However, he said he would give half; and I thought that better than nothing, so I let him have it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. But this was nothing to that rogue in Monmouth-street, who offer'd me but 161. for the two suits of fine cloaths, that I dare swear stood your honour in above 1001. I flew into a great passion with him, and have brought them back again.

Val. You shou'd have taken the money.

Trusty. One piece of surprising good fortune was the saving of your medals, which as I was just going to dispose of, a gentleman whisper'd in my ear, that a certain

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knight, that wou'd be in town in a fortnight, wou'd give six times as much for them.

Val. A fortnight! what of a fortnight? a fortnight's an age. I wou'd not give a shilling for the reversion of an estate so long to come. Here give me what money you have brought, and go and dispose of the rest immediately.

Trusty. But, Sir, I wish your honour would consider: for my part, I dread my old master's coming home; and yet if he does not, what you will do any longer, heaven knows.

Val. Don't trouble thyself about that; but go execute my commands. [Exit Trusty.]

A I R VII. *Excuse me.*

Let misers with sorrow to-day
Lay up for to-morrow's array;
Like Tantalus thirsty, who craves,
Drink up to his chin in the waves.

But fortune, like women, to-day may be kind,
And yield to your mind;

To-morrow she goes,
And on others bestows
The blessing.

The lover who yields to the fair one's delays,
Oft loses the day;

Then fly to her arms,
For we are sure
Of her charms
When possessing.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, a gentleman in mourning desires to see you.

Val. Show him in. (Exit Servant.) Wou'd my dear Charlotte were here.

Enter Slap.

Val. Your most obedient servant, Sir; I have not the honour of knowing you, Sir.

Slap. I believe you do not, Sir; I ask pardon, but I have a small writ against you.

Val. A writ against me?

Slap. Don't be uneasy, Sir; it is only for a trifle, Sir; about 200l.

Val.

Val. What must I do, Sir?

Slap. Oh, Sir, whatever you please; only pay the money, or give bail, which you please.

Val. I can do neither of them this instant, and I expect company every moment. I suppose, Sir, you'll take my word till to-morrow morning.

Slap. Oh yes, Sir; with all my heart. If you will be so good as to step to my house hard by, you shall be extremely well us'd, and I'll take your word.

Val. Your house! 'Sdeath, you rascal!

Slap. Nay, Sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

Val. Nay, then! — who's there? — my servants.
[Enter Servants.] Here, kick this fellow down stairs.

Slap. This is a rescue, remember that — a rescue, Sir; I'll have my lord chief justice's warrant.

[Slap is forc'd off by the Servants.]

Enter Charlotte.

Char. Oh Valentine! what's the matter? I am frighten'd to death. Swords drawn! Oh my heart! you are not hurt?

Val. By none but you, my love; I have no wounds but those you can cure.

Char. Heav'n be prais'd! But what was the occasion of this bustle?

Val. Nothing, my dear, but a couple of fencing masters — I happen'd to turn about, and one of them cut me on the back; that's all.

Char. You see the dangers I run on your account; should my aunt know of my being here, I shall be undone for ever. Nay, and what the rest of the company will think when they see me here before them, I dread to imagine.

Val. You know you have it in your power to silence the tongues of the world whenever you please: and, oh Charlotte! I wish you would this day consent to make this house your reputable home.

Char. Press me not, Valentine; for, whatever be the consequence, if you should, I feel I cannot deny you.

A I R VIII. *Spring's coming.*

Virgin wary

Wou'd ne'er miscarry,

If lovers wou'd take a denial or two ;

If he pursues her still,

Can she refuse him still,

What she herself hath a mind to do ?

Val. Turtles, tho' with each other they die,

Shall be less constant and fond than I :

For April's soft showers,

Nor June's sweet flowers,

In softness and sweetness with thee can vie.

Char. Turtles, tho', &c.

Char. Cou'd I be assured of your constancy ; cou'd I find you always fond and endearing as now ; believe me, it wou'd not be in the power of fortune to make me miserable.

Val. If you can place any confidence in vows, I know not how to bind myself faster to you than I have done already ; but you have a better, which is in your own merit. Believe me, Charlotte, men are more constant than you imagine. He that marries for money, is constant to the love of his wife's money ; he that marries for beauty, is commonly constant while that beauty lasts ; and a love that's fix'd on merit, as mine, will be constant while that endures.

Char. Well, we must all run a risk, believe me ; as to the point of fortune, it is the least of my thoughts. A woman who can carry her prudence so far as that, cheats you when she pretends to love. Love reigns alone in every breast it inhabits ; and, in my opinion, makes us amends for the absence of Madam Prudence and all her train.

Val. My dearest girl, this night shall make me thine.

A I R IX. *Polworth on the Green.*

Come, Charlotte, let's be gay,

Let's enjoy ourselves to-day ;

To-morrow's in the hands of the pow'rs,

To-day alone is ours.

Let fools for wealth

Spend time and health ;

While we, more happy, try,

In each soft kiss,

Transporting bliss,

Which treasures ne'er can buy.

Char.

Char. Let age grave lessons preach
 'Gainst what she cannot reach;
 Let prudes condemn what they esteem;
 All fools our joys impeach.

Both. Let fools, &c.

A C T II.

VALENTINE and Company, seated as after dinner.

VALENTINE.

CALL in the dancers. I hope, ladies, your good-nature will make you as kind to this part of the entertainment as it hath been to the other.

Mar. *Je vous felicite de votre gout ravissant, Monsieur Valentine; mais allons! dancons nous-mesmes.*

Val. My father arriv'd, say you?

Let. Yes, Sir; and will be here instantly.

Val. Death and hell! What shall I do, Lettice? I must trust to the contrivance of thy brain, or I am undone.

Let. Well, I will do the best I can for you; in the mean time, be not chagrined; enjoy your friends, and take no notice of it. I will lie perdue for him, and meet him at the door. Be sure to keep close garrison; and after I am gone out, open the doors to none.

Val. Send thee good luck, my best wench. Come, gentlemen and ladies, what say you, are you for cards or hazard?

All. Hazard, hazard!

Mar. *Hazard! ma voix est toujours pour hazard!*

[Exeunt.]

Enter Goodall, Lettice, and a Servant with a port-manteau.

Good. This cursed stage-coach from Portsmouth hath fatigu'd me more than my voyage from the Cape of Good Hope: but, heav'n be prais'd, I am once more arriv'd within sight of my own doors. I cannot help thinking how pleas'd my son will be to see me returned a full year sooner than my intention.

Let. He would be much more pleas'd to hear you were at the Cape of Good Hope yet.

[Aside.]
Good.

Good. I hope I shall find my poor boy at home, I dare swear he will die with joy to see me.

Let. I believe he is half dead already;—but now for you, my good master. (*Aside.*)—Bless me, what do I see? an apparition?

Good. Lettice!

Let. Is it my dear master Goodall return'd, or is it the devil in his shape? Is it you, Sir? Is it positively you yourself?

Good. Even so. How do you do, Lettice?

Let. Much at your honour's service. I am heartily glad to see your honour in such good health. Why, the air of the Indies hath agreed vastly with you. Indeed, Sir, you ought to have stay'd a little longer there for the sake of your health—and our quiet. [*Aside.*]

Good. Well, but how does my son do; and how hath he behaved himself in my absence? I hope he hath taken great care of my affairs.

Let. I'll answer for him, he hath put your affairs into a condition that will surprise you, take my word for it.

Good. I warrant you he is every day in the Alley. Stocks have gone just as I imagined; and if he followed my advice, he must have amassed a vast sum of money.

Let. Not a farthing, Sir.

Good. How, how, how!

Let. Sir, he hath paid it out fast as it came in.

Good. How?

Let. Put it out, I mean, Sir, to interest, to interest, Sir; why, our house hath been a perfect fair ever since you went; people coming for money every hour of the day.

Good. That's very well done; and I long to see my dear boy. Knock at the door.

Let. He is not at home, Sir—and if you have such a desire to see him—

Enter Security.

Sec. Your servant, Mrs Lettice.

Let. Your servant, Mr Security—Here's a rogue of a usurer, who hath found a very proper time to ask for his money in.

Sec. Do you know, Mrs Lettice, that I am weary of fol-

following your master day after day in this manner, without finding him; and that, if he does not pay me to-day, I shall sue out an execution directly. A thousand pounds are a sum——

Good. What, what, what's this I hear!

Let. I'll explain it to you by-and-by, Sir.

Good. Does my son owe you a thousand pounds?

Sec. Your son, Sir!

Good. Yes, Sir; this woman's young master, who lives at that house, Mr Valentine Goodall, is my son.

Sic. Yes, Sir, he does;—and I am very glad you are return'd to pay it me.

Good. There go two words though to that bargain.

Let. I believe, Sir, you will do it with a great deal of joy, when you know that his owing this money is purely an effect of his good conduct.

Good. Good conduct! Owing money good conduct?

Let. Yes, Sir—he hath bought a house of the price of two thousand pounds, which every one says is worth more than four; and this he could not have done without borrowing this thousand pound. I am sure, Sir, I and he, and Trusty, ran all over the town to get the money, that he might not lose so good a bargain. I believe there will not go many words to the payment on't now. [*Aside.*]

Good. I am overjoy'd at my son's behaviour——Sir, you need give yourself no pain about the money; return to-morrow morning, and you shall receive it.

Sec. Sir, your word is sufficient for a much greater sum, and I am your very humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Good. Well, but tell me a little. In what part of the town hath my son bought this house?

Let. In what part of the town?

Good. Yes; there are, you know, some quarters better than others—as for example, this here——

Let. Well, and it is in this that it stands.

Good. What, not the great house yonder, is it?

Let. No, no, no; do you see that house yonder——where the windows seem to have been just cleaned?

Good. Yes.

Let. It is not that——and a little beyond, you see an-

another very large house, higher than any other in the square.

Good. I do.

Let. But it is not that—Take particular notice of the house opposite to it, a very handsome house, is it not?

Good. Yes, indeed is it.

Let. That is not the house—But you may see one with great gates before it, almost opposite to another that fronts a street, at the end of which stands the house which your son hath bought.

Good. There is no good house in that street, as I remember, but Mrs Highman's.

Let. That's the very house.

Good. That's a very good bargain, indeed; but how comes a woman in her circumstances to sell her house?

Let. It is impossible, Sir, to account for peoples actions; besides, she is out of her senses.

Good. Out of her senses!

Let. Yes, Sir; her family hath taken out a commission of lunacy against her; and her son, who is a most abandon'd prodigal, hath sold all she had for half its value.

Good. Son! Why, she was not marry'd when I went away.

Let. No, Sir; but, to the great surprize of every one, and to the great scandal of all our sex, there appeared all of a sudden a very lusty young fellow, of the age of three-and-twenty, whom she owned to have been her son, and that his father was a grenadier in the first regiment of guards.

Good. Oh, monstrous!

Let. Ah, Sir! if every child in this city knew his own father; if children were to inherit only the estates of those who begot them, it would cause a great confusion in inheritances.

A I R X. *Pierot's dance.*

Were all the womens secrets known,
Did each father know his own,
Many a son now bred to trade,
Then had shin'd in rich brocade;

Many

Many cits
 Had been wits,
 In estate, tho' not in sense;
 Many beaux
 Birth-day clothes
 Had not worn at cits expence:
 For did our women wise, indeed,
 Contrive no way to mend the breed,
 Our sparks such pretty masters grow,
 So spruce, so taper, and so low;
 From Britons tall,
 Our heroes shall
 Be Lilliputians all.

Good. Well, but I stand here talking too long; knock at the door.

Let. What shall I do! [*Aside.*

Good. You seem in a consternation! No accident hath happened to my son, I hope?

Let. No, Sir; but——

Good. But? but what! hath any one robb'd me in my absence?

Let. No, Sir! not absolutely robb'd you, Sir—What shall I say?——

Good. Explain yourself; speak.

Let. Oh, Sir! I can with-hold my tears no longer.—Enter not, I beseech you, Sir; your house, Sir; your dear house, that you and I and my poor young master lov'd so much, within these six months.

Good. What of my house, within these six months?

Let. Hath been haunted, Sir, with the most terrible apparitions that were ever heard or beheld! You'd think the devil himself had taken possession of it. Nay, I believe he hath too: all the wild noises of the universe, the squeaking of pigs, the grinding of knives, the whetting of saws, the whistling of winds, the roaring of seas, the hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, the braying of asses, the squalling of children, and the scolding of wives, all put together, make not so hideous a concert. This I myself have heard: nay, and I have seen such sights! one with about twenty heads, and a hundred eyes and mouths and noses in each.

Good. Hey day! the wench is mad. Stand from be-

fore the door: I'll see whether the devil can keep me out from my own house. Haunted indeed!

Let. Sir, I have a friendship for you, and you shall not go in.

Good. How! not go into my own house?

Let. No, Sir, not till the devil is driven out on't—there are two priests at work upon him now. Hark, I think the devils are dancing. Nay, Sir, you may listen yourself and get in too, if you can. [*Laughing within.*]

Good. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a noise.

Let. I have nothing but his monstrous superstition to rely on. [*Scriek within.*]

Good. O heavens, what monstrous squalling is that!

Let. Why, Sir, I am surpris'd you shou'd think I wou'd impose upon you. I assure you, your house is haunted by a whole legion of devils. Your whole family hath been driven out of it; and this was one reason why your son bought Madam Highman's house, not being able to live any longer in this.

Good. I am in a cold sweat!—What, my son left this house?

Let. Oh! Sir, I am sure, had you known the terrors we underwent for a whole fortnight, especially poor I, Sir, who lay every night frightened with the sight of the most monstrous large things, fearing every minute what they would do to me—

Good. Can all this be true, or are you imposing upon me? I have indeed heard of such things as apparitions, on just causes, and believe in them; but why they shou'd haunt my house, I can't imagine.

Let. Why, Sir, they tell me, before you bought the house, there was a murder committed in it,

Good. I must inquire into all these things. But, in the mean time, I must send this portmanteau to my son's new house.

Let. No, Sir; that's a little improper at present.

Good. What, is that house haunted? hath the devil taken possession of that house too?

Let. No, Sir; but Madam Highman hath not yet quitted possession of it. I told you-before, Sir, that she was out of her senses; and if any one does but mention

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the sale of her house to her, it throws hers into the most violent convulsions.

Good. Well, well, I shall know how to humour her madness.

Let. I wish, Sir, for a day or two——

Good. You throw me out of all manner of patience. I am resolv'd I will go thither this instant.

Let. Here she is herself; but pray remember the condition she is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

Enter Mrs Highman.

Mrs High. What do I see! Mr Goodall return'd?

Let. Yes, Madam, it is him; but alas! he's not himself—he's distracted; his losses in his voyage have turn'd his brain, and he's become a downright lunatic.

Mrs High. I am heartily concern'd for his misfortune. Poor gentleman!

Let. If he should speak too you by chance, have no regard to what he says; we are going to shut him up in a mad-house with all expedition.

Mrs High. (Aside.) He hath a strange wandering in his countenance.

Good. (Aside.) How miserably she is altered! she hath a terrible look with her eyes.

Mrs High. Mr Goodall, your very humble servant. I am glad to see you return'd, though I am sorry for your misfortune.

Good. I must have patience, and trust in Heaven, and in the power of the priests, who are now endeavouring to lay these wicked spirits with which my house is haunted.

Mrs High. His house haunted! poor man! But I must not contradict him; that would make him worse.

Good. In the mean time, Mrs Highman, I shou'd be oblig'd to you, if you wou'd let me order my portman-teau to your house.

Mrs High. My house is at your service, and I desire you wou'd use it in the same manner as your own.

Good. I wou'd not, Madam, on any account insult your unfortunate condition—Lettice, this lady does not carry any marks of madness about her.

Let. She hath some lucid intervals, Sir; but her fit will soon return.

Good. I am extremely sorry for your misfortune, Mrs Highman, which indeed had I not been so well assured of, I cou'd not have believ'd: but I have known some in your way, who, during the intervals of their fits, have talk'd very reasonably; therefore give me leave to ask you the cause of your phrensy: for I much question whether this commission of lunacy that has been taken out against you be not without sufficient proof.

Mrs High. A commission of lunacy against me! me!

Good. Lettice, I see she is worse than I imagin'd.

Mrs High. However, if you are not more mischievous than you at present seem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a madhouse.

Good. Confine me! Ha, ha, ha! This is turning the tables upon me indeed! But, Mrs Highman, I would not have you be uneasy that your house is sold: at least it is better for you that my son has bought it than another; for you shall have an apartment in it still, in the same manner as if it were still your own, and you were in your senses.

Mrs High. What's all this? As if I was in my senses! Let me tell you, Mr Goodall, you are a poor distracted wretch, and ought to have an apartment in a dark room, and clean straw.

Good. Since you come to that, Madam, I shall show you the nearest way out of doors; and I give you warning to take away your things, for I shall fill all the rooms with goods within these few days.

Enter Slap, Constable, and Assistants.

Slap. That's the door, Mr Constable.

Let. What's to be done now, I wonder!

Con. Open the door in the king's name, or I shall break it open.

Good. Who are you, Sir, in the devil's name? and what do you want in that house?

Slap. Sir, I have a prisoner there; and I have my lord chief justice's warrant against him.

Good. For what sum, Sir? Are you a justice of peace?

Slap. I am one of his Majesty's officers, Sir; and this day I arrested one Mr Valentine Goodall, who lives in this house, for two hundred pounds; his servants have
rescu'd

rescu'd him, and I have a judge's warrant for the rescue.

Good. What do I hear! But harkee, friend, that house that you are going to break open is haunted: and there is no one in it but a couple of priests, who are laying the devil.

Slap. I warrant you I lay the devil better than all the priests in Europe. Come, Mr Constable, do your office. I have no time to lose, Sir; I have several other writs execute before night.

Let. I have defended my pass as long as I can, and now I think 'tis no cowardice to steal off.

Enter Colonel Bluff, 'Monsieur le Marquis,' *Slap,*
Goodall, and Constable.

Col. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of this riot? What is the reason, scoundrels, that you dare disturb gentlemen who are getting as drunk as lords?

Slap. Sir, we have authority for what we do.

Col. Damn your authority, Sir! if you don't go about your business, I shall show you my authority, and send you all to the devil.

Slap. It is he. I have a warrant against him too: I wish it was in my pocket.

Con. Mr Slap, shall we knock him down?

Slap. I desire you wou'd give us leave to enter the house and seize our prisoner.

Col. Not I, upon my honour, Sir.

'*Mar.* *Que veut due cette bruit? quelle vilain Anglois!*
'*quelle poufcon! ventre bleu! Allons, Monsieur le Colonel!*
'*allons! frappons!*

Slap. If you oppose us any longer, I shall proceed to force.

Col. If you love force, I'll show you the way, you dogs.
[*Col. drives them off.*]

Good. I find I am distracted, I am stark raving mad; I am undone, ruin'd, cheated, impos'd on! but, please heav'n, I'll go see what's in my house.

Col. Hold, Sir, you must not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own house, Sir?

Col. No, Sir; if it be yours, you must not come within it.

'*Mar.* *Il ne faut pas entrer ici.*'

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to speak with the master of the house.

Col. Sir, the master of the house desires to speak with no such fellows as you are; you are not fit company for any of the gentlemen in this house.

Good. Sir, the master of this house is my son.

Col. Sir, your most obedient humble servant; I am overjoy'd to see you return'd: 'Give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this gentleman: *Monsieur le Marquis* ' *Quelque Chose, le pere de Monsieur Valentine.*

Mar. Ah, *Monsieur*, que je suis ravi de vous voir!

Good. Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.

Col. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, you have the honour of being father to one of the finest gentlemen of the age: a man so accomplish'd, so well-bred, and so generous, that I believe he never wou'd part with a guelt while he had a shilling in his pocket, nor indeed while he could borrow one.

Good. I believe it indeed, Sir; therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to see him.

Col. Be not in such haste, dear Sir; I want to talk with you about your affairs: I hope you have had good success in the Indies, have cheated the company handsomely, and made an immense fortune.

Good. I have no reason to complain.

Col. I am glad on't, Sir; and so will your son, I dare swear: and let me tell you, it will be very opportune, he began to want it. You can't imagine, Sir, what a fine life he has led since you went away: it wou'd do your heart good if you was but to know what an equipage he has kept, what balls and entertainments he has made; he is the talk of the whole town, Sir; a man wou'd work with pleasure for such a son: he is a fellow with a soul, damn me! your fortune won't be thrown away upon him; for get as much as you please, my life he spends every farthing.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, let me see this miracle of a son of mine.

Col. That you should, Sir, long ago; but really, Sir, the house is a little out of order at present; there is but one room furnish'd in it, and that is so full of company, that

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that I am afraid there wou'd be a small deficiency of chairs. You can't imagine, Sir, how opportune you are come; there was not any one thing left in the house to raise any money upon.

Good. What, all my pictures gone?

Col. He sold them first, Sir; he was oblig'd to sell them for the delicacy of his taste: he certainly is the modestest young fellow in the world, and has complain'd to me a hundred times of the indecent liberty painters take in exposing the breasts and limbs of women: you had indeed, Sir, a very scandalous collection, and he was never easy while they were in the house.

Enter Valentine.

Val. My father return'd! oh, let me throw myself at his feet; and believe me, Sir, I am at once overjoy'd and asham'd to see your face.

Col. I told, you, Sir, he was one of the modestest young fellows in England.

Good. You may very well be asham'd: but come, let me see the inside of my house; let me see that both sides of my walls are standing.

Val. Sir, I have a great deal of company within, of the first fashion, and beg you wou'd not expose me before them.

Good. Oh, Sir! I am their very humble servant; I am infinitely oblig'd to all the persons of fashion, that they will so generously condescend to eat a poor citizen out of house and home.

Col. Hark ye, Val, shall we toss this old fellow in a blanket?

Val. Sir, I trust in your good-nature and forgiveness; and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh, that ever I should live to see this day!

'Mon. Pardie voilà homme extraordinaire.' [*Exeunt.*]

'SCENE, A Dining-room.'

'Enter Lord Pride, Lord Puff, &c.'

'L. Pride. I told you, my Lord, it would never hold long: when once the chariot disappear'd, I thought the matter wou'd soon follow:

'L. Puff. I help'd him on with a small list the other day at piquet.

'L

L. Pride. Did you do any thing considerable?

L. Puff. A mere trifle, my lord: it wou'd not have been worth mentioning, if it had been of any other; but I fancy, in his present circumstances, it cut pretty deep.

L. Pride. Damn me! there's a pleasure in ruining these little mechanical rascals, when they presume to rival the extravagant expences of us men of quality.

L. Puff. That ever such plebeian scoundrels, who are oblig'd to pay their debts, shou'd presume to engage with us men of quality, who are not!

Enter Goodal, Valentine, Charlotte, 'Colonel, Marquis,' Lord Pride, Lord Puff, &c.

Val. Gentlemen and ladies, my father being just arriv'd from the Indies, desires to make one of this good company.

Good. My good lords, (that I may affront none by calling him beneath his title), I am highly sensible of the great honour you do myself and my son, by filling my poor house with your noble persons, and your noble persons with my poor wine and provisions. I dare swear you have been all highly instrumental in the extravagancies of my son; for which I am very much oblig'd to you, and humbly hope that I shall never see him, or any of your faces again.

L. Puff. Brother Puff, what does the fellow mean?

L. Puff. Curse me if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my son hath ruined himself in so good a company; that when I disinherit him, he can't fail of being provided for. I promise myself that your interest will help him to places and preferments in abundance.

L. Pride. Sir, any thing in my power, he may always command.

L. Puff. Or mine.

L. Pride. But let me whisper a word in your ear—
Your son is a very extravagant fellow.

Good. That's very true, Sir: but I hope that you will consider that you have assisted him in it; and therefore will help his necessities with a brace of thousands.

L. Pride. I don't understand you, Sir.

Good. Why then, Sir, that you may understand me,

I must tell you in plain words, that he owes his ruin to entertaining such fine gentlemen as yourself.

L. Pride. Me, Sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much honour in entering into your doors: but I am glad you have taught me at what distance to keep such mechanics for the future. Come, Puff, let's to the opera. I see, if a man hath not good blood in his veins, riches won't teach him to behave like a gentleman.

L. Puff. Canaille! [*Exeunt L. Pride and L. Puff.*]

Good. S'bodlikins! I am in a rage that ever a fellow shou'd upbraid me with great blood in his veins, when, odsheart! the best blood in his veins hath run thro' my bottles.

' 1 *Lady.* My Lord Pride and my Lord Puff gone!
' Come, my dear, the assembly is broke up; let us make
' haste away, or we shall be too late for any other.

' 2 *Lady.* With all my heart; for I am heartily sick
' of this.

' 3 *Lady.* Come, come, come; away, away!

' [*Exeunt ladies.*]

' *Mar.* Allons, quittons le bourgion.

' *Col.* Sir, you are a scrub; and if I had not a friend-
' ship for your son, I'd show you how you ought to treat
' people of fashion. [*Exeunt Col. and Marquis.*]

Char. Poor Valentine! how tenderly I feel his misfortunes!

Good. Why don't you follow your companions, Sir?

Val. Ah! Sir, I am so sensible of what I have done, that I could fly into a desert from the apprehensions of your just wrath; nay, I will, unless you can forgive me.

Good. Who are you, Madam, that stay behind the rest of your company? There is no more mischief to be done here, so there is no more business for a fine lady.

Char. Sir, I stay to intreat you to forgive your poor unhappy son, who will otherwise sink under the weight of your displeasure.

Good. Ah, Madam, if that be all the business, you may leave this house as soon as you please; for him I am determin'd to turn directly out on't.

Char. Then, Sir, I am determin'd to go with him.
Be comforted, Valentine, I have some fortune which my
aunt

aunt cannot prevent me from, and it will make us happy for a while at least; and I prefer a year, a month, a day, with the man I love, to a whole stupid age without him.

Val. O, my dear love! and I prefer an hour with thee to all that heaven can give me. Oh! I am so blest, that fortune cannot make me miserable.

A I R XI. *The last of Patie's mill.*

Thus when the tempest high
Roars dreadful from above,
The constant turtles fly
Together to the grove:
Each spreads its tender wings,
And hovers o'er its mate;
They kiss, they cooe, and sing,
And love in spite of fate.

A I R XII.

My tender heart me long beguil'd,
I now first my passions prov'd;
Had fortune on you ever smil'd,
I'd not known how well I lov'd.
Base passions, like base metals, cold,
With true may seem the same;
But wou'd you know true love and gold,
Still try them in the flame.

Enter Oldcastle and Mrs Highman.

Old. Here, Madam; now you may trust your own eyes, if you won't believe mine.

Mrs High. What do I see! my niece in the very arms of her betrayer, and his father an abettor of the injustice!—Sir, give me leave to tell you, your madness is a poor excuse for this behaviour.

Good. Madam, I ask your pardon for what I said to you to-day. I was impos'd on by a vile wretch, who, I dare swear, misrepresented each of us to the other. I assure you I am not mad, nor do I believe you so.

Mrs High. Thou vile wretch, thou dishonour of thy family! How dost thou dare to appear before my face?

Char. Madam, I have done nothing to be ashamed of; and I dare appear before any one's face.

Good.

Good. Is this young lady a relation of yours?

Mrs High. She was, before your son had accomplish'd his base designs upon her.

Char. Madam, you injure him; his designs on me have been still honourable; nor hath he said any thing which the most virtuous ears might not have heard.

Val. To-morrow shall silence your suspicions on that head.

Mrs High. What, Mr Goodall, do you forgive your son's extravagance?

Good. Is this lady your heiress?

Mrs High. I once intended her so.

Good. Why then, Madam, I like her generous passion for my son so much, that if you will give her a fortune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not prevent their happiness.

Mrs High. Won't you? and I see she is so entirely his in her heart, that since he hath not dared to think dishonourably of her, I shall do all in my power to make it a bargain.

Val. Eternal blessings on you both! Now, my Charlotte, I am blest'd indeed.

Old. And pray, Madam, what's to become of me?

Mrs High. That, Sir, I cannot possibly tell: you know I was your friend; but my niece thought fit to dispose of herself another way.

Old. Your niece has behaved like a——Bodikins! I am in a passion; and for her sake, I'll never make love to any woman again, I'm resolv'd.

[Exit in a pet.]

Mrs High. No imprudent resolution.

Good. I hope, Valentine, you will make the only return in your power to my paternal tenderness in forgiving you; and let the misery you so narrowly escaped from your former extravagances be a warning to you for the future.

Val. Sir, was my gratitude to your great goodness insufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any vice whereby this lady might be a sufferer.

Single, I'd suffer fate's severest dart

Unmov'd; but who can bear the double smart,
When sorrow preys upon the fair one's heart!

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs CLIVE.

*A POET should, unless his fate be guest,
 Write for each play two Epilogues at least;
 For how to empty benches can we say,
 "What means this mighty crowding here to-day?"
 Or shou'd the pit with flatter'g be cram'm'd,
 How can we speak it, when the play is damn'd?
 Damn'd, did I say? — he surely need not fear it;
 His play is safe — when none will come to hear it.
 English is now below this learned town;
 None but Italian warblers will go down.
 Tho' courts were more polite, the English ditty
 Cou'd heretofore at least content the city:
 That, for Italian now has let us drop;
 And Dimi Cara rings thro' ev'ry shop.
 What glorious thoughts must all our neighbours nourish
 Of us, where rival operas can flourish!
 Let France win all our towns: we need not fear.
 But Italy will send her singers here;
 We cannot buy them at a price too dear.
 Let us receive them to our peaceful shore,
 While in their own the angry cannons roar:
 Here they may sing in safety, we reward 'em;
 Here no Visconti threatens to bombard 'em.
 Orpheus drew stones with his enchanting song;
 These can do more, they draw our gold along.
 — But tho' our angry poets rail in spite,
 Ladies, I own, I think your judgment right:
 Satire, perhaps, may wound some pretty thing;
 Those soft Italian warblers have no sting;
 Tho' your soft hearts the tuneful charm may win,
 You're still secure to find no harm within.
 Wisely from these rude places you abstain,
 Where satire gives the wounded bearer pain.
 'Tis hard to pay them who our faults reveal,
 As boys are forc'd to buy the rods they feel.
 No, let 'em starve, who dare to lash the age,
 And, as you've left the pulpit, leave the stage.*

THE

POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

IN TWO ACTS.

Br GEORGE COLEMAN, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Honeycombe,
Ledger,
Scribble,

Drury-Lane.
Mr Yates.
Mr Bransby.
Mr King.

WOMEN.

Mrs Honeycombe,
Polly,
Nurse,

Mrs Kennedy.
Miss Pope.
Mrs Bradshaw.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr KING.

HITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or France,
Came a dread sorceress; her name Romance.

O'er Britain's isle her wayward spells she cast,

And common sense in magic chain bound fast.

In mad sublime did each fond lover woo,

And in heroics run each billet-doux:

High deeds of chivalry their sole delight,

Each fair a maid distressed, each swain a knight.

Then might Statira Oroondates see,

At tilts and tournaments, arm'd cap-a-poe.

She too, on milk-white palfrey, lance in hand,

A dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.

This fiend to quell, his sword Cervantes drew,

A trusty Spanish blade, Toledo true:

Her talismans and magic wand he broke—

Knights, genii, castles—vanish'd into smoke.

But now, the dear delight of later years,

The younger sister of Romance, appears:

P

Left

*Less solemn is her air, her drift the same,
 And Novel her enchanting, charming name.
 Romance might strike our grave forefathers' pomp,
 But Novel for our buck and lively ramp!
 Cassandra's folios now no longer read;
 See two neat pocket-volumes in their stead!
 And then so sentimental is the style,
 So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while!
 Plot and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture,
 The total sum of ev'ry dear—dear—chapter.
 'Tis not alone the small-talk and the smart,
 'Tis novel most beguiles the female heart.
 Miss reads—she melts—she sighs—love steals upon her—
 And then—alas, poor girl!—good night, poor honour!—*

*" Thus of our Polly having lightly spoke,
 " New for our author!—but without a joke,
 " Though wits and journals, who ne'er fibb'd before,
 " Have laid this bantering at a certain door,
 " Where, lying store of faults, they'd fain heap more;
 " I now declare it as a serious truth,
 " 'Tis the first folly of a simple youth,
 " Caught and deluded by our barlot plays—
 " Then crush not in the shell this infant Bayes;
 " Exert your favour to a young beginner,
 " Nor use the stripling like a batter'd sinner."*

SCENE, *An Apartment in HONEYCOMBE'S House.*

POLLY, with a Book in her Hand.

WELL said, Sir George!—O the dear man!—
 But so—" With these words the enraptur'd
 " baronet (*reading*) concluded his declaration of love."
 —So!—" But what heart can imagine, (*reading*),
 " what tongue describe, or what pen delineate, the
 " amiable confusion of Emilia?"—Well, now for it.
 —" Reader, if thou art a courtly reader, thou hast
 " seen, at polite tables, iced cream crimsoned with ras-
 " berries; or, if thou art an uncourtly reader, thou hast
 " seen the rosy-finger'd morning dawning in the golden
 " east."—Dawning in the golden east!—Very pretty.
 —" Thou

* These lines were added by Mr Garrick, on its being reported
 that he was author of this piece; and, however humorous and poeti-
 cal, contain as strict matter of fact as the dullest prose.

—"Thou hast seen perhaps (*reading*) the artificial vermilion on the cheeks of Cleora, or the vermilion of nature on those of Sylvia; thou hast seen—in a word, the lovely face of Emilia was overspread with blushes."

—This is a most beautiful passage, I protest! Well, a novel for my money!—Lord, Lord, my stupid papa has no taste. He has no notion of humour and character, and the sensibility of delicate feeling, (*affectedly*.) And then mama—But where was I?—Oh, here—

"Overspread with blushes, (*reading*.)—Sir George, touched at her confusion, gently seized her hand, and softly pressing it to his bosom, (*acting it as she reads*), where the pulses of his heart beat quick, throbbing with tumultuous passion, in a plaintive tone of voice breathed out, Will you not answer me, Emilia?"—Tender creature!—"She, half raising (*reading and acting*) her downcast eyes, and half-inclining her averted head, said in faltering accents —Yes, Sir."—Well, now!—"Then gradually recovering, with ineffable sweetness she prepared to address him; when Mrs Jenkins bounced into the room, threw down a set of china in her hurry, and strewed the floor with porcelain-fragments: then turning Emilia round and round, whirled her out of the apartment in an instant, and struck Sir George dumb with astonishment at her appearance. She raved; but the baronet resuming his accustomed effrontery."—

Enter Nurse.

Oh, nurse, I am glad to see you!—Well, and how—

Nur. Well, chicken?

Pol. Tell me, tell me all this instant. Did you see him? Did you give him my letter? Did he write? Will he come? Shall I see him? Have you got the answer in your pocket? Have you—

Nur. Blessings on her, how her tongue runs!

Pol. Nay, but come, dear nurse, tell me, what did he say?

Nur. Say? why, he took the letter—

Pol. Well!

Nur. And kiss'd it a thousand times, and read it a thousand times, and—

Pol. Oh charming!

Nur. And ran about the room, and blest himself,—and, Heav'n preserve us, curst himself, and——

Pol. Very fine, very fine!

Nur. And vowed he was the most miserable creature upon earth, and the happiest man in the world, and——

Pol. Prodigiously fine! excellent!——My dear, dear nurse! (*Kissing her.*) Come, give me the letter.

Nur. Letter, chicken! what letter?

Pol. The answer to mine.——Come then! (*Impatiently.*)

Nur. I have no letter. He had such a *peramble* to write, by my troth I could not stay for it.

Pol. Psha!

Nur. How soon you're affronted now! He said he'd send it some time to-day.

Pol. Send it some time to-day!——I wonder now (*as if musing*) how he will convey it. Will he squeeze it, as he did the last, into the chicken-house in the garden? Or will he write it in lemon-juice, and send it in a book like blank paper? Or will he throw it into the house inclosed in an orange? Or will he——

Nur. Heavens bless her, what a sharp wit she has!

Pol. I have not read so many books for nothing. Novels, nurse, novels! A novel is the only thing to teach a girl life, and the way of the world, and elegant fancies, and love to the end of the chapter.

Nur. Yes, yes; you are always reading your simple story-books; the *Ventures* of Jack this, and the History of Betsey t'other, and Sir Humphrys, and women with hard Christian names. You had better read your prayer-book, chicken.

Pol. Why so I do; but I'm reading this now—— (*Looking into the book.*) "She raved; but the baronet"——I really think I love Mr Scribble as well as Emilia did Sir George.——Do you think, nurse, I should have had such a good notion of love so early if I had not read novels? Did not I make a conquest of Mr Scribble in a single night at a dancing? but my cross papa will hardly ever let me go out.——And then, I know life as well as if I had been in the beau-monde all my days. I can tell the nature of a masquerade as well as if I had been at twenty. I long for a mobbing scheme with Mr Scribble

Scribble in the two-shilling gallery, or a snug party a little way out of town in a post-chaise——And then I have such a head full of intrigues and contrivances! Oh, nurse, a novel is the only thing.

Nur. Contrivances! ay, mayry, you have need of contrivances. Here are your papa and mama fully resolved to marry you to young Mr Ledger, Mr Simeon the rich Jew's wife's nephew; and all the while your head runs upon nothing but Mr Scribble.

Pol. A fiddle-stick's end for Mr Ledger!—I tell you what, nurse, I'll marry Mr Scribble, and not marry Mr Ledger, whether papa and mama choose it or no.——And how do you think I'll contrive it?

Nur. How, chicken?

Pol. Why, don't you know?

Nur. No, indeed.

Pol. And can't you guess?

Nur. No, by my troth, not I.

Pol. O Lord, 'tis the commonest thing in the world.——I intend to elope.

Nur. Elope, chicken! what's that?

Pol. Why, in the vulgar phrase, run away—that's all.

Nur. Mercy on us!—Run away!

Pol. Yes, run away, to be sure. Why, there's nothing in that, you know. Every girl elopes when her parents are obstinate and ill-natur'd about marrying her. It was just so with Betsy Thompson, and Sally Wilkins, and Clarinda, and Leonora, in the History of Dick Careless, and Julia in the Adventures of Tom Ramble, and fifty others.—Did not they all elope? and so will I too. I have as much right to elope as they had; for I have as much love, and as much spirit as the best of them.

Nur. Why, Mr Scribble's a fine man, to be sure, a gentleman every inch of him.

Pol. So he is; a dear charming man!——Will you elope too, nurse?

Nur. Not for the varfal world. Suppose now, chicken, your papa and mama——

Pol. What care I for papa and mama? Have not they been married and happy long enough ago? and are they not still coaxing, and fondling, and kissing each other

all the day long?—Where's my dear love, (*mimicking.*) My beauty! says papa, hobbling along with his crutch-headed cane and his old gouty legs. Ah, my sweeting, my precious Mr Honeycombe, d'ye love your nown dear wife? says mama; and then they squeeze their hard hands to each other, and their old eyes twinkle, and they're as loving as Darby and Joan,—especially if mama has had a cordial or two—Eh, nurse!

Nur. Oh fie, chicken!

Pol. And then, perhaps, in comes my utter aversion, Mr Ledger, with his news from the 'Change, and his Change-alley wit, and his thirty *per cent.* (*mimicking*) and stocks have risen one and a half and three-eighths. I'll tell you what, nurse, they would make fine characters for a novel, all three of them.

Nur. Ah, you're a graceless bird!—But I must go down stairs, and watch if the coast's clear, in case of a letter.

Pol. Cou'd not you go to Mr Scribble's again after it?

Nur. Again, indeed, Mrs Hot-upon't!

Pol. Do now, my dear nurse, pray do; and call at the circulating library as you go along for the rest of this novel—the History of Sir George Trueman and Emilia—and tell the bookseller to be sure to send me the British Amazon, and Tom Faddle, and the rest of the new novels this winter, as soon as ever they come out.

Nur. Ah, pise on your naughty novels, I say. [*Exit.*]

Pol. Ay, go now, my dear nurse, go; there's a good woman.—What an old fool it is! with her pise on it—and fie, chicken—and no, by my troth—(*mimicking.*)—Lord, what a strange house I live in!—not a soul in it, except myself, but what are all queer animals, quite droll creatures. There's papa and mama, and the old foolish nurse—(*Re-enter Nurse with a band-box.*) Oh, nurse, what brings you back so soon? What have you got there?

Nur. Mrs Commode's 'prentice is below, and has brought home your new cap and ruffles, chicken.

Pol. Let me see—let me see—(*opening the box.*) Well I swear this is a mighty pretty cap, a sweet pair of flying lappets! Aren't they, nurse?—Ha, what's this?

[*looking*]

(*looking into the box.*)—Oh charming! a letter! did not I tell you so?—Let's see—let's see—(*opening the letter hastily—it contains three or four sheets.*) “Joy of my soul—only hope—eternal bliss—(*dipping in—to different places.*) The cruel blasts of coyness and disdain blow out the flame of love, but then the virgin-breath of kindness and compassion blows it in again.”—Prodigious pretty! isn't it, nurse? (*Turning over the leaves.*)

Nur. Yes, that is pretty—but what a deal there is on't. 'Tis an old saying, and a true one, the more there's said, the less there's done. Ah, they wrote otherguess sort of letters when I was a girl! (*While she talks, Polly reads.*)

Pol. Lord, nurse, if it was not for novels and love-letters, a girl would have no use for her writing and reading—But what's here? (*reading.*) Poetry!

“Well may I cry out with Alonzo in the Revenge—

“Where didst thou steal those eyes? From heaven?

“Thou didst, and 'tis religion to adore them.”

Excellent! Oh, he's a dear man!

Nur. Ay, to be sure—But you forget your letter-carrier below; she'll never bring you another if you don't speak to her kindly.

Pol. Speak to her! why, I'll give her sixpence, woman! Tell her I am coming—I will but just read my letter over five or six times, and go to her—Oh, he's a charming man! (*reading.*) Very fine! very pretty!—He writes as well as Bob Lovelace—(*Kissing the letter.*) Oh, dear, sweet Mr Scribble! [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to another Apartment. Honeycombe and Mrs Honeycombe at Breakfast—Honeycombe reading in the Newspaper.

Mrs Hon. My dear!

[*Peculiarly.*]

Hon. What d'ye say, my love?

[*Still reading.*]

Mrs Hon. You take no notice of me—Lay by that silly paper—put it down—come then—drink your tea—You don't love me now.

Hon. Ah, my beauty!

[*Looking very fondly.*]

Mrs Hon. Do you love your own dear wife?

[*Tenderly.*]

Hon.

Hon. Dearly——She knows I do——Don't you, my beauty?

Mrs Hon. Ah, you're a dear, dear man! (*Rising and kissing him.*) He does love her—and he's her own husband—and she loves him most dearly and tenderly——that she does. [*Kissing him.*]

Hon. My beauty, I have a piece of news for you.

Mrs Hon. What is it, my sweeting?

Hon. The paper here says, that young Tom Seaton, of Aldersgate-Street, was married yesterday at Bow-Church, to Miss Fairly of Cornhill.

Mrs Hon. A flaunting, flairing buffey! she a husband?

Hon. But what does my beauty think of her own daughter?

Mrs Hon. Of our Polly, sweeting?

Hon. Ay, Polly: What sort of a wife d'ye think she'll make, my love?——I concluded every thing with Mr Simcon yesterday, and expect Mr Ledger every minute.

Mrs Hon. Think, my sweeting?——Why, I think if she love him half so well as I do my own dear man, that she'll never suffer him out of her sight—that she'll look at him with pleasure—(*they both ogle fondly*)—and love him—and kiss him—and fondle him—Oh, my dear, 'tis impossible to say how dearly I love you.

[*Kissing and fondling him.*]

Enter Ledger.

Led. Heyday! what now, good folks, what now? Are you so much in arrear? or are you paying off principal and interest both at once?

Hon. My dear——Consider——Mr Ledger is——

Mrs Hon. What signifies Mr Ledger?——He is one of the family, you know, my sweeting.

Led. Ay, so I am——never mind me——never mind me——Though, by-the-bye, I should be glad of somebody to make much of me too. Where's Miss Polly?

Hon. That's right—that's right——Here, John?

Enter John.

Where's Polly?

John. In her own room, Sir.

Hon. Tell her to come here——And hark ye, John, while

while Mr Ledger stays, I am not at home to any body else. *[Exit John.]*

Led. Not at home!—Are those your ways!—If I was to give such a message to my servant, I should expect a commission of bankruptcy out against me the next day.

Hon. Ay, you men of large dealings—it was so with me when I was in business—But where's this girl? what can she be about?—My beauty, do step yourself, and send her here immediately.

Mrs Hon. I will, my sweeting! *[Offering to kiss him.]*

Hon. Nay, my love, not now—

Mrs Hon. Why not now?—I will, *(kissing him.)* Good b'ye, love—Mr Ledger, your servant—B'ye, dearest. *[Exit.]*

Hon. Ha, ha! You see, Mr Ledger, you see what you are to come to—But I beg pardon—I quite forgot—have you breakfasted?

Led. Breakfasted! ay, four hours ago, and done an hundred tickets since, over a dish of coffee, at Jonathan's—Let me see, *(pulling out his watch,)*—bless my soul, 'tis eleven o'clock! I wish Miss would come—'Tis transfer-day—I must be at the bank before twelve without fail.

Hon. Ob, here she comes.—*(Enter Polly.)*—Come, child, where have you been all this time?—Well, Sir, I'll leave you together—Polly, you'll—ha, ha, ha!—Your servant, Mr Ledger, your servant. *[Exit.]*

[Polly and Ledger remain—they stand at a great distance from each other.]

Pol. (aside) What a monster of a man!—What will the frightful creature say to me?—I am now, for all the world, just in the situation of poor Clarissa—and the wretch is ten times uglier than Soames himself.

Led. Well, Miss.

Pol. (aside.) He speaks: What shall I say to him?—Suppose I have a little sport with him—I will.—I'll indulge myself with a few airs of distant flirtation at first, and then treat him like a dog. I'll use him worse than Nancy Howe ever did Mr Hickman—Pray, Sir, *(to Ledger)* did you ever read the History of Emilia?

Led.

Led. Not I, Miss, not I—I have no time to think of such things, not I—I hardly read any thing, except the Daily Advertiser, or the List at Lloyd's—nor write—neither, except 'tis my name now and then—I keep a dozen clerks for nothing in the world else but to write.

Pol. A dozen clerks!—Prodigious!

Led. Ay, a dozen clerks. Business must be done, Miss!—We have large returns, and the balance must be kept on the right side, you know.—In regard to last year now—Our returns from the first of January to the last of December, fifty-nine, were to the amount of sixty thousand pounds sterling. We clear, upon an average, at the rate of 12 per cent. Cast up the twelves in sixty thousand, and you may make a pretty good guess at our net profits!

Pol. Net profits!

Led. Ay, Miss, net profits.—Simeon and Ledger are names as well known as any in the Alley, and good for as much at the bottom of a piece of paper.—But no matter for that—you must know that I have an account to settle with you, Miss.—You're on the debtor-side in my books, I can tell you, Miss.

Pol. I in your debt, Mr Ledger!

Led. Over head and ears in my debt, Miss.

Pol. I hate to be in debt of all things—Pray let me discharge you at once—for I can't endure to be dunn'd.

Led. Not so fast, Miss, not so fast. Right reckoning makes long friends—Suppose now we should compound this matter, and strike a balance in favour of both parties.

Pol. How d'ye mean, Mr Ledger?

Led. Why then, in plain English, Miss, I love you—I'll marry you.—My uncle Simeon and Mr Honeycombe have settled the matter between them—I am fond of the match—and hope you are the same—There's the sum total.

Pol. Is it possible that I can have any charms for Mr Ledger?

Led. Charms, Miss! you are all over charms—I like you—I like your person, your family, your fortune—

I like you altogether—the omniums—Eh, Miss! —I like the omniums—and don't care how large a premium I give for them.

Pol. Lord, Sir!

Led. Come, Miss, let's both set our hands to it, and sign and seal the agreement, without loss of time or hindrance of business.

Pol. Not so fast, Sir, not so fast.—Right reckoning makes long friends, you know—Mr Ledger!

Led. Miss!

Pol. After so explicit and polite a declaration on your part, you will expect, no doubt, some suitable returns on mine.

Led. To be sure, Miss, to be sure—ay, ay, let's examine the *per contra*.

Pol. What you have said, Mr Ledger, has, I take it for granted, been very sincere.

Led. Very sincere, upon my credit, Miss.

Pol. For my part then, I must declare, however unwillingly—

Led. Out with it, Miss!

Pol. That the passion I entertain for you is equally strong—

Led. Oh brave!

Pol. And that I do with equal, or more sincerity—

Led. Thank you, Miss; thank you.

Pol. Hate and detest—

Led. How! how!

Pol. Loath and abhor you—

Led. What! what!

Pol. Your sight is shocking to me, your conversation odious, and your passion contemptible—

Led. Mighty well, Miss! mighty well!

Pol. You are a vile book of arithmetic, a table of pounds shillings and pence—You are uglier than a figure of eight, and more tiresome than the multiplication-table—There's the sum total.

Led. Flesh and blood!

Pol. Don't talk to me—Get along—or if you don't leave the room, I will.

Led. Very fine, very fine, Miss!—Mr Honeycombe

shall

shall know this. He'll bring you below *par* again, I warrant you. [Exit.]

Pol. (alone.) Ha, ha, ha!—There he goes—Ha, ha, ha!—I have out-topped them all—Miss Howe, Narcissa, Clarinda, Polly Barnes, Sophy Willis, and all of them. None of them ever treated an odious fellow with half so much spirit—This would make an excellent chapter in a new novel.—But here comes papa—in a violent passion, no doubt.—No matter—It will only furnish materials for the next chapter.

Enter Honeycombe.

Hon. What is the meaning, Mistress Polly, of this extraordinary behaviour? How dare you treat Mr Ledger ill, and behave so undutifully to your papa and mama?—You are a spoilt child—your mama and I have been too fond of you—But have a care, young Madam! mend your conduct, or you may be sure we'll make you repent on't.

Pol. Lord, Papa, how can you be so angry with me?—I am as dutiful as any girl in the world.—But there's always an uproar in the family about marrying the daughter; and now poor I must suffer in my turn.

Hon. Hark ye, Miss!—Why did not you receive Mr Ledger as your lover?

Pol. Lover!—Oh, dear papa, he has no more of a lover about him!—He never so much as cast one languishing look towards me, never once prest my hand, or struck his breast, or threw himself at my feet, or—Lord, I read such a delightful declaration of love in the new novel this morning! First, papa, Sir George Trueman—

Hon. Devil take Sir George Trueman!—these cursed novels have turned the girl's head—Hark ye, hussy! I could almost find in my heart to—I say, hussy, isn't Mr Ledger a husband of your papa and mama's providing? And ar'n't they the properest persons to dispose of you?

Pol. Dispose of me?—See there now!—Why you have no notion of these things, papa!—Your head's so full of trade and commerce, that you would dispose of your daughter like a piece of merchandise—But my heart is my own property, and at nobody's disposal but

my own—Sure you would not consign me, like a bale of silk, to Ledger and Co.—Eh! papa!

Hon. Her impudence amazes me.—Hark ye, hussy, you're an undutiful slut—

Pol. Not at all undutiful, papa!—But I hate Mr Ledger—I can't endure the sight of him—

Hon. This is beyond all patience—Hark ye, hussy, I'll—

Pol. Nay, more; to tell you the whole truth, my heart is devoted to another. I have an insuperable passion for him; and nothing shall shake my affection for my dear Mr Scribble.

Hon. Mr Scribble!—Who's Mr Scribble?—Hark ye, hussy, I'll turn you out of doors—I'll have you confin'd to your chamber—Get out of my sight—I'll have you lock'd up this instant.

Pol. Lock'd up! I thought so. Whenever a poor girl refuses to marry any horrid creature her parents provide for her, then she's to be lock'd up immediately—Poor Clarissa! poor Sophy Western! I am now going to be treated just as you have been before me.

Hon. Those abominable books!—Hark ye, hussy, you shall have no novel to amuse you—Get along, I say—No pen and ink to scrawl letters—Why don't you go?—Nor no trusty companion—Get along—I'll have you lock'd up this instant, and the key of your chamber shall be in your mama's custody.

Pol. Indeed, papa, you need not give my mama so much trouble—I have—

Hon. Get along, I say.

Pol. I have read of such things as ladders of ropes—

Hon. Out my sight!

Pol. Or of escaping out of the window, by tying the sheets together—

Hon. Hark ye, hussy—

Pol. Or of throwing one's-self into the street upon a feather-bed—

Hon. I'll turn you out of doors—

Pol. Or of being catch'd in a gentleman's arms—

Hon. Zouns, I'll—

Pol. Or of—

Hon. Will you be gone?

[*Exeunt, both talking.*

SCENE *changes to Polly's Apartment.*

Enter Scribble, disguis'd in a live.

So!—in this disguise mistress nurse has brought me hither safe and undiscover'd.—Now for Miss Polly! here's her letter: a true picture of her nonsensical self! —“To my dearest Mr Scribble.” [*Reading the direction.*] And the seal two doves billing, with this motto:

“We two,
“When we woo,
“Bill and coo.”

—Pretty!—And a plain proof I shan't have much trouble with her—I'll make short work on't—I'll carry her off to-day, if possible—clap up a marriage at once; and then down upon our marrow-bones, and ask pardon and blessing of papa and mama. (*Noise without.*) Here she comes.

Hon. (without.) Get along, I say,—Up to your own chamber, hussy.

Pol. (without.) Well, papa, I am—

Scrib. O the devil!—Her father coming up with her!—What shall I do? (*Running about.*) Where shall I hide myself?—I shall certainly be discovered—I'll get up the chimney.—Zouns! they are just here—Ten to one the old cuff may not stay with her—I'll pop into this closet. [*Exit.*]

Enter Honeycombe and Polly.

Hon. Here, mistress Malapert, stay here, if you please, and chew the cud of disobedience and mischief in private.

Pol. Very well, papa!

Hon. Very well!—What! you are sulky now? Hark ye, hussy, you are a saucy minx, and 'tis not very well—I have a good mind to keep you upon bread and water this month. I'll—I'll—But I'll say no more—I'll lock you up, and carry the key to your mama—she'll take care of you—You will have Mr Scribble—Let's see how he can get to you now. (*Showing the key.*)

[*Exit, locking the door.*]

Pol. (alone.) And so I will have Mr Scribble too, do what you can, Old Squaretocs!—I am provided with pen,

pen, ink, and paper, in spite of their teeth—I remember that Clarissa had cunning drawers made on purpose to secure those things in case of an accident—I am very glad I have had caution enough to provide myself with the same implements of intrigue, tho' with a little more ingenuity.—Indeed, now they make standishes, and tea chests, and dressing-boxes, in all sorts of shapes and figures—But mine are of my own invention—Here I've got an excellent ink-horn in my pin-cushion, —and a case of pens, and some paper, in my fan. (*Produces them.*) I will write to Mr Scribble immediately. I shall certainly see him eaves-dropping about our door the first opportunity, and then I'll toss it to him out of the window.

[*Sits down to write.*]

Scrib. (*putting his head out of the door of the closet.*) A clear coast, I find—The old Codger's gone, and has lock'd me up with his daughter—So much the better!—Pretty soul! What is she about? Writing!—A letter to me, I'll bet ten to one—I'll go and answer it *in propria persona.*

[*Comes forward and stands behind Polly, looking over her writing.*]

Pol. (*writing.*) “Me—in—your—arms.”—Let me see—What have I written! (*Reading.*) “My dearest “ dear Mr Scribble.”

Scrib. I thought so.

Pol. (*reading.*) “I am now writing in the most cruel “ confinement. Fly then, oh fly to me on the wings “ of love; release me from this horrid goal, and imprison me in your arms.”

Scrib. That I will with all my heart. [*Embracing her.*]

Pol. Oh!

[*Screaming.*]

Scrib. O the devil!—why do you scream so?—I shall be discovered in spite of fortune. [*Running about.*]

Pol. Bless me! is it you? Hush! [*Running to the door.* Here's my father coming up stairs, I protest.

Scrib. What the deuce shall I do?—I'll run into the closet again.

Pol. Oh no! he'll search the closet—Jump out of the window.

Scrib. I beg to be excus'd.

Pol. Lord! Here's no time to—he's here—get under

the table——(*Scribble hides.*)—Lie still—What shall I say?

[*Sits down by the table.*]

Enter Honeycombe.

Hon. How now, huffy!—What's all this noise?

Pol. Sir! [*Affecting surprise.*]

Hon. What made you scream so violently?

Pol. Scream, papa!

Hon. Scream, papa!—Ay, scream, huffy!—What made you scream, I say?

Pol. Lord, papa, I have never opened my lips, but have been in a philosophical reverie ever since you left me.

Hon. I am sure I thought I heard—But, how now, huffy? what's here—pens—ink—and paper!—Hark ye, huffy!—How came you by these?—So! so! fine contrivances!—(*Examining them.*)—And a letter begun too—"Cruel confinement—wings of love—your arms." (*Reading.*) Ah, you forward slut!—But I am glad I have discovered this—I'll seize these moveables.—So, so! Now write, if you can.—Nobody shall come near you—Send to him if you can.—Now see how Mr Scribble will get at you.—Now I have you safe, mistress!—And now—ha, ha!—now you may make love to the table—Hey-day! what's here? a man? (*Seeing Scribble.*) There was a noise, then! Have I caught you, Madam!—Come, Sir, come out of your hole! (*Scribble comes from under the table.*)—A footman!—Who the devil are you, Sir?—Where did you come from?—What d'ye want?—How came you here? Eh, firrah!

Scrib. Sir—I—I—What the deuce shall I say to him?

Hon. Speak, rascal!

Scrib. Sir—I—I—I came about a little business to Miss Honeycombe.

Hon. Business!—Ay, you look like a man of business indeed—What, you was to carry this scrawl of a love-letter, I suppose. Eh, firrah!

Scrib. A lucky mistake! I'll humour it. [*Aside.*]

Hon. What's that you mutter?—Whose livery is this? who do you belong to, fellow?

Scrib. My master.

Hon.

Hon. And who is your master, Sir?

Scrib. A gentleman.

Pol. Papa don't suspect who he is. I must speak for him. (*Aside.* This honest young man belongs to the gentleman I told you I was devoted to——Mr Scribble, papa.

Hon. To Mr Scribble, does he? Very fine!

Scrib. Yes, Sir; to Mr Scribble——a person of fortune and character——a man of fashion, Sir.——Miss Polly need not blush to own her passion for him——I don't know a finer gentleman about town than Mr Scribble.

Pol. Lord, how well he behaves!——We shall certainly bam the old gentleman. [*Aside.*

Hon. Hark ye, firrah!——get out of my house this instant——I've a good mind to have you tossed in a blanket——or dragged thro' a horse-pond——or tied neck and heels; and——I've a good mind to carry you before the sitting alderman, you dog you!

Scrib. I won't give you that trouble, Sir.——Miss Honeycombe, I kiss your hands——You have no further commands to my master at present, Ma'am?——Your compliments, I suppose.

Pol. Compliments!——My best love to my dear Mr Scribble:

Scrib. Pretty soul!

Hon. This is beyond all patience——Out of my house, firrah!——Where are all my fellows?——I'll have you thrown out of the window.——You shall be trundled down stairs headlong——You shall——

Scrib. Patience, old gentleman! I shall go out of the house the same way I came into it, I promise you.——And let me tell you, Sir, by way of a kind word at parting, that, scold Miss Polly ever so much, watch her ever so narrowly, or confine her ever so closely, Mr Scribble will have her, whether you will or no, you old cuss you.

[*Exit.*

Hon. An impudent dog!——I'll have his livery stript over his ears for his insolence——As for you, my young mistress, I'll bring down your high spirit, I warrant you,——There, Ma'am, sit there if you please.——(*Forcing her into a chair.*)——We'll send you The Whole Duty of

Man, or The Practice of Piety, to read ;—or a chair, a screen, or a carpet, to work with your needle.—We'll find you employment.—Some other books than novels, and some better company than Mr Scribble's footman—Have done with your nonsense—and learn to make a pudding, you impudent, idle young baggage. [*Exit.*]

Pol. (alone.) An old fool! (*mocking him.*) Well, this is a curious adventure, truly!—If I could but make my escape now, after all, it would be admirable.—I am sure Mr Scribble would not go far from the house—Let me see—How can I manage it?—Suppose I force the lock—or take of the screws of it—or get the door off the hinges—I'll try. (*Going, stops.*) Or, hold! I have a brighter thought than any of them—I'll set fire to the house—and so be carried off, like stolen goods, in the confusion—A most excellent contrivance!—I must put it in practice. (*Noise without.*) O dear, here's somebody coming—(*After unlocking the door, enter Nurse.*) Oh, nurse, is it you? I am heartily glad to see you. I thought it had been papa or mama.

Nur. Ah, chicken, I have taken care of your mama—Mr Honeycombe brought her the key in a parlous fury, with orders to let nobody go near you except himself. But Madam—I can't choose but laugh—Madam had taken a glass extraordinary of her cordial, and I have left her fast asleep in her own chamber.

Pol. The luckiest thing in the world!—Now, my dear nurse, you may let your poor bird out of her cage—Away, away this instant!

Nur. Softly, chicken, softly!—You ruin'd all with Mr Scribble just now, by making a noise, you know.

Pol. Lord, nurse, I had no power of reflection—I was quite frightened—I was as much surpris'd as Sophy Western when she saw Tom Jones in the looking-glass.

Nur. Hush!—you shall steal off immediately. Your papa is very busy with Mr Ledger.—Mr Scribble is waiting with a hackney-chair but in the next street—you may slip sily into it, and be convey'd to his lodging in a trice, chicken.

Pol. And he strut before the chair all the way in his livery, and cry—“By your leave, Sir!—By your leave,
“Ma'am!”

“Ma’am!”—Eh!—admirable!—Come, nurse, I long to be in his hands.

Nur. Stay; let me go before, to see that there is nobody in the way. Come gently down stairs—I’ll set open the door, and then you may get to him as fast as you can.—Ah, you’re a wanton baggage!

Pol. Very well! come along then!—“By your leave, Sir!—By your leave, Ma’am!” Oh rare!—This is the finest adventure I ever had in my life.

[Exit, following the nurse.]

SCENE changes to Mrs Honeycombe’s Apartment.

Mrs Hon. (alone—several phials on the table, with labels.) I am not at all well to-day.—(Tawns as if just waking.)—Such a quantity of tea in a morning makes one quite nervous—and Mr Honeycombe does not choose it qualified.—I have such a dizziness in my head, it absolutely turns round with me.—I don’t think neither that the hysseric water is warm enough for my stomach—I must speak to Mr Julep to order me something rather more comfortable.

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Did you call, Ma’am?

Mrs Hon. Oh nurse, is it you?—No, I did not call—Where’s Mr Honeycombe?

Nur. Below stairs in the parlour, Madam—I did not think she’d have wak’d so soon—If she should miss the key now, before I have an opportunity to lay it down again!

Mrs Hon. What d’ye say, nurse?

Nur. Say, Ma’am?—Say!—I say, I hope you’re a little better, Ma’am!

Mrs Hon. Oh nurse, I am perfectly giddy with my nerves, and so low-spirited.

Nur. Poor gentlewoman! Suppose I give you a sup out of the case of Italian cordials, Ma’am, that was sent as a present from Mr What-d’ye-call-him, in Crutched-friers—the Italian merchant with the long name.

Mrs Hon. Filthy poison! don’t mention it.—Faugh! I hate the very names of them.—You know, nurse, I never touch any cordials but what come from the apothecary’s

thecary's—What o'clock is it?—Isn't it time to take my draught?

Nur. By my troth, I believe it is—Let me see; I believe this is it—(*Takes up a phial, and slips the key upon the table.*) “The stomachic draught, to be taken an hour before dinner. For Mrs Honeycombe.” (*Reading the label.*)—Ay, this is it—By my troth, I am glad I've got rid of the key again. [*Aside.*]

Mrs Hon. Come then—pour it into a tea-cup, and give it me—I'm afraid I can't take it. It goes sadly against me.

While she is drinking, Honeycombe without.

Run, John, run!—After them immediately!—Harry, do you run too—Stick close to Mr Ledger—Don't return without them for your life!

Nur. Good lack! good lack! they're discover'd as sure as the day. [*Aside.*]

Mrs Hon. Lord, nurse, what's the matter?

Nur. I don't know, by my troth.

Enter Honeycombe.

Mrs Hon. O, my sweeting, I am glad you are come!—I was so frightened about you.

[*Rises, and seems disordered.*]

Hon. Zouns, my dear—

Mrs Hon. O don't swear, my dearest!

Hon. Zouns, 'tis enough to make a parson swear—You have let Polly escape—She's run away with a fellow.

Mrs Hon. You perfectly astonish me, my dear!—I can't possibly conceive—My poor head aches too to such a degree—Where's the key of her chamber?

[*Seems disordered.*]

Nur. Here, Madam, here it is.

Hon. Zouns, I tell you—

Mrs Hon. Why, here's the key, my sweeting!—'Tis absolutely impossible—It has lain here ever since you brought it me—not a soul has touched it—Have they, nurse?

[*Disordered.*]

Nur. Not a creature, I'll take my Bible-oath on't.

Hon. I tell you, she's gone—I'm sure on't—Mr Ledger saw a strange footman put her into a chair at the corner

corner of the street—and he and John, and a whole posse, are gone in pursuit of them.

Mrs Hon. This is the most extraordinary circumstance——'Tis quite beyond my comprehension——But my sweetening must not be angry with his own dear wife—it was not her fault. [*Fondling.*

Hon. Nay, my love, don't trifle now——

Mrs Hon. I must——I will——

Hon. Zouns, my dear, be quiet!—I shall have my girl ruined for ever.

Led. (*without.*) This way—this way—bring them along.

Hon. Hark! they're coming—Mr Ledger has overtaken them—they're here.

Led. (*without.*) Here—Mr Honeycombe is in this room——Come along.

Enter Ledger, Polly, and Scribble, with Servants.

Led. Here they are, Mr Honeycombe!——We've brought them back again——Here they are, Madam.

Hon. Hark ye, hussy! I have a good mind to turn you out of doors again immediately.——You are a disgrace to your family—you're a shame-to——

Mrs Hon. Stay, my dear, don't put yourself into such a passion!——Polly, observe what I say to you——Let me know the whole circumstances of this affair——I don't at all understand——Tell me, I say——

[*Disorder'd.*

Hon. Zouns! I have no patience——Hark ye, hussy!——Where was you going?——Tell me for certain who this fellow belongs to?——Where does he live?——Who is he?

Pol. That gentleman, papa, that gentleman, is no other than Mr Scribble.

Hon. This! is this Mr Scribble?

Scrib. The very man, Sir; at your service——An humble admirer of Miss Honeycombe's.

Pol. Yes, papa, that's Mr Scribble——the sovereign of my heart—the sole object of my affections.

Mrs Hon. What can be the meaning of all this?

Hon. Why, you beggarly slut! this is even worse than I expected——What, would you run away from your family with a fellow in livery, a footman?

Pol.

Pol. A footman! Ha, ha, ha! very good; and so, papa, you really believe he is a footman.—A footman!

Scrib. A footman, eh, my dear!—An errand-boy!—A scoundrel—fellow in livery—Yes, I am very like a footman, to be sure! [*Laughing with Polly.*]

Pol. Why, papa, don't you know that every gentleman disguises himself in the course of an amour?—Don't you remember that Bob Lovelace disguised himself like an old man, and Tom Ramble like an old woman?—No adventure can be carried on without it.

Hon. She's certainly mad—stark mad—Hark ye, Sir, who are you?—I'll have you sent to the Compter—You shall give an account of yourself before my Lord Mayor.

Scrib. What care I for my Lord Mayor?

Hon. There!—there's a fellow for you!—Don't care for my Lord Mayor!

Scrib. No—nor the whole court of aldermen—Hark ye, old greybeard, I am a gentleman—A gentleman as well known as any in the city.

Mrs Hon. Upon my word, I believe so—He seems a very proper gentleman-like—sort of a—kind of a—person.

Led. As well known as any in the city!—I don't believe it—He's no good man—I am sure he's not known upon 'Change.

Scrib. Damme, Sir, what d'ye mean?

Led. Oho! Mr gentleman, is it you?—I thought I knew your voice—ay, and your face too—Pray, Sir, don't you live with Mr Traverse the attorney, in Gracechurch Street?—Did not you come to me last week about a policy of insurance?

Scrib. O the devil! (*Aside.*) I come to you, Sir?—I never saw your face before. [*To Ledger.*]

Nur. Good luck! he'll certainly be discovered.

[*Aside.*]

Hon. An attorney's clerk—Hark ye, friend—

Scrib. 'Egad, I'd best sneak off before 'tis worse.

[*Going.*]

Hon. Hark ye, woman! (*to Nurse.*)—I begin to suspect—Have not I heard you speak of a kinsman, clerk to Mr Traverse!—Stop him.

Scrib.

Scrib. Hands off, gentlemen!—Well then—I do go through a little business for Mr Traverse—What then? What have you to say to me now, Sir?

Pol. Do, pray, mama, take Mr Scribble's part, pray do!

Nur. Do, ma'am, speak a good word for him.

Mrs Hon. I understand nothing at all of the matter.

Apart, while they are stopping Scribble.

Hon. Hark ye, woman!—He's your nephew—I'm sure on't—I'll turn you out of doors immediately—You shall be—

Nur. I beg upon my knees that your honour would forgive me—I meant no harm; heaven above knows—

[Kneeling.]

Hon. No harm! what, to marry my daughter to—I'll have you sent to Newgate—And you, (to Polly,) you sorry baggage? d'ye see what you was about?—You was running away with a beggar—with your nurse's nephew, huffy!

Pol. Lord, papa, what signifies whose nephew he is? He may be ne'er the worse for that—Who knows but he may be a foundling, and a gentleman's son, as well as Tome Jones?—My mind is resolved—and nothing shall ever alter it.

Scrib. Bravo, Miss Polly!—A fine generous spirit, faith!

Hon. You're an impudent slut—You're undone—

Mrs Hon. Nay, but, look ye, Polly!—mind me, child!—You know that I—

Pol. As for my poor mama here, you see, Sir, she is a little in the nervous way this morning—When she comes to herself, and Mr Julep's draughts have taken a proper effect, she'll be convinced I am in the right.

Hon. Hold your impertinence.—Hark ye, Polly—

Pol. And you, my angelic Mr Scribble!

Scrib. *Ma chere adorable!*

Pol. You may depend on my constancy and affection. I never read of any lady's giving up her lover, to submit to the absurd election of her parents—I'll have you, let what will be the consequence.—I'll have you, tho' we go through as many distresses as Booth and Amelia.

Hon.

Hon. Peace, hussy!

Pol. As for you, you odious wretch, (*to Ledger*), how could they ever imagine that I should dream of such a creature? A great he-monster! I would as soon be married to the Staffordshire giant—I hate you. You are as deceitful as Blifil, as rude as the Harlowes, and as ugly as Doctor Slop. [*Exit.*]

Led. Mighty well, Miss, mighty well!

Scrib. Prodigious humour! high fun, faith!

Hon. She's downright raving—mad as a March hare—I'll put her into Bedlam—I'll send her into the country—I'll have her shut up in a nunnery—I'll—

Mrs Hon. Come, my sweeting, don't make your dear self so uneasy—don't—

Hon. As for you Sir, (*to Scribble.*)—Hark ye, strip-ling—

Scrib. Nay, nay, old gentleman, no bouncing!—You're mistaken in your man, Sir; I know what I'm about.

Hon. Zouns, Sir, and I know—

Scrib. Yes, Sir; and I know that I've done nothing contrary to the twenty-sixth of the king—Above a month ago, Sir, I took lodgings in Miss Polly's name and mine, in the parish of St George's in the Fields—The bans have been asked three times, and I could have married Miss Polly to-day—So much for that—And so, Sir, your servant—If you offer to detain me, I shall bring my action on the case for false imprisonment, sue out a bill of Middlesex, and upon a *non est inventus*, if you abscond, a *latitat*, then an *alias*, a *pluries*, a *non omittas*, and so on—Or perhaps I may indict you at the sessions, bring the affair by *certiorari* into *ban-cum regis, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*—And now—stop me at your peril. [*Exit.*]

Hon. I am stunn'd with his jargon, and confounded at him impudence—Hark you, woman, (*to the Nurse.*)—I'll have you committed to Newgate—I'll—

Nur. Mighty well, your honour!—Fine treatment for an old servant indeed!—I, to be huff'd and ding'd about at this rate;—but 'tis an old saying and a true one—Give a dog an ill name, and hang him.—Live and

and learn, as they say—We grow older, and older every day—Service is no inheritance in these ages—There are more places than parish-churches—So you may do as you please, your honour—But I shall look up my things; give up a month's wages, for want of a month's warning, and go my ways out of your house immediately. [Exit.]

Hon. Why, you old beldam, I'll have you carted—You shall be burnt for a witch—But I'll put an end to this matter at once—Mr Ledger, you shall marry my daughter to-morrow morning.

Led. Not I, indeed, my friend! I give up my interest in her—She'd make a terrible wife for a sober citizen—Who can answer for her behaviour?—I would not underwrite her for ninety per cent. [Exit.]

Hon. See there! see there!—My girl is undone—Her character is ruined with all the world—These damn'd story-books!—What shall we do, Mrs Honeycombe? what shall we do?

Mrs Hon. Look ye, my dear, you've been wrong in every particular—

Hon. Wrong!—I! Wrong!—

Mrs Hon. Quite wrong, my dear!—I won'd not expose you before company—my tenderness, you know, is to great—But leave the whole affair to me—You are too violent—Go, my dear, go and compose yourself, and I'll set all matters to rights—(Going, turns back.) Don't you do any thing of your own head now—trust it all to me, my dear!—And I'll settle it in such a manner, that you,—and I,—and all the world—shall be astonished and delighted with it.

[Exit muttering.]

Hon. (alone.) Zouns, I shall run mad with vexation—Was ever man so heartily provoked?—You see now, gentlemen, (coming forward to the audience,) what a situation I am in!—Instead of happiness and jollity—my friends and family about me—a wedding and a dance—and every thing as it should be—here am I, left by myself—deserted by my intended son-in-law—bully'd by an attorney's clerk—affronted by my own servant—my daughter mad—my wife in the vapours—and all's in confusion.—This comes of cordials and novels.—

Zouns, your stomachics are the devil—and a man might as well turn his daughter loose in Covent-garden, as trust the cultivation of her mind to

A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

EPILOGUE

Written by Mr GARRICK.

Spoken by Miss POPE.

Enters, as Polly, laughing—*Ha, ha, ha!*

MY poor papa's in woful agitation—
While I, the cause, feel here (striking her bosom) no palpitation—
We girls of reading and superior notions,
Who from the fountain-head drink love's sweet potions,
Pity our parents, when such passion blinds 'em;
One hears the good folks rave—one never minds 'em.
Till these dear boys infus'd their soft ingredients,
Asham'd and fearful, I was all obedience.
Then my good father did not storm in vain,
I blush'd, and cry'd—"I'll ne'er do so again:"
But now no bugbears can my spirit tame,
I've conquer'd fear—and almost conquer'd shame.
So much these dear instructors change and win us,
Without their light we ne'er shou'd know what's in us.
Here we at once supply our childish wants—
Novels are bolsters for your forward plants.
Not only sentiments refine the soul,
But hence we learn to be the smart and drole;
Each aukward circumstance for laughter serves,
From nurse's nonsense to my mother's nerves.
Though parents tell us, that our genius lies
In mending linen and in making pies;
I set such formal precepts at defiance,
That preach up prudence, neatness, and compliance:
Leap these old bounds, and boldly set the pattern,
To be a wit, philosopher, and flatterer—
O! did all maids and wives my spirit feel,
We'd make this topsy-turvy world to reel.
Let us to arms!—Our fathers, husbands, dare!
Novels will teach us all the art of war:
Our tongues will serve for trumpet and for drum;
I'll be your leader—General Honeycombe!
Too long has human nature gone astray:
Daughters should govern, parents should obey:
Man should submit, the moment that he weds;
And hearts of oak should yield to wiser heads.
I see you smile, bold Britons!—But 'tis true—
Beat you the French;—but let your wives beat you—

THE

THE
BRAVE IRISHMAN.

BY MR THOMAS SHERIDAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONA.

MEN.

Captain O'Blunder,
Tradewell, a merchant,
Cheatwell,
Sconce,
Sergeant,
Dr Clyster,
Dr Gallypot,
Monsieur Ragou,

Edinburgh.
Mr Kennedy.
Mr Salmon.
Mr Davenport.
Mr Keasberry.
Mr Lancashire.
Mr Wright.
Mr Stamper.
Mr Heyman.

WOMEN.

Lucy, daughter to Tradewell,
Betty,

Miss Wells.
Miss Hamilton.

Blab, Keepers, &c.

SCENE, A Chamber.

Enter LUCY and BETTY.

LUCY.

TIS not the marriage, but the man, we hate;
'Tis there we reason and debate:

For, give us but the man we love,
We're sure the marriage to approve.

Well, this barbarous will of parents is a great drawback
on the inclinations of young people.

Betty. Indeed and so it is, Mem. For my part I'm
no heiress, and therefore at my own disposal; and if I

was under the restraint of the act, and kept from men, I would run to seed, so I would.—But la! Mem, I had forgot to acquaint you, I verily believes that I saw your Irish lover the captain; and I conceits it was he, and no other, so I do—and I saw him go into the blue postices, so I did.

Lucy. My Irish lover, Miss Pert! I never so much as saw his face in all my born days, but I hear he's a strange animal of a brute—Pray, had he his wings on? I suppose they sav'd him in his passage.

Betty. Oh! Mem, you mistakes the Irishmen. I am told they are as gentle as doves to our sex, with as much politeness and sincerity as if born in our own country.

Enter Cheatwell.

Cheat. Miss, your most humble and obedient—I come to acquaint you of our danger:—our common enemy is just imported hither, and is inquiring for your father's house thro' every street.—The Irish captain, in short, is come to London. Such a figure! and so attended by the rabble!

Lucy. I long to see him;—and Irishmen, I hear, are not so despicable: besides, the captain may be misrepresented. (*Aside.*) Well, you know my father's design is to have as many suitors as he can, in order to have a choice of them all.

Cheat. I have nothing but your prepossessions and sincerity to depend on. O here's my trusty Mercury.

Enter Sconce.

Well, Sconce, have you dogged the Captain?

Sconce. Yes, yes.—I left him snug in the Blue Posts, devouring a large dish of potatoes and half a surloin of beef for his breakfast.—He's just pat to our purpose;—easily humm'd, as simple and as undesigning as we would have him. Well, and what do you propose?

Cheat. Propose! why to drive him back to his native dogs as fast as possible.

Lucy. Oh! Mr Cheatwell—pray let's have a fight of the creter?

Cheat. Oh! female curiosity. Why, child, he'd frighten thee—he's above six feet high—

Sconce. A great huge back and shoulders—wears a great long sword, which he calls his *Sweetlips*.

Lucy.

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Lucy. I hear the Irish are naturally brave. *Scence.* And carries a large oaken cudgel; which he calls his *Shillela*.

Lucy. Which he can make use of on occasions, I suppose. *[Aside.]*

Scence. Add to this a great pair of jack-boots, a Cumberland pinch to his hat, an old red coat, and a damn'd potatoe-face.

Lucy. He must be worth seeing, truly.

Cheat. Well, my dear girl, be constant, with me success; for I shall so hum, so roast, and so banter this same Irish captain, that he'll scarce wish himself in London again these seven years to come.

Lucy. About it—Adieu—I hear my father. *[Exeunt feverally.]*

SCENE, A Street.

Enter Captain O'Blunder and Sergeant.

Capt. Tho' I will be dying,
For Captain O'Brien,
In the county of Kerry;

Tho' I would be sad,
I'll be very glad

That you will be merry.
Upon my shoul, this London is a pretty sort of a plash
enough. And so you tell me Chergeant, that Terence
M'Goodtery keeps a goon.

Serg. Yes, Sir.

Capt. Monomundioull—but when I go back to Ire-
land, if I catches any of these spalpeen brats keeping a
goon, to destroy the shentleman's creation, but I will
have 'em shot stone dead first, and phipt thorrow the re-
giment afterwards.

Serg. You mean that they shall be whipped first, and
then shot.

Capt. Well, isn't it the same thing? Phat the devil
magnifies that? 'Tis but phipping and shooting all the
time; 'tis the same thing in the end sure, after all your
cunning;—but still you'll be a wiseacre.—Monomun-
dioul, there ish'nt one of these spalpeens that has a cab-
bin upon a mountain, with a bit of a potatoe-garden at
the back of it, but will be keeping a goon;—but that

damn'd M'Gloodtery is an old pocher, he shoots all the rabbits in the country to stock his own burrough with— But Chergeant, don't you think he'll have a fine time on't that comes after me to Ballyshans Duff.

Serg. Why, Sir?

Capt. Why, don't you remember that I left an empty hoghead half full of oats there?

Serg. You mean, Sir, that you left it half full, and it is empty by this time.

Capt. Phat magnifies that, you fool? 'tis all the same thing, sure. But d'ye hear, Chergeant, stop and inquire for Mr Tradwell's the merchant,—at the sign of the—Oh! Cangrane, that's not it, but it was next door—Arrah, go ask phat sign my cousin Tradwell lives at next door to it.

Enter a Mob, who stare and laugh at him.

1 *Mob.* Twig his boots.

2 *Mob.* Smoke his sword, &c. &c.

Capt. Well, you scoundrels, you sons of whores, did you never see an Irish gentleman before?

Enter Sconce.

Sconce. O fie, gentlemen! are you not ashamed to mock a stranger after this rude manner?

Capt. This is a shivil short of a little fellow enough.

Sconce. If he is an Irishman, you may see by his dress

and behaviour that he is a gentleman.

Capt. Yesh, you shons of whores, don't you see by my dress that I am a gentleman? And if I have not better cloaths on now, phat magnifies that? sure I can have them on to-morrow. By my shoul, if I take my shilela to you, I'll make you skip like a dead salmon.

Sconce. Oh, for shame, gentleman, go about your business: The first man that offers an insult to him, I shall take it as an affront to myself.

[Mob exeunt.]

Capt. (to Sconce.) Shir, your humble servant; you seem to be a shivil, mannerly kind of a gentleman, and I shall be glad to be gratified with your nearer acquaintance.

Sconce. Pray, Sir, what part of England come you from?

Capt.

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Capt. The devil a part of England am I from, my dear; I am an Irishman.

Seance. An Irishman! Sir, I should not suspect that; you have not the least bit of the brogue about you.

Capt. Brogue! No, my dear; I always wear shoes, only now and then when I have boots on.

Enter Cheatwell.

Cheat. Captain O'Blunder!—Sir, you're extremely welcome to London—Sir, I'm your most sincere friend, and devoted humble servant.

Capt. Ara then! how well every body knows me in London—to be sure they have read of my name in the newspapers, and they know my faash ever since—Shir, I'm your most engaging conversation. [*Salute.*

Cheat. And, Captain, tell us how long are you arrived?

Capt. Upon my shoul, I'm just now come into London.

Cheat. I hope you had a good passage.

Capt. Passage d'ye call it?—Devil split it for a passage. By my shoul, my own bones are shore after it—We were on the devil's own turnpike for eight and-forty hours; to be sure, we were all in a comical pickle.—I'll tell you, my dear. We were brought down from Rings-end in the little young ship to the Pool-pheg, and then put into the great ship—the horse—ay, ay,—the Race-horse they call'd it.—But I believe, my dear, it was the devil's own post-horse; for I was no sooner got into the little room down stairs, by the corner of the hill of Hoath, but I was taken with such a headach in my stomach, that I thought my guts would come out upon the floor;—so, my dear, I call'd out to the landlord, the captain they call him, to stop the ship while I did die and say my prayers.—So, my dear, there was a great noise above; I ran up to see what was the matter.—Oh hone, my dear, in one minute's time there wasn't a sheet or blanket but phat was haul'd up to the top of the house.—Oh, kingrabb, says I, turn her about and let us go home again; but, my dear, he took no more notice of me than if I was one of the spalpeens below in the cellar going over to reap in harvest.

Cheat.

Cheat. No, Captain?—the unmannerly fellow! And what brought you to London, Captain?

Capt. Falt, my dear jewel, the stage-coach;—I sail'd in it from Chester.

Cheat. I mean what business?

Capt. How damn'd inquisitive they are here! but I'll be as cunning as no man alive. (*Aside.*) But my shoul, my jewel, I am going over to Wirginny to beat the French—they say they have driven our countrymen out of their plantations:—By my shoul, my jewel, if our troops get vorse among them, we'll cut them all in pieces, and then bring them over prisoners of war besides.

Cheat. Indeed, Captain, you are come upon an honourable expedition—But pray, how is the old gentleman your father? I hope you left him in good health?

Capt. Oh, by my shoul, he's very well, joy; for he's dead and buried these ten years.

Cheat. And the old gentleman your uncle?

Capt. I don't believe you mean that uncle, for I never had one.

Cheat. No, I'm sure—

Capt. O I'll tell you who you mean—you mean my chifter's husband; you fool you, that's my brother-in-law—

Cheat. Ay, a handsome man—as proper a man—

Capt. Ha, ha, a handsome man!—Ay, for he's a damn'd crooked fellow; he's bandy-shoulder'd, and has a hump on his nose, and a pair of huckle-backs upon his shins, if you call that handsome, ha, ha!

Cheat. And pray is that merry, joking gentleman alive still—he that us'd to make us laugh so—Mr—

Capt. Phugh, I'll tell you who you mean; you mean Sheela Shagnassy's husband the parson.

Cheat. The very same—

Capt. Oh, my dear jewel, he's as merry as he never was in his life. Phin I'm by, he's sometimes pretty smart upon me with his bumbuggs—But I told him at last, before Captain Flaharty, Miss Mullinin, and Miss Owney Glasmogonogh—Hark ye, Mr Parson, says I, by my shoul, you have no more wit than a goose. Oh

hone!

hone! he was struck at that, my dear, and hadn't a word in his cheek—Ara, my jewel, I'll tell you the whole story. We took a walk together—it was a fine calm morning, considering the wind was very high—so, my dear, the wind 'twas in our backs going, but by my shoul, as we came back, 'twas in our saash coming home; and yet I could never persuade him that the wind was turn'd—

Cheat. Oh the fool!

Capt. Ara, so I told him, my jewel. Pugh, you great oaf, says I—if the wind blows in your back going, and blows in your saash coming, sure the wind is turn'd—No, if I was to preach, and to preach till last Patrick's day in the morning, I could not dissuade him that the wind was turn'd.

Cheat. He had not common sense—Well, and does the old church stand where it did?

Capt. The old church—the devil a church I remember within ten miles of us—

Cheat. I'm sure there was an old building like a church or castle.

Capt. Phoo, my jewel, I know what you call a church—By my shoul, 'tis old lame Will Hurly's mill you mean—the devil a church—indeed they say mass in it sometimes. Here, Terence, go to that son of a whore of a taylor, and see whether my cloaths be done or no.

[Exit Terence.]
Cheat. Sure I should know that sergeant of yours; his name is—

Capt. Wiseacre, my dear: He's the best recruiting-sergeant in all Ireland; and, my dear, he understands riding as well as no man alive; and he was manured to it from his cradle. I brought him over to see if I could get no preferment for him at all:—If I could get him now to be a riding-master to a regiment of marines, he would be very well; for I gave him a word of advice myself. Hark ye, Terence, says I—

Cheat. Terence!

Capt. Ay, that's his name—Hark ye, Terence, says I, you have a long time lain under the computation of being a Papist; and if ever you come into the field of battle, it will be encumbered upon you, to stigma-
tize

tize yourself like a gentleman; and I warrant, let him alone, I'll warrant he plays his part, if once they come to dry blows.

Enter Sconce, with Monsieur Ragou. [Talk apart.]

Sconce. Consider, Monsieur, he's your rival, and is come purely and with an intent to rob you of your mistress.

Monf. Is he? *Le fripon—le grand fripon! Parblieu!* me no indure dat—*Ici l'epee—*my vat you call—my sword—*Est bien assure—*me no suffer dat.

Sconce. And he's the greatest of all cowards—tho' he carries that great swaggering broad-sword—Believe me, Monsieur, he would not fight a cat—he'd run away if you drew upon him.

Monf. *Etes vous bien assure,* are you well assur'd, *mon ami,* dat he be de grand coward—*Eh bien—*Vel ten—I vill have his blood—My heart go pit-a-pat, (*aside.*) *Je ne pas le courage,* I have not de good courage.

Sconce. Tut, man, only affront him—go up to him.

Monf. Me fall show him de bon address—*Helas—* (*goes up to the Captain,*) *Monsieur le Capitaine, vous etes le grand fripon.*

Capt. Well, gelun a-gud, have you any Irish?

Monf. Ireland! me be no such outlandish contre; you smell of de potatoe.

Capt. Do I?—By my shoul, I did not taast a pratty since I left Ireland. May be he has a mind to put the front upon me? [*To Cheatwell.*]

Cheat. It looks very like it, very like it, Captain.

Capt. Fait, my jewel, I don't know a more peaceable companion than sweetlips here, (*putting his hand to his sword*); but if he's provok'd, he's no slouch at it—Do you mean to front me, you French boogre?—Eh—

Monf. Affront—You be de Teague—de vile Irishman—de potato-face—Me no tink it vort my while to notice you—*Allez vous en.* Get you gone, Sir—go about your business—go to your own hottentot contre.

Capt. Hot and trot! Oh ho, are you there? Take that, you French shon of a whore. (*Gives him a box on the ear.*) Here, my dear, take my shilela.

[Gives his cudgel to Cheatwell.]

Sconce.

Sconce. Draw, for he won't fight.

[*Aside to the Frenchman.*

Monf. He be de terrible countenance—he be fort enrage, devillish angry! Ala, Monsieur, me demand satisfaction.

[*Draws.*

Capt. Come on, you soup-maigre. (*They fight, Monsieur falls.*) After that you are easy—Who smells of pratties now, you refugee shon of a whore?—Affront an Irish shentleman!—Ah, long life to my little sweet-lips, it never miss'd fire yet.

Sconce. The man is dead.

Capt. Is he?—Phat magnifies that?—I killed him in the fair duelling way.

Cheat. But, Captain, 'tis death by the law to duel in England; and this is not a safe place for you—I'm heartily sorry for this accident.

Capt. Ara, my jewel, they don't mind it in Ireland one trawneen.

Cheat. Come, Captain, safe's the word—the street will be soon alarmed—You can come to my house till the danger's over, and I will get you bail.

Capt. By my shoul, I believe 'tis the best way, for fear of the boners. So farewel, Mr Shatisfacts.

[*Exeunt Cheatly and Captain.*

Sconce. Are you dead, Monsieur?

Monf. Ay, quite dead, quite run thro' the body, begar; dead as a door-nail.

Sconce. Why, you have no wound; you are not hurt.

Monf. Am I not hurt, do you say?—Begar, I am glad he be gone. *Parblieu! il avoit de long rapier*—He be de terrible Irishman; 'tis vel me fall in time, on he make me fall so dat me never *resusciter*, never get up again. Get you into my scabbard; and if ever I draw you again, may de horse-pond be my portion; may I be drown'd in soup-maigre. Come, Monsieur, come along, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, A Madhouse.

Enter Captain and Cheatwell.

Cheat. This is my house; I'll go and get proper things for your accommodation; but you had best give me your sword, for fear of suspicion. (*Takes his sword and cudgel.*

[*Exit.*

Capt.

Capt. Ay, and take shilela too for fear of suspicion.

(Sings) Of all fish in the sea,

Herring is king,

Huggermenany, &c.

(Looks about.) Fait, my cousin's house is a brave large place—'tis so big as a little town in Ireland—tho' 'tis not so very well furnished—but I suppose the maid was cleaning out the rooms—So—who are these now?—Some acquaintances of my cousin's, I suppose.

Enter Dr Clyster and Dr Gallypot. Both salute the Captain.

Capt. Shentlemen, being my friend's friend, I am your most humble sharvant—But where's my cousin?

Clyst. His cousin! What does he mean?

Gally. What should a madman mean? He's very far gone.

Capt. No, my dear, he's only gone to see whether the fellow be dead that I kilt.

Gally. Sir, we come to treat you in a regular manner.

Capt. O dear shentlemen, 'tis too much trouble—You need not be over regular—A single joint of meat, and a good glass of ale, will be a very good treat, without any needless expence.

Clyst. Do you mind that symptom—the canine appetite!

Capt. Nine appetites—No, my jewel; I have an appetite like other people; a couple of pounds will serve me if I was ever so hungry—Phat the devil do you talk of nine appetites? do they think I'm a cat, that have as many stomachs as lives? *[Aside.*

Gally. He looks a little wild, brother.

Capt. Phat, are you brothers?

Both. Pray, Sir, be seated; we shall examine methodically into your case.

[They sit—the Captain in the middle—they feel his pulse—he stares at them.]

Capt. Phat the devil do you mean by taking me by the wrists? May be 'tis the fashion of compliment in London.

Gally. First, brother, let us examine the symptoms.

Capt. By my shoul, the fellows are fools.

Clyst.

Clyst. Pray, Sir, how do you rest?

Capt. In a good feather-bed, my jewel—and sometimes I take a nap in an arm-chair.

Clast. But do you sleep sound?

Capt. Fait, my dear, I snore all night; and when I awake in the morning, I find myself fast asleep.

Gally. The cerebrum or cerebellum is affected.

Capt. The devil a Sir Abram or Bell either I mind.

Gally. How do you eat?

Capt. Width my mouth—How the devil should I eat d'ye think?

Clyst. Pray, Sir, have you a good stomach? d'ye eat heartily?

Capt. Oh, my dear, I am no slouch at that; tho' a clumsy beef-steak, or the leg and arm of a turkey, with a griskin under the oxtar, would serve my turn.

Gally. Do you generally drink much?

Capt. Oh, my jewel, a couple of quarts of ale and porter would not choke me. But phat the devil magnifies so many questions about eating and drinking—if you have a mind to order any thing, do it as soon as you can, for I am almost famished.

Clyst. I am for treating him regularly, methodically, and *secundum artem*.

Capt. *Secundum fartem*—I don't see any sign of treating at all. Ara, my jewel, send for a clumsy beef-steak, and don't trouble yourselves about my stomach.

Clyst. I shall give you my opinion concerning this case—
—Brother, Galen says—

Capt. Well, Gelun agud?

Clyst. I say, that Galen is of opinion, that in all adust complexions—

Capt. Well, and who the devil has a dusty complexion?

Clyst. A little patience, Sir.

Capt. I think I have a great deal of patience—that people can't eat a morsel without so many impertinent questions.

Clyst. *Qui habet vultum adustum,*

Habet caninum gustum.

Capt. I'm sure 'tis a damn'd ugly custom to keep a man fasting so long after pretending to treat him.

Gally. Ay, brother; but Hippocrates differs from Galen in this case.

Capt. Well, but, my jewels, let there be no difference nor falling out between brothers about me; for a small matter will sherve my turn.

Clyst. Sir, you break the thread of our discourse. I was observing, that in gloomy opaque habits the rigidity of the solids causes a continual friction in the fluids, which, by being constantly impeded, grow thick and glutinous; by which means they cannot enter the capillary vessels, nor the other finer ramifications of the nerves.

Gally. Then, brother, from your position, it will be deducible, that the *primæ viæ* are first to be clear'd, which must be effected by frequent emetics.

Clyst. Sudorifics.

Gally. Cathartics.

Clyst. Pneumatics,

Gally. Restoratives,

Clyst. Corrosives,

Gally. Narcotics.

Clyst. Cephalics,

Gally. Pectorals.

Clyst. Styptics.

Gally. Specifics.

Clyst. Caustics,

Capt. I suppose these are some of the dishes they are to treat me with. How naturally they answer one another, like the parish-minister and the clerk!—By my shoul, jewels, this gibberish will never fill a man's belly.

Clyst. And thus, to speak *summatim* & *articulatim*, or categorically to recapitulate the several remedies in the aggregate, the emetics will clear the first passages, and restore the viscera to their pristine tone, and regulate their peristaltic or vermicular motion; so that from the œsophagus to the rectum, I am for potent emetics.

Gally. And next for sudorifics; as they open the pores, or rather the porous continuity of the cutaneous dermis and epidermis, thence to convey the noxious and melancholy humours of the blood.

Clyst. With cathartics to purge him.

Gally. Pneumatics to scourge him.

Clyst. Narcotics to doze him.

Gally.

Gally. Cephalics to pose him.

Capt. The devil of so many dishes I ever heard of in my life. Why, my jewels, there's no need for all this cookery—Upon my shoul, this is to be a grand entertainment—Well, they'll have their own way.

Clyst. Suppose we use phlebotomy, and take from him thirty ounces of blood.

Capt. Flea my bottom, d'ye say?

Gally. Or, brother, suppose we use a clyster.

Capt. Upon my shoul, I find now how it is: I was invited here to a feast, but it is like to be the backward way.

Gally. His eyes begin to roll—call the keepers.

[*Doctors call, and enter keepers with chains.*]

Capt. Flea my bottom!—Oh, my andraferara and shilela, I want you now!—But here's a chair—Flea my bottom—ye sons of whores—ye gibberish scoundrels!

[*Takes up a chair, knocks one of the keepers down.*]

[*Doctors run off.*]

Capt. Oh this son of a whore of a cousin of mine, to bring me to these slaves to flea my bottom! If I meet him, I'll flea his bottom. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, A Street.

Enter Sergeant.

Serg. I have been seeking my master every where, and cannot find him; I hope nothing has happened to him—I think that was one of the gentlemen I saw with him.

Enter Sconce.

Serg. Sir, Sir, pray did you see the Captain, my master? Captain O'Blunder, the Irish gentleman.

Sconce. Not I indeed, my friend—I left him last with Mr Cheatwell—I suppose they are taking a bottle together—Oh no! here's the Captain.

Enter the Captain running.

Capt. Oh, my dear friend, I had like to be lost, to be ruined by that scoundrel my cousin; I ran away with my life from the thieves: But take care there is no doctor or clyster-pipes nor divel-dums among ye.

Sconce. Why, what's the matter?

Capt. That's the thing, my dear—You know you left me at my cousin's house—Well, I walk'd about

for some time; to be sure, I thought it an odd sort of a house when I saw no furniture—there I expected my cousin every moment; and, my dear jewel, there came in two bird-lime sons of whores with great wigs—they look'd like conjurors and fortune-tellers—So, my dear, one shits down on this side of me, and t'other shits down on this side of me; and I being the turd person, they made me shit down in the middle—So one takes hold of one of my wrists, and the other catches hold of my other wrist, I thought by way of compliment; then they fell a chattering gibberish, like a couple of old baboons; and all this discourse was conchearning me: They talk'd at first of treating me, and ask'd me if I had a good stomach—One of them said I had nine appetites—But at length, my jewels, what should come of the treat, but they agreed before my saash to flea my bottom—Oh—if I tell you a word of a lie, I'm not here—My dear, they call'd in the keepers to tie me—I up with the chair, for I had given my shilela and my andrefarara to my cousin—I knock'd one of them down on his tonneen, and runs out, and they after, crying out to the people in the street, Stop the madman, stop the madman—Oh hone, my jewel, the people took no notice of them, but run away from me as if the devil had been in the inside of them: And so I made my escape; and here I am, my dear, and am very glad I have found you, my dear friend.

Sconce. I am sorry to see that your cousin has behaved so rudely towards you; but any thing that lies in my power—

Capt. Oh, Sir, you are a very worthy shentleman: but, Cheargeant, I must go to see my brother Tradewell the merchant and his fair daughter—Has the taylor brought home my cloaths?

Serg. Yess, Sir, and the old gentleman expects you immediately; he sent a man in livery for you.

Capt. Come, my good friend, I won't part with you—I'll step to my lodgings, and slip on my cloaths—that I may pay my due regards to my mistress. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Mad-house.*

Enter Cheatwell, Clyster, and Gallypot.

Cheat. I am sorry for this accident.

Clyst.

Cliff. In troth, Mr Cheatwell, he was the most furious madman that I ever met with during the whole course of my practice.

Gally. I'm now surpris'd how he sat so long quiet.

Cheat. He'll run riot about the streets; but I hope he'll be taken—Oh, here's Sconce.

Enter Sconce.

Well, what news of the Captain?

Sconce. I just ran to let you know of his motions; he is preparing to dress, in order to pay a visit to Miss Lucy, and to pay his respects to Tradewell—But I have worse news for you; 'tis whisper'd upon 'Change that Tradewell is broke.

Cheat. If it should fall out so, I shall easily resign my pretensions to the Captain. 'Twas Lucy's purse, and not her beauty, that I courted.

Sconce. I must run back to the Captain, and keep in with him to serve a turn; do you at a distance watch us, and proceed accordingly. *[Exit.]*

Cheat. Well, gentlemen, I shall take care to acknowledge your trouble the first time I see you again. So adieu. *(Exit.)* *[Doctors exeunt.]*

SCENE, *The Captain's Lodgings.*

Enter Captain and Sergeant.

Capt. Ara, but who do you think I met yesterday full butt in the street, but 'Teady Shaghnaassy!

Serg. Well, and how is he?

Capt. Ara, staay, and I'll tell you; he wash at t'oder side of the way; and phen I came up, it was not him. But tell me, dosh my new regimentals become me?

Serg. Yefs, indeed, Sir, I think they do.

Capt. This pocket is so high, I must be forced to stoop for my snuff-box.

Enter Sconce.

Sconce. Ha! upon my word, Captain, you look as spruce as a young bridegroom.

Capt. All in good time; and dosh it shitt easy?

Sconce. Easy, Sir! it fits you like a shirt.

Capt. I think 'tis a little too wide here in the sleeve; I'm afraid the fellow has'nt left cloth enough to take it in; though I can't blame him neither, for fait I was not

by when he took the measure of me. Sergeant, here take this sixpence-halfpenny, and buy me a pair of white gloves.

Serg. Sir, I have been all about the town, and can't get a pair under two shillings.

Capt. Two tirteens!

Serg. Two tirteens, Sir.

Capt. Two tirteens for a pair of gloves! monomundiol, but my hands shall go bare-foot all the days of their lives before I'll give two tirteens for a pair of gloves—Come, come along; I'll go without 'em, my mistress will excuse it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Tradewell's House.

Enter Tradewell and Lucy.

Trad. Well, daughter, I have been examining into the circumstances of Cheatwell, and find he is not worth sixpence; and as for your French lover, he is some-run-away dancing-master or hair-cutter from Paris: so that really amongst them all, I cannot find any one comes up to your Irish lover, either for birth, fortune, or character.

Lucy. Sir, you're the best judge in disposing of me; and indeed I have no real tender for any one of them—as to the Irish Captain, I have not seen him yet.

Trad. You'll see him presently; I sent to his lodgings, and expect him every moment—Oh, here comes Monsieur.

Enter Monsieur Ragou.

Trad. Well, Monsieur, I have been trying my daughter's affections in regard to you; and as she is willing to be guided by me in this affair, I would willingly know by what visible means you intend to maintain her like a gentlewoman.

Monf. Me have de grand acquaintance with the beau-monde; and, *si vous plaira*, if you sal please, Sir, to do me de honour of making me your son-in-law, me vill transact your negociations vide all possible care *et belle air*.

Enter Captain and Betty.

Trad. You are welcome, Sir, to my house—this is my daughter—this, child, is Captain O'Blunder, whom I hope you will receive as he deserves.

Capt. Fairest of creatures, will you gratify me with

a taste of your sweet delicate lips? (*Kisses her.*) By my shoul, a neat creature, and a good bagooragh girl; she's as fair as an image in Leislip, Egypt I mean—Phat's here! the little fellow that I kilt just now! 'pon my shoul, I have a praty ready for him now.

Monf. *Oh le diable!*—he spy me now—me better go off vile I am vell.

Capt. (*goes up to Monsieur.*) I tought, Monsieur Ragou, that you were ded: Do I smell of the praty now, you foup-maigre son of a French boogre?

Trad. The Captain has a mind to be merry with the Frenchman.

Capt. By my shoul, my jewel, I have got a praty for you now; here, eat it—eat this.

Monf. *Oh! pardonnez moi, pardon, Sir; I cannot, by gar.*

Capt. Och ho! come out then, my little sweetlips! (*Draws.*) Eat that praty this minute, or I'll run my sword up thro' your leg, and thro' your arms, and spit you up, and roast you like a goose, you tawny-faced son of a whore; sure 'tis better nor your garlic or ingyons in France. [*Monf. eats in.*]

Enter a Servant to Tradewell.

Serv. Oh, Sir—there are certain accounts come, that —But these letters will better inform you— [*Exit.*]

Trad. (*reads.*) O Captain, I'm ruin'd—undone—broke—

Capt. Broke! what have you broke?

Trad. Oh, Sir, my fortune's broke—I'm not a penny above a beggar.

Monf. Oh, den me be off de amour—Me have no dealings with beggars; me have too many of de beggar in my own contre; so me better slip away in good time. *Votre serviteur*—servant, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Capt. March, march, you son of a whore: Ara, get out.

Trad. Now, Captain, you see I have not conceal'd my misfortune from you; so you are at liberty to choose a happier wife, for my poor child is miserable.

Capt. I thought your ribs was broke. I am no surgeon; but if 'tis only a little money that broke you, give me this lady's lily-white hand, and I'll take her stark-naked, without a penny of money in her pocket, but

but the cloaths upon her back—and as far as a good estate in land and stock will go, I'll share it with her—and with yourself. Ara, never mind the tieves, my jewel—I'll break their necks before they shall break your little finger. Come, honey, I'll give you a song I made upon this dear creature.

Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad and at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.

Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

Since the first time I saw you, I take no repose,
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes;
So strong is the flame in my bosom that glows,
By St Patrick, I fear it will burn thro' my cloaths.

Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

By my shoul, I'm afraid I shall die in my grave,
Unless you'll comply, and poor Phelim will save;
Then grant the petition your lover doth crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and I'll
stride!

In a coach and six horses with my honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Ballynamony, ho, ro, &c.

Enter Cheatwell.

Cheat. Gentlemen, I beg pardon for this intrusion.

Capt. He! Phat's here! my friendly cousin, that bid the old conjurers flea my bottom.

Cheat. Sir, I beg your pardon in particular, and hope you'll grant me it. Nothing but necessity was the cause of my ungente behaviour—This lady I had an esteem for; but since things have turn'd out as they have, my pretensions are without foundation: therefore, Captain, I hope you'll look upon me in the light of an unfortunate rather than a bad man.

Capt. Fait, my dear cousin, since love is the cause of your mourning, I shall forgive you with all my heart.

[*Shakes hands.*]

Cheat. Sir, I shall always esteem your friendship as
an

an honour; and hope you'll look on me as a poor unfortunate young fellow, that has not a shilling, nor the means of getting one, upon the face of the earth.

Capt. Oh! upon my shoul, then, cousin Cheatwell, I pity your condition with all my heart; and since things are so bad with you, if you'll take a trip with me to my Irish plantation along with my dear creature here, I'll give you good stock a farm upon my own estate at Ballymasculane, in the county of Monaghan, and the barony of Coogafighy.—Fait, and here's Betty, a tight little girl; and since you cou'd not get the mistress, if you'll take up with the maid, my dear here shall give her a couple of hundreds to fortune her off.

Betty. Captain, I'm very much oblig'd to you for getting me a husband; if Mr Cheatwell has any tenders for me, I have a thousand pound left me as a legacy, which is at his service.

Capt. Ara, what's that, my dear! a servant-maid with a thousand pound!—by my shoul, there is many a lady in my country, that goes to plays, and balls, and masquerades, that has not half the money; and scorns to make her own smock.

Cheat. I shou'd be blind to my own interest not to accept of such valuable proposals, and with gratitude take your hand, promising for the future to lead a life which shall be a credit both to myself and benefactor.

Capt. Well then, without compliment, I am glad I have made one poor man happy; and since we have made a double match, hey for Ireland, where we will live like Irish kings.

Lucy. This generosity amazes me, and greatly prejudices me in the honesty and goodness of the Irish.

Capt. Oagh, my dear little charmer, I've another song just *à propos*.

Of all the husbands living an Irishman's the best,

With my fal, lal, &c.

No nation on the globe like him can stand the test,

With my fal, lal, &c.

The English they are drones, as plainly you may see;

But we're all brisk and airy, and lively as a bee.

With my fal, lal, &c.

THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO ACTS.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Governor Cape,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1781.</i>
<i>Young Cape,</i>	Mr Bransby.	Mr Fowler.
<i>Sprightly,</i>	Mr Rosa.	Mr Kelly.
<i>Cadwallader,</i>	Mr Usher.	Mr Graham.
<i>Post,</i>	Mr Foote.	Mr Powel.
<i>'Vamp,'</i>	Mr Walker.	Mr White.
<i>Printer's Devil,</i>	Mr Yates.	
<i>Robin,</i>	Mr Vaughan.	Mr Southgate.
	Mr Simon.	Mr Charteris.

WOMEN.

<i>Mrs Cadwallader,</i>	Mrs Olive.	Mrs Heaphy.
<i>Arabella,</i>	Miss Barton.	Mrs Woods.

P R O L O G U E.

Written and Spoken by Mr FOOTE.

SEVERE their taste, who, in this critic age,
 With fresh materials furnish out the stage!
 Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
 Fresh characters spring up as heretofore—
 Nature with novelty does still abound;
 On every side fresh follies may be found.
 But then the taste of every guest to hit,
 To please at once the gallery, box, and pit;
 Requires at least—no common share of wit.

}

Those

Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake or modish wife;
Whilst they who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light, low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen;
The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries, " 'Twill please the galleries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile,
Since fops will frown where humble traders smile?

To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The Grecian fabulist, in moral lay,
Has thus address'd the writers of this day.

Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair.
To ease their limbs and bawled about their ware:
But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back wou'd break:

Up gets the boy; the father leads the ass,
And thro' the gazing crowd attempt to pass:
Forth from the throng the Grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.

"This the respect to reverend age you show?

"And this the duty you to parents owe?

"He beats the hoof, and you are set astride:

"Sirrah, get down, and let your father ride."

As Grecian lads were seldom void of grace,

The decent, dutious youth resign'd his place.

Then a fresh murmur thro' the rabble ran;

Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man:

"Sure, never was brute-beast so void of nature!

"Have you no pity for the pretty creature?

"To your own baby can you be unkind?

"Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind."

Old Dapple next the clowns compassion claim'd;

"'Tis wonderment them boobies don't ashamed,

"Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast!

"They might as well have carry'd be at least."

The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,

Dismount and bear the ass—Then what a noise!

Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,

From the yet silent sire these words provoke:

"Proceed, my boy, nor heed their further call,

"Vain his attempt who strives to please them all!"

ACT

A C T I.

Governor CAPE and ROBIN.

GOVERNOR.

AND he believes me dead, Robin?*Rob.* Most certainly.*Gov.* You have given him no intimation that his fortunes might mend?*Rob.* Not a distant hint.*Gov.* How did he receive the news?*Rob.* Calmly enough: when I told him that his hopes from abroad were at an end, that the friend of his deceased father thought he had done enough in putting it in his power to earn his own livelihood, he replied, 'twas no more than he had long expected, charged me with his warmest acknowledgments to his concealed benefactor, thanked me for my care, sighed, and left me.*Gov.* And how has he lived since?*Rob.* Poorly, but honestly: to his pen he owes all his subsistence, I am sure my heart bleeds for him: consider, Sir, to what temptations you expose him.*Gov.* The severer his trials, the greater his triumph. Shall the fruits of my honest industry, the purchase of many perils, be lavish'd on a lazy luxurious booby, who has no other merit than being born five-and-twenty years after me? No, no, Robin; him, and a profusion of debts, were all that the extravagance of his mother left me.*Rob.* You lov'd her, Sir?*Gov.* Fondly, nay, foolishly, or necessity had not compell'd me to seek for shelter in another climate. 'Tis true, fortune has been favourable to my labours; and when George convinces me that he inherits my spirit, he shall share my property, not else.*Rob.* Consider, Sir, he has not your opportunities.*Gov.* Nor had I his education.*Rob.* As the world goes, the worst you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day! Learning, learning, Sir, is no commodity for this market: nothing makes money here, Sir, but money; or some certain fashionable qualities that you wou'd not wish your son to possess.

Gov. Learning useless! Impossible!—Where are the Oxforas, the Halifaxes, the great protectors and patrons of the liberal arts?

Rob. Patron!—The word has lost its use; a guinea-subscription at the request of a lady, whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, may be now and then pick'd up—Protector!—Why, I dare believe there's more money laid out upon Islington turnpike in a month than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years.

Gov. And yet the press groans with their productions! How do they all exist?

Rob. In garrets, Sir; as, if you will step to your son's apartment in the next street, you will see.

Gov. But what apology shall we make for the visit?

Rob. That you want the aid of his profession; a well-penn'd address now from the subjects of your late government, with your gracious reply, to put into the newspapers.

Gov. Ay! is that part of his practice?—Well, lead on, Robin.

SCENE draws, and discovers Young Cape with the Printer's Devil.

Cape. Prithee, go about thy business—Vanish, dear devil.

Devil. Master bid me not come without the proof; he says as how there are two other Answers ready for the press; and if yours don't come out a Saturday, 'twon't pay for the paper. But you are always so lazy: I have more plague with you—There's Mr Guzzle, the translator, never keeps me a minute—unless the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little, sooty, sniv'ling, diabolical puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the stupidity of your absurd master, but I must be pester'd with your impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!—Marry come up, I keep as good company as your worship every day in the year—There's Mr Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me,

tho' he has wrote two volumes of Lives in quarto, and has a folio a-coming out in numbers.

Cape. Harky', firrah, if you don't quit the room this instant, I'll show you a shorter way into the street than the stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the trouble——Give me the French book that you took the story from for the last Journal.

Cape. Take it—— [*Throws it at him.*]

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulating library, or that it is one of your own performances, that you——

Cape. You shall have a larger——(*Exit Devil.*) 'Sdeath! a pretty situation I am in! And are these the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious, and expensive——

Re-enter Devil.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your week's pay for the newspaper, five and fivepence; which, with the two-and-a-penny Master pass'd his word for to Mrs Suds your washerwoman, makes the three half-crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the stairs wants you; by the sheepishness of his looks, and the shabbiness of his dress, he's either a pickpocket or poet——Here, walk in, Mr What-d'ye-call-um, the gentleman's at home.

[*Surveys the figure, laughs, and exit.*]

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your name, I presume, is *Cape*?

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg pardon; you are a gentleman that writes?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my case, in a word, is this: I, like you, have long been a retainer of the muses, as you may see by their livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope?

Poet. No, Sir; but their upper servants, the booksellers, have.——I printed a collection of jests upon my own account, and they have ever since refused to employ me; you, Sir, I hear, are in their graces: Now I have brought you, Sir, three Imitations of Juvenal in prose;

prose; Tully's oration for Milo, in blank verse; two essays on the British Herring-fishery, with a large collection of rebuses; which if you will dispose of to them in your own name, we'll divide the profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, sorry for your distress; but I have a larger cargo of my own manufacturing than they choose to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the compiling or index way, that you wou'd entrust to the care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half price.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my power at present to be useful to you; but if this trifle——

Poet. Sir, your servant. Shall I leave you any of my——

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An essay or an ode?

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient—— [Exit Poet.

Cape. Poor fellow! and how far am I removed from his condition? Virgil had his Pollio; Horace, his Mecenas; Martial, his Pliny. My protectors are, Title-page the publisher, Vamp the bookseller, and Index the printer. A most noble triumvirate; and the rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary as the famous Roman one, into the bargain.

Enter Sprightly.

Spr. What! in soliloquy, George—reciting some of the pleasaunties, I suppose, in your new piece?

Cape. My disposition has at present very little of the *vis comica*.

Spr. What's the matter?

Cape. Survey that mass of wealth upon the table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a week.

Spr. Why, 'tis an inexhaustible mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the soft civility of Billingsgate by a printer's prime minister, call'd a devil.

Spr. I met the imp upon the stairs. But I thought these midwives to the muses were the idolizers of you their favourite sons.

Cape. Our tyrants, Tom! Had I indeed a posthu-

mous piece of infidelity, or an amorous novel, decorated with luscious copperplates; the slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publish your own works?

Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are secrets in all trades: ours is one great mystery; but the explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your attention to some other object?

Cape. That subject was employing my thoughts.

Spri. How have you resolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two strings to my bow: if my comedy succeeds, it buys me a commission; if my mistress, my Laura, proves kind, I am settled for life; but if both my cords snap—adieu to the quill, and welcome the musket.

Spri. Heroically determined!—But *a propos*—how proceeds your honourable passion?

Cape. But slowly—I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a most potent enemy in her head: you know I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her fortune, too, I believe her brother's consent essentially necessary—But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every instant. He may, George, be useful to you in more than one capacity; if your comedy is not crowded, he is a character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible figure in it.

Cape. His sister gave me a sketch of him last summer.

Spri. A sketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finishing.

Cape. Give me the outlines.

Spri. He is a compound of contrarieties; pride and meanness, folly and archness: At the same time that he wou'd take the wall of a prince of the blood, he wou'd not scruple eating a fry'd sausage at the Mews-gate. There is a minuteness now and then in his descriptions, and some whimsical unaccountable turns in his conversation, that are entertaining enough: but the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boast of his birth, complete his character.

Cape.

Cape. But how will a person of his pride and pedigree relish the humility of this apartment?

Spri. Oh, he's prepar'd — You are, George, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted being, odd and whimsical; the case with all your great geniuses: You love the snug, the chimney-corner of life; and retire to this obscure nook merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape. Your servant — But what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr Cadwallader?

Spri. Infinite! next to a peer, he honours a poet; and modestly imputes his not making a figure in the learned world himself to the neglect of his education — Hush! he's on the stairs — On with your cap, and open your book. Remember great dignity and absence.

Enter Vamp.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr Vamp. Your commands, good Sir?

Vamp. I have a word, Master Cape, for your private ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

Vamp. An author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what way?

Cape. Universal.

Vamp. Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good subscription, I reckon?

Cape. Not a month from Leyden; an admirable theologist! he study'd it in Germany; if you should want such a thing now as ten or a dozen manuscript sermons, by a deceas'd clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. Warranted originals?

Cape. No.

Vamp. No, no; I don't deal in the sermon-way now; I lost money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodist; but I believe, Sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

Spri. For what, Sir?

T 3

Vamp.

* *Vamp.* The manuscript sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

* *Spri.* Sermons that I have wrote?

* *Vamp.* Ay, ay; Mr Cape has been telling me——

* *Spri.* He has? I am mightily oblig'd to him.

* *Vamp.* Nay, nay; don't be afraid; I'll keep counsel; old Vamp had not kept a shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret: why, in the year fifteen, when I was in the treasonable way, I never squeak'd; I never gave up but one author in my life, and he was dying of a consumption; so it never came to a trial.

* *Spri.* Indeed!

* *Vamp.* Never——look here, (*shows the side of his head*), crop'd close!——bare as a board!——and for nothing in the world but an innocent book of bawdy, as I hope for mercy; Oh! the laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

* *Spri.* You have given me, Sir, so positive a proof of your secrecy, that you may rely upon my communication.

* *Vamp.* You will be safe——But, gadso! we must mind business, tho'. Here, Mr Cape, you must provide me with three-taking titles for these pamphlets; and if you can think of a pat Latin motto for the lastest——

* *Cape.* They shall be done.

* *Vamp.* Do so, do so. Books are like women, Mr Cape; to strike, they must be well dress'd: fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatise thro' three editions——Did you know Harry Handy?

* *Spri.* Not that I recollect.

* *Vamp.* He was a pretty fellow; he had his Latin *ad anguem*, as they say; he wou'd have turn'd you a fable of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's, into Latin verse in a twinkling; except Peter Hasty the voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to the trade as any within my memory.

* *Cape.* What carry'd him off?

* *Vamp.* A halter, hang'd for clipping and coining.

* *Mr*

* Mr Cape; I thought there was something the matter by his not coming to our shop for a month or two: he was a pretty fellow!

* *Spri.* Were you a great loser by his death?

* *Vamp.* I can't say—as he had taken to another course of living, his execution made a noise; it sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides his last dying speech and confession; I got it; he was mindful of his friends in his last moments: he was a pretty fellow!

* *Cape.* You have no farther commands, Mr Vamp?

* *Vamp.* Not at present; about the Spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a couple of volumes in octavo.

* *Spri.* Upon what subject?

* *Vamp.* I leave that to him; Mr Cape knows what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light summer-reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Bristol, and the other watering-places: no bad commodity for the West-India trade neither; let 'em be novels, Mr Cape.

* *Cape.* You shall be certainly supply'd.

* *Vamp.* I doubt not; pray, how does Index go on with your Journal?

* *Cape.* He does not complain.

* *Vamp.* Ah, I knew the time—but you have overstock'd the market. Tittlepage and I had once liked to have engag'd in a paper. We had got a young Cantab for the essays; a pretty historian from Aberdeen; and an attorney's clerk for the true intelligence; but, I don't know how, it dropp'd for want of a politician.

* *Cape.* If in that capacity I can be of any—

* *Vamp.* No, thank you, Mr Cape; in half a year's time, I have a grandson of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a waiter at the Cocoa-tree coffee-house; I intend giving him the run of Jonathan's for three months, to understand trade and the funds; and then I'll start him—No, no, you have enough on your hands; stick to your business; and, d'ye here, ware clipping and coining; remember Harry Handy: he was a pretty fellow! [Exit.]

* *Spri.* And I'm sure thou art a most extraordinary fellow!

' fellow! But prythee, George, what cou'd provoke thee
' to make me a writer of sermons?

' *Cape.* You seem'd desirous of being acquainted with
' our business, and I knew old Vamp would let you more
' into the secret in five minutes than I could in as many
' hours. [Knocking below, loud.]

' *Spri.* Cape, to your post; here they are i'faith, a
' coachful! Let's see, Mr and Mrs Cadwallader, and your
' flame the sister, as I live!

Cad. (without.) Pray, by the by, han't you a poet
above?

(Without.) Higher up.

Cad. (without.) Egad, I wonder what makes your poets
have such an aversion to middle floors—they are always
to be found in the extremities; in garrets, or cellars—

Enter Mr and Mrs Cadwalladar and Arabella.

Cad. Ah, Sprightly!

Spri. Hush!

Cad. Hey, what's the matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwisting some knotty point; to-
tally absorb'd!

Cad. Gadso! what! that's he! Beck, Bell, there he
is, egad, as great a poet, and as ingenious a——what's
he about?——Hebrew?

Spri. Weaving the whole *Aeneid* into a tragedy; I
have been here this half hour, but he has not mark'd me
yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a peep?

Spri. An earthquake wou'd not rouse him.

Cad. He seems in a damn'd passion.

Cape. The belt of Pallas, nor prayers, nor tears, nor
supplicating gods, shall save thee now.

Cad. Hey! zounds! what the devil! who?

Cape. ——*Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, &
penam scelerato ex sanguine sumit!*

Cad. Damn your palace! I wish I was well out of your
garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons: ladies, your
most devoted. You will excuse me, Sir; but, being just
on the catastrophe of my tragedy, I am afraid the poetic
furor may have betray'd me into some indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr Cadwallader is too great a genius him-
self

self not to allow for these intemperate sallies of a heated imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look ye here! Mr What's-your-name?

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! True; tho' by the bye here, hey! you live devilish high; but perhaps you may choose that for exercise, hey! Sprightly! Genius! Look'e here, Mr Cape, I had as pretty natural parts, as fine talents!—but, between you and I, I had a damn'd fool of a guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod—he cou'd as soon pay the national debt as write his own name, and so was resolv'd to make his ward no wiser than himself, I think.

Spr. O fie, Mr Cadwallader, you don't do yourself justice.

Cape. Indeed, Sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this defamation. I have more than once heard Mr Cadwallader's literary acquisitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?—no, no, it can't be, hey! tho', let me tell you, last winter, before I had the measles, I cou'd have made as good a speech upon any subject, in Italian, French, German—but I am all unhing'd! all—Oh Lord, Mr Cape, this is Becky; my dear Becky, child, this is a great poet—ah, but she does not know what that is—a little foolish or so, but of a very good family—here, Becky, child, won't you ask Mr Cape to come and see you?

Mrs Cad. As Dicky says, I shall be glad to see you at our house, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a regard for my own happiness, Ma'am, to miss so certain an opportunity of creating it.

Mrs Cad. Hey! what?

Cape. My inclinations, as well as my duty, I say, will compel me to obey your kind injunctions.

Mrs Cad. What does he say, our Bell?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater pleasure than waiting on you.

Mrs Cad. I'm sure that's more his goodness than my desert; but when you ben't better engag'd, we shou'd be glad

glad of your company of an evening, to make one with our Dicky, sister Bell, and I, at whisk and swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod, do, Cape, come and look at her grotto and shells, and see what she has got—Well, he'll come, Beck—ecod do, and she'll come to the third night of your tragedy, hey! won't you, Beck?—Isn't she a fine girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do—Hey, Beck; he says you are as fine a woman as ever he—ecod, who knows but he may make a copy of verses on you?—There, go, and have a little chat with her, talk any nonsense to her, no matter what; she's a damn'd fool, and won't know the difference—there, go, Beck—Well, Sprightly, hey! what! are you and Bell like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr Sprightly, that you have frequently lords, and viscounts, and earls, that take a dinner with you; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular favour, if you wou'd invite me at the same time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind: for between you and I, Mr Sprightly, I am of as ancient a family as the best of them; and people of fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of means.

Cad. Hey! should not they so? When you have any lord or baron, nay, egad, if it be but a baronet or a member of parliament, I shou'd take it as a favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they must all have heard of the antiquity of your house.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! Beck, where's my pedigree?

Mrs Cad. Why, at home, lock'd up in the butler's pantry.

Cad. In the pantry! What the devil! how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs Cad. Lord! what signifies carrying such a lumbering thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a fool, Beck. Why, suppose we should have any disputes when we are abroad about precedence, how the devil shall we be able to settle it? But you shall see it at home. Oh Becky come hither, we will refer our dispute to—

[*They go apart.*]

Arab. Well, Sir, your friend has prevail'd; and you are

are acquainted with my brother; but what use you propose——

Cape. The pleasure of a more frequent admission to you.

Arab. That all!

Cape. Who knows but a strict intimacy with Mr Cadwallader may in time incline him to favour my hopes?

Arab. A sandy foundation!—Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your want of fortune; the obscurity, or at least uncertainty, of your birth will prove an unmountable bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, Beck;—zouns! you are so——

Spri. Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

Cape. Consider, we have but an instant. What project? What advice?

Arab. O fie! You wou'd be asham'd to receive succour from a weak woman!—Poetry is your profession, you know; so that plots, contrivances, and all the powers of imagination, are more peculiarly your province.

Cape. Is this a season to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; ask Mr Cape.

Arab. To be serious then; if you have any point to gain with my brother, your application must be to his better part.

Cape. I understand you; plough with the heifer?

Arab. A delicate allusion, on my word! but take this hint—Amongst her passions, admiration, or rather adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh! that is her foible?

Arab. One of them; against that fort you must plant your batteries—But here they are.

Mrs Cad. I tell you, you are a nonsense man, and I won't agree to any such thing:—Why, what signifies a parliament man? You make such a rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, Becky, my dear, don't be in a passion now, hold; let us reason the thing a little, my dear.

Mrs Cad. I tell you I won't;—what's the man an oaf? I won't reason, I hate reason; and so there's an end on't.

Cad. Why then you are obstinate, ecod, perverse.—Hey, but my dear now, Becky, that's a good girl:—
Hey!

Hey! come, hold, hold——Egad, we'll refer it to Mr Cape.

Mrs Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

Cape. Bless me! what's the matter, Madam?—Sure, Mr Cadwallader, you must have been to blame; no inconsiderable matter could have ruffled the natural softness of that tender and delicate mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs Cad. Why he's always a fool, I think; he wants to send our little Dicky to school, and make him a parliament-man.

Cape. How old is master, Ma'am?

Mrs Cad. Three years and a quarter, come Lady-day.

Cape. The intention is rather early!

Cad. Hey! early? hold, hold; but, Becky mistakes the thing—Egad I'll tell you the whole affair.

Mrs Cad. You had better hold your chattering, so you had.

Cad. Nay, prythee, my dear; Mr Sprightly, do, stop her mouth, hold, hold. The matter, Mr Cape, is this. Have you ever seen my Dicky?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No! Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensible child; I tell Becky he's like her, to keep her in humour; but between you and I, he has more sense already than all her family put together. Hey! Becky, is not Dicky the picture of you? He's a sweet child. Now, Mr Cape, you must know, I want to put little Dicky to school; now between——hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great use of a school is, hey! egad, for children to make acquaintances that may hereafter be useful to them: For between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify two-pence.

Cape. Not a farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey?—Now this is our dispute, whether poor little Dicky (he's a sweet boy) shall go to Mr Quaz-Genius's at Edgware, and make an acquaintance with my young Lord Knap, the eldest son of the Earl of Frize, or to Dr Ticklepitcher's at Barnet, to

form

form a friendship with young Stocks the rich broker's only child.

Cape. And for which does the lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the case;—says I, Becky, my dear, who knows, if Dicky goes to Quæ-Genius's, but my Lord Knap may take such a fancy to him, that upon the death of his father, and he comes to be Earl of Frize, he may make poor little Dicky a member of parliament? Hey, Cape!

Mrs Cad. Ay, but then if Dicky goes to Tickle-pitcher's, who can tell but young Stocks, when he comes to his fortune, may lend him money if he wants it?

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his father, hey! Well, what's your opinion, Mr Cape?

Cape. Why, Sir, I can't but join with the lady; money is the main article; it is that that makes the mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the aldermen too, you: so Dicky may be a member, and a fig for my Lord: Well, Becky, be quiet, he shall stick to Stocks.

Mrs Cad. Ay, let'n; I was sure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, hush, Becky. Mr Cape, will you eat a bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind: why then Becky and Bell shall step and order the cook to toss up a little nice——Hey! will you, Becky? Do, and I'll bring Cape.

Mrs Cad. Ay, with all my heart. Well, Mr What-d'ye call 'um, the poet; ecod the man's well enough—Your servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in dishabille to offer your ladyship my hand to your coach.

Cad. Psha! never mind, I'll do it——Here you have company coming.

[*Exeunt Mr and Mrs Cadwallader and Arabella.*]

Enter Governor and Robin.

Cape. Ah, Mr Robin!

Rob. Why, you have had a great levee this morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay, Robin, there's no obscuring extraordinary talents.

Rob. True, Sir; and this friend of mine begs to claim the benefit of them.

Cape. Any friend of yours: but how can I be serviceable to him?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable government; and, as you know the unsatisfied mind of man, no sooner is one object possess'd, but another starts up to——

Cape. A truce to moralizing, dear Robin, to the matter; I am a little busy.

Rob. In a word then, this gentleman, having a good deal of wealth, is desirous of a little honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you?

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimentary address from his colony, by way of praising the prudence of his administration, his justice, valour, benevolence, and——

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The obligations I owe you, Robin, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this wou'd prove our last interview.——Your friend, Sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a person fit for your purpose. Letters have been always my passion, and indeed are now my profession; but tho' I am the servant of the public, I am not the prostitute of particulars: As my pen has never been ting'd with gall to gratify popular resentment or private pique, so it shall never sacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impose falsehood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great; but let those, Sir, be the heralds of your worth who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young man, I like your principles and spirit; your manly refusal gives more pleasure than any honours your papers could have procur'd me.

Spri. Now this business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own affairs——You dine at Cadwallader's?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you to have him out of the way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri.

Spri. I have a project that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the dramatic; but the time is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure performers. Let's see—Robin is a sure card—a principal may easily be met with; but where the deuce can I get an interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourself, Sir; it will give you an opportunity of more closely inspecting the conduct of your son.

Gov. True. Sir, though a scheme of this sort may ill suit with my character and time of life, yet from a private interest I take in that gentleman's affairs, if the means are honourable.

Spri. Innocent, upon my credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no objection, if you think me equal to the task—

Spri. Most happily fitted for it. I should not have taken the liberty—But hush! he's return'd.

Enter Cadwallader.

Spri. My dear friend! the luckiest circumstance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!

Spri. You see that gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is interpreter to Prince Potowowsky.

Cad. Wowsky!—Who the devil is he?

Spri. Why the Tartarian prince that's come over ambassador from the Cham of the Calmucks.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His highness has just sent me an invitation to dine with him: now every body that dines with a Tartarian lord has a right to carry with him what the Latins call'd his *umbray*; in their language it is *jablanousky*.

Cad. Jablanousky! well.

Spri. Now if you will go in that capacity, I shall be glad of the honour.

Cad. Hey! why, wou'd you carry me to dine with his royal highness?

Spri. With pleasure.

Cad. My dear friend, I shall take it as the greatest fa-

your, the greatest obligation—I shall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the devil shall I get off with the poet? You know I have ask'd him to dinner.

Spri. Oh, the occasion will be apology sufficient; besides, there will be the ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr Cape, I beg ten thousand pardons; but here your friend is invited to dinner with Prince—what the devil is his name?

Spri. Potowowsky.

Cad. True; now, Sir, could he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his jablanowsky, wou'd you be so good to excuse—

Cape. By all means; not a word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after dinner; hey! stay, but is there any ceremony to be used with his highness?

Spri. You dine upon carpets, cross-legg'd.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, cross-legg'd! zounds! that's odd; well, well, you shall teach me.

Spri. And his highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his guests that do honour to his country soup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that;—But should not I dress?

Spri. No; there's no occasion for it.

Cad. Dear friend, forgive me; nothing shou'd take me from you, but being a hobblinawisky. Well, I'll go and study to sit cross-legg'd, till you call me.

Spri. Do so.

Cad. His Highness Potowowsky! This is the luckiest accident! *[Exit.]*

Cape. Ha, ha, ha!—but how will you conduct your enterprize?

Spri. We'll carry him to your friend Robin's; dress up one of the under actors in a ridiculous habit; this gentleman shall talk a little gibberish with him. I'll compose a soup of some nauseous ingredients; let me alone to manage. But do you choose, Sir, the part we have assign'd?

Gov.

Gov. As it seems to be but a harmless piece of mirth, I have no objection.

Spr. Well then, let us about it; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr Sprightly?

Spr. What's the matter?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little spruce, a little smart, upon this occasion?

Spr. No doubt; dress, dress, man; no time is to be lost.

Cape. Well, but, Jack, I cannot say that at present I—

Spr. Prithce explain. What would you say?

Cape. Why then, I cannot say that I have any other garments at home.

Spr. Oh, I understand you; is that all? Here, here, take my—

Cape. Dear Sprightly, I am quite ashamed, and sorry.

Spr. That's not so obliging, George; what, sorry to give me the greatest pleasure that—But I have no time for speeches, I must run to get ready my soup. Come, gentlemen.

Rob. Did you observe, Sir?

Gov. Most feelingly! But it will soon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir; times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor prospect, Robin! But this scheme of life at least must be changed: for what spirit, with the least spark of generosity, can support a life of eternal obligation and disagreeable drudgery? Inclination not consulted, genius cramp'd, and talents misapply'd!

What prospect have those authors to be read,

Whose daily writings earn their daily bread.

A C T II.

Young CAPE and Mrs CADWALLADER, at cards.

Mrs Cad. YOU want four, and I two, and my deal: now, knave noddy—no, hearts be trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs Cad. Will you stock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you please, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again—one, two, three; one, two—hang 'em, they won't slip, three. Diamonds—the two: Have you higher than the queen?

Cape. No, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's highest—and lowest, by gosh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Psha, hang cards; there are other amusements better suited to a *déte-a-tête*, than any of the four aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What pastimes be they?—We ben't enough for hunt the whistle nor blind-man's buff: but I'll call our Bell and Robin the butler. Dicky will be here by an bye.

Cape. Hold a minute. I have a game to propose, where the presence of a third person, especially Mr Cadwallader's, wou'd totally ruin the sport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you guess?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; questions and commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not absolutely that—some little resemblance; for I am to request, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daisy! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in jest or earnest?

Cape. That is as you please to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I ask you questions too?

Cape. Doubtless.

Mrs. Cad. Why then, do you love me?

Cape. With all my soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your sayso.

Cape. Upon my sayso.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my heart. This is the rarest pastime!

Cape. But you have not answer'd my question.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! that's true. Why, I believe there's no love lost.

Cape. So; our game will soon be over; I shall be up at a deal. I wish I mayn't be engag'd to play deeper here than I intended tho'. [Aside.]

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your turn.

Cape. True, ay; but, zooks, you are too hasty; the pleasure

pleasure of this play, like hunting, does not consist in immediately chopping the prey.

Mrs Cad. No! how then?

Cape. Why, first I am to start you, then run you a little in view, then lose you, then unravel all the tricks and doubles you make to escape me.

You fly o'er hedge and stile,
I pursue for many a mile:

But You grow tir'd at last, and quat;

Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I shall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in view.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs Cad. Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quattung—Hush! here's sister; what the deuce brought her? Bell will be for learning this game too; but don't you teach her for your life, Mr Poet.

Enter Arabella.

Arab. Your mantua-maker, with your new sack, sister.

Mrs Cad. Is that all? She might have staid, I think.

Arab. What? You were better engaged? But don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

Mrs Cad. Hey! Now will I be hang'd if she ben't jealous of Mr Poet; but I'll listen, and see the end on't, I am resolved.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Arab. Are you concern'd at the interruption too?

Cape. It was a very seasonable one, I promise you; had you staid a little longer, I don't know what might have been the consequence.

Arab. No danger to your person, I hope.

Cape. Some little attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly resisted.

Cape. Why, consider, my dear Bell, tho' your sister is a fool, she is a fine woman, and flesh is frail.

Arab. Dear Bell! and flesh is frail! We are grown strangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Heyday! In what corner sits the wind now?

Arab. Where it may possibly blow strong enough to overset your hopes.

Cape. That a breeze of your breath can do.

Arab.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, Madam; but pray, what is the meaning of all this?

Arab. Ask your own guilty conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little passion wou'd be no bad presage.

Arab. You may prove a false prophet.

Cape. Let me die if I know what to—but to descend to a little common sense; what part of my conduct—

Arab. Lok'ee, Mr Cape, all explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover your disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no occasion—but, however, I'll not be any impediment to you; my sister will be back immediately; I suppose my presence will only—but consider, Sir, I have a brother's honour—

Cape. Which is as safe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your brother's closet: but surely, Madam, you are a little capricious here; have I done any thing but obey your directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a supposition that—but no matter.

Cape. That, what?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe what you was wicked enough to protest—

Cape. That I loved you; and what reason have I given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty situation I found you in at my entrance.

Cape. An assumed warmth, for the better concealing the fraud.

Mrs Cad. What's that? [Aside, listening.

Cape. Surely if you doubted my constancy, you must have a better opinion of my understanding.

Mrs Cad. Mighty well. [Aside.

Cape. What an idiot, a driveler! no consideration upon earth, but my paving the way to the possession of you, could have prevail'd upon me to support her folly a minute.

Enter Mrs Cadwallader.

Mrs Cad. Soh! Mr Poet, you are a pretty gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not

not such a fool as you think for, man; but here will be Dicky presently; he shall hear of your tricks, he shall: I'll let him know what a pretty person he has got in his house.

Cape. There's no parrying this; had not I better decamp?

Arab. And leave me to the mercy of the enemy? my brother's temper is so odd, there's no knowing in what light he'll see this.

Mrs Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, Madam.

Enter Cadwallader, Governor, Sprightly, and Robin.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr Interpreter, between you and I, I like his royal highness mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred gentleman—but damn his soup.

Gov. Why, Sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another mess to be his master's prime minister; as bitter as gall, and as black as my hat; and there have I been sitting these two hours with my legs under me till they are both as dead as a herring.

Cape. Your dinner displeas'd you?

Cad. Displeas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr Sprightly, I'm mightily obliged to you for the honour; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a hobblinwisky again, if the great Cham of the Calmucks were to come over himself. Hey! and what a damn'd language he has got! Whee, haw, haw! but you speak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long resident in the country.

Cad. May be so, but he seems to speak it better; you have a foreign kind of an accent, you don't sound it thro' the nose so well as he. Hey! well, Becky, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr Cape?

Mrs Cad. Oh! here have been fine doings, since you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the matter?

Mrs Cad. Matter! why, the devil is in the poet, I think.

Cad. The devil! hold.

Mrs Cad. Why, here she has been making love to me like bewitch'd,

Cad.

Cad. How! which way?

Mrs Cad. Why, some on't was out of his poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad: this morning he took me for king Turnus, you; now, who can tell but this afternoon he may take you for queen Dido?

Mrs Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr Cape, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly thing to make love to Becky in my absence.

Cape. But, Sir——

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr Cape, to take this advantage, as you know she is but a foolish woman.

Mrs Cad. Ay, me, who am but a foolish woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor, ignorant, illiterate, poor Becky! And for a man of your parts to attack——

Cape. There's no——

Cad. Hold, hold; ecod, it is just as if the Grand Signor, at the head of his janisaries, was to kick a chimney-sweeper.

Mrs Cad. Hey! what's that you say, Dieky; what, be I like a chimney-sweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, Beck; hey! no: that's only by way of simile, to let him see I understand his tropes and figures as well as himself, egad! and therefore——

Spri. Nay, but, Mr Cadwallader——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr Sprightly; he is the first poet I ever had in my house, except the bellman for a Christmas-box.

Spri. Good Sir.

Cad. And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall be the last.

Spri. I have but one way to silence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I must tell him; he owes his reception here to my recommendation; any abuse of your good-

goodness, any breach of hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod: at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful monster! and is this your return for the open, generous treatment——

Mrs Cad. As good fry'd cow-heel, with a roast fowl and sausages, as ever came to a table.

Cad. Hush, Beck, hush!——

Spri. And cou'd you find no other object but Mr Cadwallader; a man, perhaps, possess'd of a genius superior to your own——

Cad. If I had had a university-education——

Spri. And of a family as old as the creation.

Cad. Older——Beck, fetch the pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this gentleman; but now, Sir, what apology can you make me, who was your passport, your security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the measles last winter; but stay till I get out of the room.

Spri. No: he's sure of a protection here, the presence of the ladies.

Cad. Psha, pox! they belong to the family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb? No excuse? No palliation?

Cad. Ay, no palliation?

Mrs Cad. Ay, no tribulation? 'Tis a shame, so it is.

Cape. When I have leave to speak——

Cad. Speak! what the devil can you say?

Cape. Nay, Sir——

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr Cadwallader, however.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And first to you, Mr Sprightly, as you seem most interest'd; pray, does this charge correspond with any other action of my life, since I have had the honour to know you?

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect; but still as the scholiasts—*Nemo repente turpissimus.*

Cad.

Cad. Hold, hold; what's that?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

Mrs Cad. By gosh! and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is: speak a little more Latin to him; if I had been bred at the university, you shou'd have it both sides of your ears.

Cape. A little patience, gentlemen: now, Sir, to you. You were pleas'd yourself to drop a few hints of your lady's weakness; might not she take too seriously what was meant as a mere matter of merriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry excuse; can any woman be such a fool as not to know when a man has a design upon her person?

Cad. Answer that, Mr Cape, hey! Answer that.

Cape. I can only answer for the innocency of my own intentions; may not your lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a favourite, contrive this charge with a view of destroying the connection.—

Spri. Connection!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, connection.

Spri. There's something in that—

Cad. Hey! is there? Hold, hold, hey! egad, he is right—You're right, Mr Cape; hold, Becky, my dear, how the devil could you be so wicked, hey! child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the wickedness to attempt to destroy the connection?

Mrs Cad. I don't know what you say.

Cad. D'ye hear? You are an incendiary, but you have miss'd your point; the connection shall be only the stronger: My dear friend, I beg ten thousand pardons, I was too hasty; but, ecod, Becky's to blame.

Cape. The return of your favour has effac'd every other impression.

Cad. There's a good-natur'd creature!

Cape. But if you have the least doubts remaining, this lady, your sister, I believe, will do me the justice to own—

Mrs Cad. Ay, ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Cad. What the devil is Becky at now?

Mrs Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad.

Cad. Bad as he!—Hey! how! what the devil, she did not make love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs Cad. Why no, foolish; but you are always running on with your riggmonrowles, and won't stay to hear a body's story out.

Cad. Well, Beck; come, let's have it.

Mrs Cad. Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, first he made love to me, and wanted me to be a hare!

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimsical; a hare! hey! oh, ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hair-brain'd already. Becky, a damn'd good story. Well, Becky, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, so I won't.

Cad. Nay, prythee, Beck.

Mrs Cad. Hold your tongue then:—and so there he was going on with his nonsense, and so in came our Bell; and so—

Cad. Hold, hold, Becky;—damn your so's; go on, child, but leave out your so's; 'tis a low—hold, hold, vulgar—but go on.

Mrs Cad. Why, how can I go on when you stop me every minute? Well, and then our Bell came in and interrupted him; and methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs Cad. And so I went out and listen'd.

Cad. So; what you stay'd and listen'd?

Mrs Cad. No; I tell you, upon my staying, she went out; no—upon my going out, she staid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind story; but go on, Beck.

Mrs Cad. And then at first she scolded him roundly for making love to me; and then he said as how she advised him to it; and then she said no; and then he said—

Cad. Hold, hold; we shall never understand all these he's and she's; this may all be very true, Beck, but hold, hold; as I hope to be sav'd, thou art the worst teller of a story.

Mrs Cad. Well, I have but a word more; and then he said as how I was a great fool.

Cad. Not much mistaken in that.

Mrs Cad. And that he would not have staid with

me a minute, but to pave the way to the possession of the.

Cad. Well, Beck, well?

Mrs Cad. And so—that's all.

Cad. Make love to her, in order to get possession of you?

Mrs Cad. Love to me, in order to get the.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now, I begin to understand. Hey! What! is this true, Bell? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey! Mr Cape?

Cape. How shall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir; I have a reason.

Cad. Well, what say you, Mr Cape? Let's have it without equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental reservation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what! Hold, hold, of making love to Bell.

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how! Hold, zounds! No, what, not with an intention to marry her?

Cape. With the lady's approbation, and your kind consent.

Cad. Hold, hold; what, my consent to marry you?

Cape. Ay, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; what our Bell to mix the blood of the Cadwalladers with the puddle of a poet?

Cape. Sir!

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming—

Spri. But Mr—

Cad. A scribbling; hold, hold, hold—garretteer, that has no more cloaths than backs, no more heads than hats, and no shoes to his feet.

Spri. Nay, but—

Cad. The offspring of a dunghill! born in a cellar. Hold, hold—and living in a garret! a fungus! a mushroom!

Cape. Sir, my family—

Cad. Your family! Hold, hold, hold—Peter, fetch the pedigree; I'll show you—Your family! a little obscure—hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a grandfather—

Enter

Enter Peter with the Pedigree.
There it is; there; Peter, help me to stretch it out: there's seven yards more of lineals, besides three of collaterals, that I expect next Monday from the herald's office; d'ye see, Mr Sprightly?

Spr. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay; but looky', there's Welsh princes and ambassadors, and kings of Scotland, and members of parliament: Hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an earl or a lord in my pedigree, hold, hold, than Kuli Khan wou'd a sergeant in the train'd bands.

Spr. An amazing descent!

Cad. Hey! is it not? And for this low, lousy, son of a shoemaker, to talk of families—hold, hold, get out of my house.

Rob. Now is your time, Sir.

Cad. Mr Sprightly, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a secret to disclose, that may make you alter your intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold: how, Mr Interpreter?

Gov. You are now to regard that young man in a very different light, and consider him as my son.

Cape. Your son, Sir!

Gov. In a moment, George, the mystery shall be explain'd.

Cad. Your son! Hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! Why then he is no longer the scribbler, the mushroom you have described; but of birth and fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the son of an interpreter equal to me. A fellow that trudges about, teaching of languages to foreign counts!

Gov. A teacher of languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a runner to Monsieurs and Marquisses!

Spr. You are mistaken, Sir.

Cad. A jack-pudding! that takes fillips on the nose for sixpence a-piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me eighteen-pennyworth, and change for half-a-crown.

Gov. Stop when you are well.

Cad. A spunger at other mens tables! that has jal-

lop put into his beer, and his face black'd at Christmas for the diversion of children.

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir, who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Cad. Hey! Zounds, Mr Sprightly, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your choler. Indeed, Mr Cadwallader, nothing cou'd excuse your behaviour to this gentleman but your mistaking his person.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell—

Spri. That was a mistake. This gentleman is the prince's friend; and by long residence in the monarch's country, is perfect master of the language.

Cad. But who the devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr Cape, Sir; a man of unblemish'd honour, capital fortune, and late governor of one of our most considerable settlements.

Cad. Governor! Hold, hold, and how came you father to—hey!—

Gov. By marrying his mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a solemn truth; that foreign friend, to whom you owe your education, was no other than myself: I had my reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my son.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me (*kneeling*), but if gratitude, duty, filial—

Gov. Rise, my boy. I have ventured far to fix thy fortune, George; but to find thee worthy of it, more than o'erpays my toil; the rest of my story shall be reserv'd till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good sensible old fellow this; but harky', Sprightly, I have made a damn'd blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr Governor, I ask ten thousand pardons; but who the devil cou'd have thought that the interpreter to prince Potowowsky—

Gov. Oh, Sir, you have in your power sufficient means to atone for the injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold; how?

Gov.

Gov. By bestowing your sister with, I flatter myself, no great violence to her inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry Bell! Hey! Hold, hold; zounds, Bell, take him, do; 'ecod, he's a good likely——hey! Will you?

Arab. I shan't disobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the devil knows but he may come to be a governor himself; hey! Hold, hold; come here then, give me your hands both; (*joins their hands.*) There, there, the business is done. And now, brother governor——

Gov. And now brother Cadwallader.

Cad. Hey! Beck, here's something now for my pedigree; we'll pop in the Governor to-morrow.

Mrs Cad. Hark'y, Mr Governor, can you give me a black boy and a monkey?

Cad. Hey! ay, ay, you shall have a black boy, and a monkey, and a parrot too, Beck.

Spr. Dear George, I am a little late in my congratulation; but——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested friendship, I shall be sorry I ever own'd him. Now, Robin, my cares are over, and my wishes full; and if George remains as untainted by affluence as he has been untempted by distress, I have given the poor a protector, his country an advocate, and the world a friend.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Written by a LADY.

Spoken by Mrs OLIVE.

*WELL—thank my stars, that I have done my task;
 And now throw off this outward, idiot mask.
 Can't we suppose this circle, so refin'd,
 Who seek those pleasures that improve the mind,
 Cou'd from such vulgarisms feel delight,
 Or laugh at characters so unpolite?
 Who come to plays, to see, and to be seen;
 Not to hear things that shock, or give the spleen:
 Who shun an opera, when they hear 'tis thin.
 "Lord! do you know?" says lady Bell—I'm told
 "That Jacky Dapple got so great a cold
 "Last Tuesday night—There wa'n't a creature there;
 "Not a wale thing to band one to one's chair.
 "Divine Mingotti! what a swell has she!
 "O! such a sustinuto upon B!
 "Ma'am, when she's quite in voice, she'll go to G.
 "Lord! says my lady English—here's a potter!
 "Go where she will, I'll never see another."
 Her ladyship, half-chal'd with London air,
 And brought to town to see the sights—and stare.
 "Fine singing that!—I'm sure 'tis more like screaming;
 "To me, I vow, they're all a pack of women!"
 "Oh Baybore!—Inhumana!—Tramontane!—
 "Does not this creature come from Pudding-Lane?
 "Look, look, my lord! She goggles! Ha, ha."—"Pray, be quiet;
 "Dear lady Bell, for shame! You'll make a riot."
 "Why, will they mix with us to make this rout?
 "Bring in a bill, my lord, to keep 'em out."
 "We'll have a taste at it, faith!"—my lord replied;
 "And sent out all that are not qualified."
 Thus ridicule is bounded like a ball,
 Struck by the great, then answer'd by the small;
 While we, at times, return it to you all.
 A skilful band will ne'er your rage provoke:
 For though it hits you, you'll applaud the stroke:
 Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;
 Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your neighbour down.*

THE

THE KING AND THE
K I N G
 AND THE
MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

By MR ROBERT DODSLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

The King,
The Miller,
Richard, the Miller's son,
Lord Lurewell,
Courtiers and Keepers of the Forest.

Drury-Lane.
 Mr Cibber.
 Mr Miller.
 Mr Berry.
 Mr Este.

WOMEN.

Peggy,
Margery,
Kate,

Mrs Pritchard.
 Mrs Bennet.
 Mrs Croft.

SCENE, Sherwood Forest.

Enter several COURTIERS as lost.

First COURTIER.

TIS horrid dark! and this wood, I believe, has
 neither end nor side.

4 Cour. You mean, to get out at; for we have found
 one in, you see.

2 Cour. I wish our good king Harry had kept nearer
 home to hunt: In my mind, the pretty tame deer in
 London make much better sport than the wild ones in
 Sherwood forest.

3 Cour.

' 3 *Cour.* I can't tell which way his Majesty went, nor whether any body is with him or not; but let us keep together, pray.

' 4 *Cour.* Ay, ay, like true courtiers, take care of ourselves whatever becomes of master.

' 2 *Cour.* Well, it is a terrible thing to be lost in the dark.

' 4 *Cour.* It is. And yet 'tis so common a case, that one would not think it should be at all so. Why, we are all of us lost in the dark every day of our lives. Knaves keep us in the dark by their cunning, and fools by their ignorance. Divines lose us in dark mysteries, lawyers in dark cases, and statesmen in dark intrigues: nay, the light of reason, which we so much boast of, what is it but a dark lanthorn, which just serves to prevent us from running our nose against a post, perhaps; but is no more able to lead us out of the dark mists of error and ignorance in which we are lost, than an *ignis fatuus* would be to conduct us out of this wood.

' 1 *Cour.* But, my lord, this is no time for preaching. methinks. And, for all your morals, day-light would be much preferable to this darkness, I believe.

' 3 *Cour.* Indeed wou'd it. But come, let us go on; we shall find some house or other by-and-by.

' 4 *Cour.* Come along.'

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the King alone.

King. No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain: I am lost, quite lost indeed. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shows me no respect; I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another man. What is a king? Is he not wiser than another man? Not without his counsellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed; but what now can my power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When seated on his throne, and surrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think so; but when lost in a wood, alas! what is he but a common man? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at; and his greatness the beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puffed up with these false attributes;

attributes! Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man. [*The report of a gun is heard.*] Hark! some villain, sure, is near! What were it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it.

Enter the Miller.

Mil. I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Mil. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fir'd that gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Mil. You lie, I believe.

King. Lie! lie! How strange it seems to me to be talk'd to in this style. (*Aside.*) Upon my word, I don't.

Mil. Come, come, firrah, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, have not you?

King. No indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off indeed, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Mil. I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray who are you? what's your name?

King. Name!

Mil. Name! yes, name. Why, you have a name, have not you? Where do you come from? what is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been us'd to, honest man.

Mil. May be so; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer, I think: so if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you! What authority have you to—

Mil. The king's authority, if I must give you an account. Sir, I am John Cockle the miller of Mansfield, one of his Majesty's keepers in the forest of Sherwood; and I will let no suspected fellow pass this way that cannot give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. I must submit to my own authority. (*Aside.*) Very well, Sir; I am very glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and since I find you have his authority,

I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

Mil. 'Tis more than you deserve, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

King. I have the honour to belong to the king as well as you, and perhaps should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest; and the chace leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Mil. This does not sound well; if you have been a-hunting, pray where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse so, that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Mil. If I thought I might believe this now.

King. I am not used to lie, honest man.

Mil. What? do you live at court, and not lie? that's a likely story indeed!

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and, to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, if I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own house, here is something to pay you for your trouble; and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Mil. Ay, now I am convinc'd you are a courtier; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath: here, take it again, and take this along with it—John Cockle is no courtier, he can do what he ought—without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own, and I should be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

Mil. Thee and thou! prithee don't thee and thou me: I believe I am as good a man as yourself at least.

King. Sir, I beg your pardon.

Mil. Nay, I am not angry, friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with any body before I know whether they deserve it or not.

King. You are in the right. But what am I to do?

Mil. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way thro' this thick wood; but if you are resolv'd upon going thither to-night,

Right, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can; or if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

King. And cannot you go with me to-night?

Mil. I would not go with you to-night if you were the king.

King. Then I must go with you, I think. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Town of Mansfield.

Dick. (alone.) Well, dear Mansfield, I am glad to see thy face again. But my heart aches, methinks, for fear this should be only a trick of them to get me into their power. Yet the letter seems to be wrote with an air of sincerity, I confess; and the girl was never us'd to lie till she kept a lord company. Let me see, I'll read it once more.

"Dear RICHARD,

"I am at last (tho' much too late for me) convinc'd
"of the injury done to us both by that base man who
"made me think you false: he contriv'd these letters
"which I send you, to make me think you just upon
"the point of being married to another, a thought I
"could not bear with patience; so, aiming at revenge
"on you, consented to my own undoing. But, for your
"own sake, I beg you to return hither, for I have some
"hopes of being able to do you justice; which is the
"only comfort of your most distress'd, but ever affectionate,
"PEGGY."

There can be no cheat in this, sure! the letters she has sent are, I think, a proof of her sincerity. Well, I will go to her, however; I cannot think she will again betray me: if she has as much tenderness left for me as, in spite of her ill usage, I still feel for her, I'm sure she won't. Let me see, I am not far from the house, I believe. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to a Room.

Peggy and Phœbe.

Phœbe. Pray, Madam, make yourself easy.

Peggy. Ah, Phœbe! she that has lost her virtue,
"has

has with it lost her ease and all her happiness. Believing, cheated fool! to think him false.

Phoebe. Be patient, Madam, I hope you will shortly be reveng'd on that deceitful lord.

Peggy. I hope I shall, for that were just revenge.—But will revenge make me happy? will it excuse my falsehood? will it restore me to the heart of my much-injur'd love? Ah no: that blooming innocence he us'd to praise and call the greatest beauty of our sex, is gone. I have no charm left that might renew that flame I took such pains to quench.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

See who's there. O heavens, 'tis he! alas, that ever I shou'd be asham'd to see the man I love!

Enter Peggy meeting Richard, who stands looking on her at a distance, she weeping.

Dick. Well, Peggy, (but I suppose you're Madam now in that fine dress), you see you have brought me back: is it to triumph in your falsehood? or am I to receive the slighted leavings of your fine lord?

Peggy. O Richard! after the injury I have done you, I cannot look on you without confusion: But do not think so hardly of me!—I stay'd not to be slighted by him; for the moment I discover'd his vile plot on you, I fled his sight, nor could he ever prevail to see me since.

Dick. Ah, Peggy, you were too hasty in believing, and much I fear the vengeance aim'd at me had other charms to recommend it to you:—such bravery as that (*pointing to her cloaths*), I had not to bestow; but if a tender, honest heart could please, you had it all; and if I wish'd for more, 'twas for your sake.

Peggy. O Richard! when you consider the wicked stratagem he contriv'd to make me think you base and deceitful, I hope you will at least pity my folly, and in some measure excuse my falsehood; that you will forgive me, I dare not hope.

Dick. To be forc'd to fly from my friends and country for a crime that I was innocent of, is an injury that I cannot easily forgive, to be sure! But if you are less guilty of it than I thought, I shall be very glad; and if your design be really as you say, to clear me, and to ex-

pose the baseness of him that betray'd and ruin'd you, I will join with you with all my heart. But how do you propose to do this?

Peggy. The king is now in this forrest a-hunting, and our young lord is every day with him: now, I think, if we could take some opportunity of throwing ourselves at his majesty's feet, and complain of the injustice of one of his courtiers, it might perhaps have some effect upon him.

Dick. If we were suffer'd to make him sensible of it, perhaps it might; but the complaints of such little folks as we seldom reach the ears of majesty.

Peggy. We can but try.

Dick. Well, if you will go with me to my father's, and stay there till such an opportunity happens, I shall believe you in earnest, and will join with you in your design.

Peggy. I will do any thing to convince you of my sincerity, and to make satisfaction for the injuries which have been done you.

Dick. Will you go now?

Peggy. I'll be with you in less than an hour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Mill.

Margery and Kate, knitting.

Kate. O dear, I would not see a spirit for all the world; but I love dearly to hear stories of them. Well, and what then?

Mar. And so at last, in a dismal, hollow tone, it cry'd—

[*A knocking at the door frights them both; they scream out, and throw down their knitting.*]

Mar. and Kate. Lord bless us! what's that?

Kate. O dear mother, 'tis some judgment upon us, I'm afraid.—They say, Talk of the devil, and he'll appear.

Mar. Kate, go and see who's at the door?

Kate. I durst not go, mother; do you go.

Mar. Come, let's both go.

Kate. Now, don't speak as if you was afraid.

Mar. No, I won't, if I can help it. Who's there?

Dick. (without.) What! won't you let me in?

Kate. O gemini! 'tis like our Dick, I think:—he's certainly dead, and 'tis his spirit.

Mar. Heav'n forbid! I think in my heart 'tis he himself. Open the door, Kate.

Kate. Nay, do you.

Mar. Come, we'll both open it. [*They open the door.*]

Enter Dick.

Dick. Dear mother, how do you do? I thought you would not have let me in.

Mar. Dear child, I'm overjoy'd to see thee; but I was so frightened, I did not know what to do.

Kate. Dear brother, I am glad to see you: how have you done this long while?

Dick. Very well, Kate. But where's my father?

Mar. He heard a gun go off just now, and he's gone to see who it is.

Dick. What, they love venison at Mansfield as well as ever, I suppose?

Kate. Ay, and they will have it too.

Mil. (*without.*) Hoa! Madge! Kate! bring a light here.

Mar. Yonder he is.

Kate. Has he catch'd the rogue, I wonder?

Enter the King and the Miller.

Mar. Who have you got?

Mil. I have brought thee a stranger, Madge—thou must give him a supper, and a lodging if thou canst.

Mar. You have got a better stranger of your own, I can tell you—Dick's come.

Mil. Dick! where is he? Why, Dick! how is't, my lad?

Dick. Very well, I thank you, father.

King. A little more, and you had push'd me down.

Mil. Faith, Sir, you must excuse me; I was overjoy'd to see my boy. He has been at London, and I have not seen him these four years.

King. Well, I shall once in my life have the happiness of being treated as a common man, and of seeing human nature without disguise. [*Aside.*]

Mil. What has brought thee home so unexpected?

Dick. You will know that presently.

Mil. Of that by-and-by then. We have got the king down in the forest a-hunting this season; and this honest gentleman,

gentleman, who came down with his majesty from London, has been with 'em to-day it seems, and has lost his way. Come, Madge, see what thou canst get for supper. Kill a couple of the best fowls; and go you, Kate, and draw a pitcher of ale.—We are famous, Sir, at Mansfield for good ale, and for honest fellows that know how to drink it.

King. Good ale will be acceptable at present, for I am very dry. But pray, how came your son to leave you and go to London?

Mil. Why, that's a story which Dick perhaps won't like to have told.

King. Then I don't desire to hear it.

Enter Kate with an earthen pitcher of ale and a horn.

Mil. So now do you go help your mother. Sir, my hearty service to you.

King. Thank ye, Sir. This plain sincerity and freedom is a happiness unknown to kings. [*Aside.*

Mil. Come, Sir.

King. Richard, my service to you.

Dick. Thank you, Sir.

Mil. Well, Dick, and how dost thou like London? Come, tell us what thou hast seen?

Dick. Seen! I have seen the land of promise.

Mil. The land of promise! what dost thou mean?

Dick. The court, father.

Mil. Thou wilt never leave joking.

Dick. To be serious then, I have seen the disappointment of all my hopes and expectations; and that's more than one could wish to see.

Mil. What, would the great man thou was recommended to do nothing at all for thee at last?

Dick. Why, yes; he would promise me to the last.

Mil. Zoons! do the courtiers think their dependents can eat promises?

Dick. No, no; they never trouble their heads to think whether we eat at all or not. I have now dangled after his lordship several years, tantaliz'd with hopes and expectations; this year promised one place, the next another, and the third in sure and certain hope of—a disappointment. One falls, and it was promised before; another, and I am just half an hour too late; a third, and

it stops the mouth of a creditor; a fourth, and it pays the hire of a flatterer; a fifth, and it bribes a vote;—and the sixth I am promised still. But having thus slept away some years, I awoke from my dream:—my lord, I found, was so far from having it in his power to get a place for me, that he had been all this while seeking after one for himself.

Mil. Poor Dick! And is plain honesty then a recommendation to no place at court?

Dick. It may recommend you to be a footman perhaps; but nothing further; nothing further indeed. If you look higher, you must furnish yourself with other qualifications: you must learn to say ay or no, to run or stand, to fetch or carry, or leap over a stick, at the word of command. You must be master of the arts of flattery, insinuation, dissimulation, application, and (*pointing to his palm*) right application too, if you hope to succeed.

King. You don't consider I am a courtier, methinks.

Dick. Not I indeed; 'tis no concern of mine what you are. If in general my character of the court is true, 'tis not my fault if 'tis disagreeable to your worship.—There are particular exceptions I own, and I hope you may be one.

King. Nay, I don't want to be flatter'd; so let that pass. Here's better success to you the next time you come to London.

Dick. I thank ye;—but I don't design to see it again in haste.

Mil. No, no, Dick; instead of depending upon lords' promises, depend upon the labour of thine own hands; expect nothing but what thou canst earn, and then thou wilt not be disappointed. But come, I want a description of London;—thou hast told us nothing thou hast seen yet.

Dick. O 'tis a fine place? I have seen large houses with small hospitality; great men do little actions; and fine ladies do nothing at all. I have seen the honest lawyers of Westminster-hall, and the virtuous inhabitants of Change Alley; the politic madmen of coffee-houses, and the wise statesmen of Bedlam. I have seen merry tragedies and sad comedies; devotion at an opera, and mirth

mirth at a sermon: I have seen fine cloaths at St James's, and long bills at Ludgate-hill. I have seen poor grandeur and rich poverty, high honours and low flattery, great pride and no merit. In short, I have seen a fool with a title, a knave with a pension, and an honest man with a thread-bare coat.—Pray, how do you like London?

Mil. And is this the best description thou can'st give of it?

Dick. Yes.

King. Why, Richard, you are a satirist, I find.

Dick. I love to speak truth, Sir; if that happens to be satire, I can't help it.

Mil. Well, if this is London, give me my country cottage; which though it is not a great house nor a fine house, is my own house; and I can show a receipt for the building on't. But come, Sir, our supper, I believe, is ready for us by this time; and to such as I have you're welcome as a prince.

King. I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Wood.

Enter several Keepers.

1 Keep. The report of the gun was somewhere this way, I'm sure.

2 Keep. Yes; but I can never believe that any body would come a deer-stealing so dark a night as this?

3 Keep. Where did the deer harbour to-day.

4 Keep. There was a herd lay upon Hamilton-hill, another just by Robin Hood's chair, and a third here in Mansfield wood.

1 Keep. Ay; those they've been amongst.

2 Keep. But we shall never be able to find 'em to-night, 'tis so dark.

3 Keep. No, no; let's go back again.

1 Keep. Zouns! you're afraid of a broken head, I suppose, if we shou'd find 'em; and so had rather sink back again. Hark! stand close. I hear 'em coming this way.

Enter the Courtiers.

1 Cour. Did not you hear somebody just now? faith,

Y 3

‘ I begin to be afraid we shall meet with some misfortune to-night.

‘ 2 *Cour.* Why, if any body should take what we have got, we have made a fine business of it.

‘ 3 *Cour.* Let them take it if they will; I am so tir’d, I shall make but small resistance.

‘ [*The Keepers rush upon them.*

‘ 2 *Keep.* Ay, rogues, rascals, and villains! you have got it, have you?

‘ 2 *Cour.* Indeed we have got but very little; but what we have got, you’re welcome to, if you will but use us civilly.

‘ 1 *Keep.* O yes, very civilly; you deserve to be us’d civilly, to be sure.

‘ 4 *Cour.* Why, what have we done that we may not be civilly us’d?

‘ 1 *Keep.* Come, come, don’t trifle, surrender.

‘ 1 *Cour.* I have but three half-crowns about me.

‘ 2 *Cour.* Here’s three-and-sixpence for you, gentlemen.

‘ 3 *Cour.* Here’s my watch, I have no money at all.

‘ 4 *Cour.* Indeed I have nothing in my pocket but a snuff-box.

‘ 4 *Keep.* What! the dogs want to bribe us, do they? No, rascals; you shall go before the justice to-morrow, depend on’t.

‘ 4 *Cour.* Before the justice! what, for being robb’d?

‘ 1 *Keep.* For being robb’d! what do you mean? who has robb’d you?

‘ 4 *Cour.* Why, did you not just now demand our money, gentlemen?

‘ 2 *Keep.* O, the rascals! they will swear a robbery against us, I warrant.

‘ 4 *Cour.* A robbery! ay, to be sure.

‘ 1 *Keep.* No, no; we did not demand your money, we demanded the deer you’ve kill’d.

‘ 4 *Cour.* The devil take the deer, I say; he led us a chace of six hours, and got away from us at last.

‘ 1 *Keep.* Zouns! ye dogs, do ye think to banter us? I tell ye, you have this night shot one of the king’s deer; did not we hear the gun go off? did not we hear you say, you was afraid it should be taken from you?

‘ 2 *Cour.*

' 2 *Cour.* We were afraid our money should be taken from us.

' 1 *Keep.* Come, come, no more shuffling: I tell ye, you're all rogues, and we'll have you hang'd, you may depend on't. Come, let us take 'em to old Cockle's, we're not far off, we'll keep 'em there all night, and to-morrow morning we'll away with 'em before the justice.

' 4 *Cour.* A very pretty adventure! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Mill.

King, Miller, Margery, and Dick, at supper.

Mil. Come, Sir, you must mend a bad supper with a glass of good ale:—Here's King Harry's health.

King. With all my heart. Come, Richard, here's King Harry's health: I hope you are courtier enough to pledge me, are not you?

Dick. Yes, yes, Sir: I'll drink the king's health with all my heart.

Mar. Come, Sir, my humble service to you, and much good may do ye with your poor supper; I wish it had been better.

King. You need make no apologies.

Mar. We are obliged to your goodness in excusing our rudeness.

Mil. Prithee, Margery, don't trouble the gentleman with compliments.

Mar. Lord, husband, if one had no more manners than you, the gentleman would take us all for hogs.

Mil. Now, I think the more compliments the less manners.

King. I think so too. Compliments in discourse, I believe, are like ceremonies in religion; the one has destroy'd all true piety, and the other all sincerity and plain-dealing.

Mil. Then a fig for all ceremony and compliments too: give us thy hand, and let us drink and be merry.

King. Right honest Miller, let us drink and be merry. Come, have you got e'er a good song?

Mil. Ah! my singing days are over: but my man Joe has got an excellent one; and if you have a mind to hear it, I'll call him in.

King

King. With all my heart.

Mil. Joe!

Enter Joe.

Come, Joe, drink, boy; I have promis'd this gentleman that you shall sing him our last new song.

Joe. Well, master, if you have promis'd it him, he shall have it.

How happy a state does the miller possess?

Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less;

On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go?

The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau:

A clown in this dress may be honest far,
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so bedaub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;

A palm more polite, may as dirtily deal:

Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without scruple, from other mens sacks?

In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he wou'd mimick the tools of the state;

Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;

Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:

If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

Mil. There's a song for you.

King. He should go sing this at court, I think.

Dick. I believe, if he's wife, he will choose to stay at home tho'.

Enter Peggy.

Mil. What wind blew you hither, pray? you have a good share of impudence, or you would be asham'd to set your foot within my house, methinks.

Peggy. Asham'd I am indeed, but do not call me impudent.

[Weeps.
Dick

Dick. Dear father, suspend your anger for the present; that she is here now, is by my direction, and to do me justice.

Peggy. To do that, is all that is now in my power; for as to myself, I'm ruin'd past redemption: my character, my virtue, my peace, are gone: I am abandon'd by my friends, despis'd by the world, and expos'd to misery and want.

King. Pray, let me know the story of your misfortunes; perhaps it may be in my power to do something towards redressing them.

Peggy. That you may learn from him whom I have wrong'd; but as for me, shame will not let me speak or hear it told. [Exit.

King. She's very pretty.

Dick. O, Sir, I once thought her an angel; I lov'd her dearer than my life, and did believe her passion was the same for me: but a young nobleman of this neighbourhood happening to see her, her youth and blooming beauty presently struck his fancy; a thousand artifices were immediately employ'd to debauch and ruin her. But all his arts were vain; not even the promise of making her his wife, could prevail upon her: in a little time he found out her love to me; and, imagining this to be the cause of her refusal, he, by forg'd letters and feign'd stories, contriv'd to make her believe I was upon the point of marriage with another woman. Possess'd with this opinion, she, in a rage, writes me word never to see her more; and, in revenge, consented to her own undoing. Not contented with this, nor easy while I was so near her, he brib'd one of his cast-off mistresses to swear a child to me, which she did: this was the occasion of my leaving my friends and flying to London.

King. And how does she propose to do you justice?

Dick. Why, the king being now in this forest a-hunting, we design to take some opportunity of throwing ourselves at his majesty's feet, and complaining of the injustice done us by this noble villain.

Mil. Ah, Dick! I expect but little redress from such an application. Things of this nature are so common amongst the great, that I am afraid it will only be made a jest of.

King.

King. Those who can make a jest of what ought to be shocking to humanity, surely deserve not the name of great or noble men.

Dick. What do you think of it, Sir? if you belong to the court, you, perhaps, may know something of the king's temper.

King. Why, if I can judge of his temper at all, I think he would not suffer the greatest nobleman in his court to do an injustice to the meanest subject in his kingdom. But, pray, who is the nobleman that is capable of such actions as these?

Dick. Do you know my Lord Lurewell?

King. Yes.

Dick. That's the man.

King. Well, I would have you put your design in execution. 'Tis my opinion the king will not only hear your complaint, but redress your injuries.

Mil. I wish it may prove so.

Enter the Keepers, leading in Lord Lurewell and Courtiers.

1 Keep. Hola! Cockle! where are ye? why, man, we have nabb'd a pack of rogues here just in the fact.

King. Ha, ha, ha! What, turn'd highwaymen, my lords! or deer-stealers!

Lure. I am very glad to find your Majesty in health and safety.

2 Cour. We have run thro' a great many perils and dangers to-night; but the joy of finding your Majesty so unexpectedly, will make us forget all we have suffer'd.

Mil. and Dick. What! is this the king?

King. I am very glad to see you, my lords, I confess; and particularly you, my lord Lurewell.

Lure. Your Majesty does me honour.

King. Yes, my lord, and I will do you justice too; your honour has been highly wrong'd by this young man.

Lure. Wrong'd, my liege?

King. I hope so, my lord; for I wou'd fain believe you can't be guilty of baseness and treachery.

Lure. I hope your Majesty will find me so. What dares this villain say?

Dick.

Dick. I'm not to be frightened, my lord. I dare speak truth at any time.

Lure. Whatever stains my honour must be false.

King. I know it must, my lord: yet has this man, not knowing who I was, presumed to charge your lordship, not only with great injustice to himself, but also with ruining an innocent virgin whom he lov'd, and who was to have been his wife; which, if true, were base and treacherous: but I know 'tis false, and therefore leave it to your lordship to say what punishment I shall inflict upon him for the injury done to your honour.

Lure. I thank your Majesty. I will not be severe; he shall only ask my pardon, and to-morrow morning be oblig'd to marry the creature he has traduced me with.

King. This is mild. Well, your hear your sentence.

Dick. May I not have leave to speak before your Majesty?

King. What canst thou say?

Dick. If I had your Majesty's permission, I believe I have certain witnesses which will undeniably prove the truth of all I have accus'd his lordship of.

King. Produce them.

Dick. Peggy!

Enter Peggy.

King. Do you know this woman, my lord?

Lure. I know her, please your Majesty, by sight; she is a tenant's daughter.

Peggy. (*aside.*) Majesty! what, is this the king?

Dick. Yes.

King. Have you no particular acquaintance with her?

Lure. Hum—I have not seen her these several months.

Dick. True, my lord; and that is part of your accusation; for, I believe, I have some letters which will prove your lordship once had a more particular acquaintance with her. Here is one of the first his lordship wrote to her, full of the tenderest and most solemn protestations of love and constancy; here is another, which will inform your Majesty of the pains he took to ruin her; there is an absolute promise of marriage before he could accomplish it.

King. What say you, my lord; are these your hand?

Lure.

Lure. I believe, please your Majesty, I might have a little affair of gallantry with the girl some time ago.

King. It was a little affair, my lord; a mean affair; and what you call gallantry, I call infamy. Do you think, my lord, that greatness gives a sanction to wickedness? or that it is the prerogative of lords to be unjust and inhuman? You remember the sentence which yourself pronounced upon this innocent man; you cannot think it hard that it should pass on you who are guilty.

Lure. I hope your Majesty will consider my rank, and not oblige me to marry her.

King. Your rank, my lord! Greatness that stoops to actions base and low, deserts its rank, and pulls its honours down. What makes your lordship great? Is it your gilded equipage and dress? then put it on your meanest slave, and he's as great as you. Is it your riches or estate? the villain that should plunder you of all, would then be as great as you. No, my lord, he that acts greatly, is the true great man. I therefore think you ought, in justice, to marry her you have thus wrong'd.

Peggy. Let my tears thank your Majesty. But, alas! I am afraid to marry this young lord: that would only give him power to use me worse, and still increase my misery: I therefore beg your Majesty will not command him to do it.

King. Rise then, and hear me. My lord, you see how low the greatest noblemen may be reduced by ungenerous actions. Here is, under your own hand, an absolute promise of marriage to this young woman, which, from a thorough knowledge of your unworthiness, she has prudently declined to make you fulfil. I shall therefore not insist upon it; but I command you, upon pain of my displeasure, immediately to settle on her three hundred pounds a year.

Peggy. May heaven reward your Majesty's goodness. 'Tis too much for me; but if your Majesty thinks fit, let it be settled upon this much-injured man, to make some satisfaction for the wrongs which have been done him. As to myself, I only sought to clear the innocence of him I lov'd and wrong'd, then to hide me from the world, and die forgiven.

Dick. This act of generous virtue cancels all past failings; come to my arms, and be as dear as ever.

Peggy. You cannot, sure, forgive me!

Dick. I can, I do, and still will make you mine.

Peggy. O! why did ever I wrong such generous love?

Dick. Talk no more of it. Here let us kneel, and thank the goodness which has made us blest.

King. May you be happy.

Mil. (kneels.) After I have seen so much of your Majesty's goodness, I cannot despair of pardon, even for the rough usage your Majesty receiv'd from me.

[*The King draws his sword; the Miller is frightened and rises up, thinking he was going to kill him.*]

What have I done that I should lose my life?

King. Kneel without fear. No, my good host; so far are you from having any thing to pardon, that I am much your debtor. I cannot think but so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honourable knight: So rise up, Sir John Cockle; and, to support your state, and in some sort requite the pleasure you have done us, a thousand merks a-year shall be your revenue.

Mil. Your Majesty's bounty I receive with thankfulness; I have been guilty of no meanness to obtain it, and I hope I shall not be obliged to keep it upon base conditions; for though I am willing to be a faithful subject, I am resolv'd to be a free and an honest man.

King. I rely upon your being so: and to gain the friendship of such a one, I shall always think an addition to my happiness, though a king.

Worth, in whatever state, is sure a prize,
Which kings, of all men, ought not to despise;
By selfish sycophants so close besieg'd,
'Tis by mere chance a worthy man's oblig'd;
But hence, to every courtier be it known,
Virtue shall find protection from the throne.

THE
PADLOCK.
IN TWO ACTS.

By MR ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Don Diego,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1783.</i>
<i>Leander,</i>	<i>Mr Bannister.</i>	<i>Mr Fowler.</i>
<i>Mungo,</i>	<i>Mr Vernon.</i>	<i>Mr Tannet.</i>
	<i>Mr Dibdin.</i>	<i>Mr Hallion.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Leonora,</i>	<i>Mrs Arne.</i>	<i>Miss Farren.</i>
<i>Ursula,</i>	<i>Mrs Dorman.</i>	<i>Mrs Charteris.</i>

SCENE, *Salamanca.*

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Garden belonging to DON DIEGO's House.*

DON DIEGO *enters musing.*

THOUGHTS to council—let me see—

Hum—to be or not to be

A husband, is the question.

A cuckold! must that follow?

Say what men will,

Wedlock's a pill

Bitter to swallow,

And hard of digestion.

But fear makes the danger seem double.

Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble

My

My peace, should I venture to try you?

My doors shall be lock'd,

My windows be block'd;

No male in my house,

Not so much as a mouse:

Then horns, horns, I defy you.

Dieg. Ursula!

Enter Ursula.

Urf. Here, an't please your worship.

Dieg. Where is Leonora?

Urf. In her chamber, Sir.

Dieg. There is the key of it; there the key of the best hall; there the key of the door upon the first flight of stairs; there the key of the door upon the second; this double-locks the hatch below, and this the door that opens into that entry.

Urf. I am acquainted with every ward of them.

Dieg. You know, Ursula, when I took Leonora from her father and mother, she was to live in the house with me three months; at the expiration of which time, I entered into a bond of four thousand pistoles, either to return her to them spotless, with half that sum for a dowry, or make her my true and lawful wife.

Urf. And, I warrant you, they came secretly to inquire of me whether they might venture to trust your worship. Lord! said I, I have lived with the gentleman nine years and three quarters, come Lammas, and never saw any thing uncivil by him in my life; nor no more I ever did: and to let your worship know if I had, you would have mistaken your person; for I bless heaven, tho' I'm poor, I'm honest, and would not live with any man alive that should want to handle me unlawfully.

Dieg. Ursula, I do believe it: and you are particularly happy, that both your age and your person exempt you from any such temptation. But, be this as it will, Leonora's parents, after some little difficulty, consented to comply with my proposal; and, being fully satisfied with their daughter's temper and conduct, which I wanted to be acquainted with, this day being the expiration of the term, I am resolved to fulfil my bond, by marrying her to-morrow.

Urf. Heaven bless you together.

Dieg. During the time she has lived with me, she has never been a moment out of my sight: and now, tell me, Ursula, what you have observed in her.

Urf. All meekness and gentleness, your worship; and yet, I warrant you, shrewd and sensible; egad, when she pleases, she can be as sharp as a needle.

Dieg. You have not been able to discover any particular attachments?

Urf. Why, Sir, of late I have observed——

Dieg. Eh! how! what?

Urf. That she has taken greatly to the young kitten.

Dieg. O! is that all?

Urf. Ay, by my faith, I don't think she is fond of any thing else.

Dieg. Of me, Ursula?

Urf. Ay, ay, of the kitten and your worship, and her birds, and going to mass. I have taken notice of late, that she is mighty fond of going to mass as your worship lets her, early of a morning.

Dieg. Well! I am now going to her parents, to let them know my resolution; I will not take her with me, because, having been used to confinement, and it being the life I am determined she shall lead, it will be only giving her a bad habit. I shall return with the good folks to-morrow morning; in the mean time, Ursula, I confide in your attention; and take care, as you would merit my favour.

Urf. I will indeed, your worship; nay, if there is a widow gentlewoman in all Salamanca fitter to look after a young maiden——

Dieg. Go, and send Leonora to me.

Urf. I know the world, Sir, tho' I say't:

I'm cautious and wise;

And they who surprise

My prudence nodding,

Must sit up late,

Never fear, Sir,

Your safety's here, Sir;

Yes, yes,

I'll answer for Miss:

Let me alone,

I warrant my care

Shall

Shall weigh to a hair

As much as your own.

[Exit Ursula.]

Dieg. I dreamt last night that I was going to church with Leonora to be married, and that we were met on the road by a drove of oxen——Oxen——I don't like oxen! I wish it had been a flock of sheep.

Enter Leonora with a bird on her finger, which she holds in the other hand by a string.

Leon. Say, little, foolish, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing

Your airy flight?

Stay here and sing,

Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,

Sweet Robin, you shall not go:

Where, you wanton, could you be,

Half so happy as with me?

Dieg. Leonora!

Leon. Here I am.

Dieg. Look me in the face, and listen to me attentively.

Leon. There.

Dieg. I am going this evening to your father and mother, and I suppose you are not ignorant of the cause of my journey. Are you willing to be my wife?

Leon. I am willing to do whatever you and my father and my mother please.

Dieg. But that's not the thing; do you like me?

Leon. Y—es.

Dieg. What do you sigh for?

Leon. I don't know.

Dieg. When you came hither, you were taken from a mean little house, ill situated, and worse furnished; you had no servants, and were obliged, with your mother, to do the work yourself.

Leon. Yes; but when we had done, I could look out at the window, or go a-walking in the fields.

Dieg. Perhaps you dislike confinement?

Leon. No, I don't, I am sure.

Dieg. I say, then, I took you from that mean habitation and hard labour, to a noble building, and this fine garden; where, so far from being a slave, you are

absolute mistress; and instead of wearing a mean stuff gown, look at yourself, I beseech you; the dress you have on is fit for a princess.

Leon. 'Tis very fine, indeed.

Dieg. Well, Leonora, you know in what manner you have been treated since you have been my companion; ask yourself again now, whether you can be content to lead a life with me according to the specimen you have had?

Leon. Specimen!

Dieg. Ay, according to the manner I have treated you
—according—

Leon. I'll do whatever you please.

Dieg. Then, my dear, give me a kiss.

Leon. Good b'ye to you.

Dieg. Here, Ursula.

By some I am told,

That I'm wrinkled and old;

But I will not believe what they say:

I feel my blood mounting,

Like streams in a fountain,

That merrily sparkle and play.

For love I have will

And ability still;

Odsbobs, I can scarcely refrain!

My diamond, my pearl—

Well, be a good girl,

Until I come to you again.

[Exit Don Diego.]

Leon. Heigho!—I think I am sick.—He's very good to me, to be sure; and 'tis my duty to love him, because we ought not to be ungrateful; but I wish I was not to marry him for all that, though I'm afraid to tell him so. Fine feathers, they say, make fine birds; but I am sure they don't make happy ones; a sparrow is happier in the fields than a goldfinch in a cage. There is something makes me mighty uneasy. While he was talking to me, I thought I never saw any thing look so ugly in my life — O dear now, why did I forget to ask leave to go to mass to-morrow? I suppose, because he's abroad, Ursula won't take me—I wish I had asked leave to go to mass.

Was

Was I a shepherd's maid, to keep
 On yonder plains a flock of sheep;
 Well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day,
 My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.
 Or wou'd some bird that pity brings,
 But for a moment lend its wings,
 My parents then might rave and scold,
 My guardians strive my will to hold:
 Their words are harsh, his walls are high;
 But spite of all, away I'd fly.

SCENE *changes to a Street in Salamanca. Leander enters with two scholars; all in their university gowns.*

Leand. His name is Don Diego; there's his house, like another monastery, or rather prison; his servants are an ancient duenna, and a negro slave——

1 Schol. And after having lived fifty years a bachelor, this old fellow has pick'd up a young thing of sixteen, whom he by chance saw in a balcony!

2 Schol. And you are in love with the girl?

Leand. To desperation; and I believe I am not indifferent to her; for finding that her jealous guardian took her to the chapel of a neighbouring convent every morning before it was light, I went there in the habit of a pilgrim, planting myself as near her as I could: I then varied my appearance; continuing to do so from time to time, till I was convinced she had sufficiently remarked and understood my meaning.

1 Schol. Well, Leander, I'll say that for you, there is not a more industrious lad in the university of Salamanca, when a wench is to be ferreted.

2 Schol. But prithee, tell us now, how did you get information?

Leand. First from report, which raised my curiosity; and afterwards from the negro I just now mentioned: I observed that when the family was gone to bed, he often came to air himself at yonder grate; you know I am no bad chanter, nor a very scurvy minstrel; so taking a guitar, clapping a black patch on my eye, and a swathe upon one of my legs, I soon scraped acquaintance with my friend Mungo. He adores my songs and sarabands; and taking me for a poor cripple, often repays me with

a share of his allowance; which I accept to avoid suspicion.

1 *Schol.* And so —

Leand. And so, Sir, he hath told me all the secrets of his family; and one worth knowing; for he informed me last night; that his master will this evening take a short journey into the country, from whence he proposes not to return till to-morrow, leaving his young wife, that is to be, behind him.

2 *Schol.* Zounds! let's scale the wall.

Leand. Fair and softly; I will this instant go and put on my disguise, watch for the Don's going out, attack my negro afresh, and try if by his means I cannot come into the house, or at least get a sight of my charming angel.

1 *Schol.* Angel! is she then so handsome?

Leand. It is time for us to withdraw: come to my chambers, and there you shall know all you can desire.

[*Exit Scholars.*]

Hither, Venus, with your doves;
Hither, all ye little loves;
Round me light, your wings display,
And bear a lover on his way.
Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,
Transform myself to show'ry gold;
Or in a swan my passion shroud,
Or wrap it in an orient cloud;
What locks, what bars, should then impede,
Or keep me from my charming maid!

[*Exit Leander.*]

SCENE changes to the outside of Don Diego's house, which appears with windows barr'd up, and an iron grate before an entry. Don Diego enters from the house, having first unlocked the door, and remov'd two or three bars which assisted in fastening it.

With the precautions I have taken, I think I run no risk in quitting my house for a short time; Leonora has never shown the least inclination to deceive me; besides, my old woman is prudent and faithful, she has all the keys, and will not part with them from herself. But suppose — suppose — by the rood and St Francis, I will not

not leave it in her power to do mischief—a woman's not having it in her power to deceive you is the best security for her fidelity, and the only one a wise man will confide in; Fast bind, safe find, is an excellent proverb. I'll e'en lock her up with the rest; there is a hasp to the door, and I have a padlock within which shall be my guarantee: I will wait till the negro returns with provisions he is gone to purchase; and clapping them all up together, make my mind easy by having the key they are under in my pocket.

Enter Mungo with a hamper.

Mun. Go, get you down, you damn hamper, you carry me now. Curse my old Massa, sending me always here and dere for one something to make me tire like a mule—curse him imperance—and him damn insurance.

Dieg. How now?

Mun. Ah, Massa, blefs your heart.

Dieg. What's that you are muttering, firrah?

Mun. Noting, Massa; only me say, you very good Massa.

Dieg. What do you leave your load down there for?

Mun. Massa, me lily tire.

Dieg. Take it up, rascal.

Mun. Yes, blefs your heart, Massa.

Dieg. No lay it down:—now I think on't, come hither.

Mun. What you say, Massa?

Dieg. Can you be honest?

Mun. Me no favce, Massa, you never ax me before.

Dieg. Can you tell truth?

Mun. What you give me, Massa?

Dieg. There's a pistern for you; now tell me, do you know of any ill going on in my house?

Mun. Ah, Massa, a damn deal.

Dieg. How, that I'm a stranger to?

Mun. No, Massa, you lick me every day with your rattan; I'm sure, Massa, that's mischief enough for poor Neger man.

Dieg. So, so.

Mun. La, Massa, how could you have a heart to lick poor Neger man, as you lick me last Thursday?

Dieg.

Dieg. If you have not a mind I should chastise you now, hold your tongue.

Mun. Yes, Massa, if you no lick me again.

Dieg. Listen to me, I say.

Mun. You know, Massa, me very good servant——

Dieg. Then you will go on?

Mun. And ought to be use kine——

Dieg. If you utter another syllable——

Mun. And I'm sure, Massa, you can't deny but I worky worky—I dress a victuals, and run a errands, and wash a house, and make a beds, and scrub a shoes, and wait a table.

Dieg. Take that——Now, will you listen to me?

Mun. La, Massa, if ever I saw——

Dieg. I am going abroad, and shall not return till to-morrow morning. During this night I charge you not to sleep a wink, but be watchful as a lynx, and keep walking up and down the entry, that if you hear the least noise you may alarm the family.

Mun. So I must be stay in a cold all night, and have no sleep, and get no tanks neither; then him call me tief, and rogue, and rascal to tempt me.

Dieg. Stay here, perverse animal, and take care that nobody approaches the door; I am going in, and shall be out again in a moment.

Mun. Dear heart, what a terrible life am I led!

A dog has a better, that's shelter'd and fed;

Night and day 'tis de same,

My pain is dere game:

Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,

Poor black must run:

Mungo here, Mungo dere,

Mungo every where;

Above and below,

Sirrah, come, sirrah, go;

Do so, and do so.

Oh, oh!

Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

[Exit into the house.

Don Diego having entered the house during the song, returns with Ursula, who, after the Negro goes in, appears

pears to bolt the door on the inside: Then Don Diego, unseen by them, puts on a large padlock, and goes off. After which, Leander enters disguised, and Mungo comes to the grate.

Lean. So—my old Argus is departed, and the evening is as favourable for my design as I could wish. Now to attract my friend Mungo; if he is within hearing of my guitar, I am sure he will quickly make his appearance.

Mun. Who goes dere?—Hip, hollo!

Lean. Heaven bless you, my worthy master, will your worship's honour have a little music this evening? and I have got a bottle of delicious cordial here, given me by a chartitable monk of a convent hard by, if your grace will please to taste it.

Mun. Give me a sup tro a grate; come closee man, don't be fear, old Massa gone out, as I say last night, and he no come back before to-morrow; come, trike mousic, and give us a song.

Lean. I'll give your worship a song I learn'd in Barbary, when I was a slave among the Moors.

Mun. Ay, do.

Lean. There was a cruel and malicious Turk, who was called Heli Abdalah Mahomet Scah; now this wicked Turk had a fair Christian slave named Jezabel, who not consenting to his beastly desires, he draws out his sabre, and is going to cut off her head; here's what he says to her (*sings and plays.*) Now you shall hear the slave's answer (*sings and plays again.*) Now you shall hear how the wicked Turk, being greatly enraged, is again going to cut off the fair slave's head (*sings and plays again.*) Now you shall hear,——

Mun. What signify me hear?—Me no understand.

Lean. Oh, you want something you understand! If your honour had said that——

Ursula above at the window.

Urf. Mungo! Mungo!

Mun. Some one call dere——

Urf. Mungo, I say.

Mun. What devil you want?

Urf. What lewd noise is that?

Mun.

Mun. Lewd yourself; no lewd here: play away, never mind her.

Urf. I shall come down if you go on.

Mun. Ay, come along, more merrier; nothing here but poor man, he sing for bit of bread.

Urf. I'll have no poor man near our door: Hark'e, fellow, can you play the Forsaken Maid's Delight, or Black Bess of Castile? Ah, Mungo, if you had heard me sing when I was young!

Mun. Gad, I'm sure I hear your voice often enough now you old.

Urf. I could quaver like any blackbird.

Mun. Come, throw a poor soul a penny, he play a tune for you.

Urf. How did you lose the use of your leg?

Leon. In the wars, my good dame: I was taken by a Barbary corsair, and carried into Sallee, where I liv'd eleven years and three quarters upon cold water and the roots of the earth, without having a coat on my back, or laying my head on a pillow: an infidel bought me for a slave; he gave me the strappado on my shoulders, and the bastinado on the soles of my feet: now this infidel Turk had fifty-three wives, and one hundred and twelve concubines.

Urf. Then he was an unreasonable villain.

Leonora above at the window.

Leon. Urfula!

Urf. Od's my life, what's here to do? Go back, go back; fine work we shall have indeed; good man, good b'ye.

Leon. I could not stay any longer by myself; pray let me take a little air at the grate.

Leon. Do, worthy Madam, let the young gentlewoman stay, I'll play her a love-song for nothing.

Urf. No, no, none of your love-songs here; if you could play a saraband indeed, and there was room for one's motion —

Leon. I am but a poor man, but if your ladyship will let me in as far as the hall or the kitchen, you may all dance, and I shan't ask any thing.

Urf. Why, if it was not on my master's account, I should think no harm in a little innocent recreation.

Mun. Do, and let us dance.

Leon. Has Madam the keys then?

Urf. Yes, yes, I have the keys.

Lean. Have you the key of this padlock too, Madam! Here's a padlock upon the door, Heaven help us, large enough for a state-prison.

Urf. Eh—how—what! a padlock?

Mun. Here it is, I feel it; adod, 'tis a tumber.

Urf. He was afraid to trust me then!

Mun. And if the house was a-fire, we none of us get out to save ourselves.

Lean. Well, Madam, not to disappoint you and the young lady, I know the back of your garden-wall, and I'll undertake to get up at the outside of it, if you can let me down on the other.

Urf. Do you think you could with your lame leg?

Lean. O yes, Madam, I am very sure.

Urf. Then, by my faith, you shall; for now I am set on't—A padlock! Mungo, come with me into the garden. [Exit from the window.

Mungo and Urfula going off, Leander and Leonora are left together. The first part of the quintetto is sung by them in duet; then Mungo and Urfula return one after another to the stations they had quitted.

Leon. Pray, let me go with you.

Lean. Stay, charming creature: why will you fly the youth that adores you?

Leon. Oh, Lord! I'm frightened out of my wits!

Leon. Have you not taken notice, beauteous Leonora, of the pilgrim who has so often met you at church? I am that pilgrim, one who would change shapes as often as Proteus to be blest'd with a sight of you.

O thou whose charms enslave my heart,
In pity hear a youth complain.

Leon. I must not hear—dear youth, depart—

I am certain I have no desert.

A gentleman like you to gain.

Lean. Then do I seek your love in vain?

Leon. It is another's right;

Lean. ————— And he,

Distracting thought! must happy be,
While I am doom'd to pain.

Urf. Come round, young man, I've been to try.

Mun. And so have I.

A. 2. I'm sure the wall is not too high.

If you please,

You'll mount with ease.

Lean. Can you to aid my bliss deny?

Shall it be so?

If you say no,

I will not go.

Leon. I must consent, however loath:

But, whenever we desire,

Make him promise to retire.

Urf. Nay, marry, he shall take his oath.

Lean. By your eyes, of heavenly blue;

By your lips ambrosial dew;

Your cheeks, where rose and lily blend;

Your voice, the music of the spheres——

Mun. Lord o'mercy how he swears!

He makes my hairs

All stand an end!

Urf. Come, that's enough, ascend, ascend.

A. 4. Let's be happy while we may:

Now the old one's far away,

Laugh and sing, and dance and play;

Harmless pleasure, why delay?

A C T II.

Enter Ursula and Leander.

Urf. **O** H! shame; out upon't, Sir, talk to me no more; I that have been fam'd throughout all Spain, as I may say, for virtue and discretion; the very flower and quintessence of duennas; you have cast a blot upon me; a blot upon my reputation, that was as fair as a piece of white paper; and now I shall be revil'd, pointed at; nay, men will call me filthy names upon your account.

Lean. What filthy names will they call you?

Urf. They'll say I'm an old procuress.

Lean. Fir, fie, men know better things——besides, tho' I have got admittance into your house, be assured I shall

commit no outrage here; and if I have been guilty of any indiscretion, let love be my excuse.

Urf. Well, as I live, he's a pretty young fellow.

Lean. You, my sweet Urfula, have known what it is to be in love; and, I warrant, have had admirers often at your feet; your eyes still retain fire enough to tell me that.

Urf. They tell you no lie; for, to be sure, when I was a young woman, I was greatly sought after; nay, it was reported that a youth died for love of me; one Joseph Perez, a taylor by trade; of the gre-hound make, lank; and, if my memory fail me not, his right shoulder about the breadth of my hand higher than his left: but he was upright as an arrow; and, by all accounts, one of the finest workmen at a button-hole.

Lean. But where is Leonora?

Urf. Where is she! by my troth, I have shut her up in her chamber, under three bolts and a double lock.

Lean. And will you not bring us together?

Urf. Who I?—How can you ask me such a question? Really, Sir, I take it extremely unkind.

Lean. Well, but you misapprehend—

Urf. I told you just now, that if you mentioned that to me again, it would make me sick; and so it has, turn'd me upside down as it were.

Lean. Indeed, my best friend—

Urf. Oh, oh, hold me, or I shall fall.

Lean. I will hold you.

Urf. And do you feel any compassion for me?

Lean. I do.

Urf. Why, truly, you have a great deal to answer for, to bring tears into my eyes at this time o'day, I'm sure they are the first I have shed since my poor dear husband's death.

Lean. Nay, don't think of that now.

Urf. For you must understand, Sir, to play a trick upon a grave, discreet matron—And yet, after all, by my faith, I don't wonder you should love the young thing under my care; for it is one of the sweetest-conditioned souls that ever I was acquainted with; and, between ourselves, our Donnee is too old for such a babe.

Lean. Urfula, take this gold.

Urf. For what, Sir?

Lean. Only for the love of me.

Urf. Nay, if that be all, I won't refuse it, for I love you I assure you; you put me so much in mind of my poor dear husband; he was a handsome man; I remember he had a mole between his eye-brows, about the bigness of a hazel-nut; but, I must say, you have the advantage in the lower part of the countenance.

Lean. The old beldam grows amorous——

Urf. Lord love you, you're a well-looking young man.

Lean. But Leonora——

Urf. Ha, ha, ha! but to pretend you were lame—I never saw a finer leg in my life.

Lean. Leonora!

Urf. Well, Sir, I'm going.

Lean. I shall never get rid of her.

Urf. Sir——

Lean. How now?

Urf. Would you be so kind, Sir, as to indulge me with the favour of a salute?

Lean. Ugh!

Urf. Gad-a-mercy, your check—Well, well, I have seen the day; but no matter, my wine's upon the lees now; however, Sir, you might have had the politeness when a gentlewoman made the offer—But Heaven bless you.

• When a woman's front is wrinkled,

• And her hairs are sprinkled

• With grey,

• Lackaday!

• How her lovers fall away!

• Like fashions past,

• Aside she's cast,

• No one respect will pay:

• Remember,

• Lasses, remember,

• And while the sun shines make hay;

• You must not expect in December

• The flowers you gather'd in May.

[Exit Urfula.

Enter

Enter Mungo.

Mun. Ah! Massa—You brave Massa, now, what you ko here wid de old woman?

Lean. Where is your young mistress, Mungo?

Mun. By gog she lock her up. But why you no tell me before time you a gentleman?

Lean. Sure I have not given the purse for nothing.

Mun. Purse! what! you giving her money den?—curse her impurance, why you no give it me?—you give me something as well as she. You know, Massa, you see me first.

Lean. There, there, are you content?

Mun. Me get supper ready, and now me go to de cellar—But I say, Massa, ax de old man now, what good him watching do, him bolts and him bars, him walls and him padlock?

Lean. Hift! Leonora comes.

Mun. But, Massa, you say you teach me play.

Let me, when my heart a sinking,

Hear the sweet guitar a clinking;

When a string speak,

Such moosic he make,

Me soon am cur'd of tinkling.

Wid de toot, toot, toot,

Of a merry flute,

And cymbalo.

And tymbalo

To boot:

We dance and we sing,

Till we make a house ring,

And, tied in his garters, old Massa may swing.

[Exit into the cellar.]

Enter Leonora and Ursula.

Lean. Oh, charming Leonora, how shall I express the rapture of my heart upon this occasion? I almost doubt the kindness of that chance which has brought me thus happily to see, to speak to you, without restraint.

Urs. Well, but it must not be without restraint; it can't be without restraint; it can't, by my faith;—now you are going to make me sick again.

Leon. La, Ursula, I durst to say the gentleman doesn't

A a 3

want

want to do me any harm——Do you, Sir? I'm sure I would not hurt a hair of his head, nor nobody's else, for the lucre of the whole world.]

Urf. Come, Sir, where is your lute? You shall see me dance a faraband: or if you'd rather have a song——or the child and I will move a minuet, if you choose grace before agility.

Lean. This fulsome harridan——

Leon. I don't know what's come over her, Sir! I never saw the like of her since I was born.

Lean. I wish she was at the devil.

Leon. Ursula, what's the matter with you?

Urf. What's the matter with me! Marry come up, what's the matter with you? Signor Diego can't show such a shape as that; well, there is nothing I like better than to see a young fellow with a well-made leg.

Lean. Pr'ythee let us go away from her.

Leon. I don't know how to do it, Sir.

Lean. Nothing more easy; I will go with my guitar into the garden; 'tis moon-light; take an opportunity to follow me there: I swear to you, beautiful and innocent creature, you have nothing to apprehend.

Leon. No, Sir, I am certain of that, with a gentleman such as you are, and that have taken so much pains to come after me; and I should hold myself very ungrateful, if I did not do any thing to oblige you, in a civil way.

Lean. Then you'll come?

Leon. I'll do my best endeavour, Sir.

Lean. And may I hope that you love me?

Leon. I don't know; as to that I can't say.

Urf. Come, come, what colloquing's here; I must see how things are going forward; besides, Sir, you ought to know that it is not manners to be getting into corners, and whispering before company.

Lean. Psha!

Urf. Ay, you may say your pleasure, Sir; but I'm sure what I say is the right thing: I should hardly choose to venture in a corner with you myself; nay, I would not do it, I protest and vow.

Leon. Beautiful Leonora, I find my being depends upon

upon the blessing of your good opinion ; do you desire to put an end to my days?

Leon. No, indeed! indeed I don't.

Leon. But then——

In vain you bid your captive live,

While you the means of life deny;

Give me your smiles, your wishes give

To him who must without you die.

Shut from the sun's enliv'ning beam,

Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue;

Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,

And me exist, depriv'd of you.

[*Exit Leander.*

Urf. Let me sit down a little: come hither, child, I am going to give you good advice; therefore listen to me, for I have more years over my head than you.

Leon. Well, and what then?

Urf. What then!—Marry, then you must mind what I say to you—as I said before—but I say——what was I saying?

Leon. I'm sure I don't know.

Urf. You see the young man that is gone out there; he has been telling me that he's dying for love of you; can you find in your heart to let him expire?

Leon. I'm sure I won't do any thing bad.

Urf. Why, that's right; you learned that from me: have not I said to you a thousand times, Never do any thing bad? have I not said it? answer me that.

Leon. Well, and what then?

Urf. Very well, listen to me; your guardian is old, and ugly, and jealous, and yet he may live longer than a better man.

Leon. He has been very kind to me, for all that, Ursula, and I ought to strive to please him.

Urf. There again; have I not said to you a thousand times, that he was very kind to you, and you ought to strive to please him? It would be a hard thing to be preaching from morning till night without any profit.

Leon. Well, Ursula, after all, I wish this gentleman had never got into the house; Heaven send no ill comes of it.

Urf. Ay, I say so too; Heaven send it; but I'm cruelly afraid;

afraid; for how shall we get rid of him? he'll never be able to crawl up the inside of the wall, whatever he did the out.

Leon. O Lord! won't he?

Urf. No by my conscience, won't he; and when your guardian comes in, if we had fifty necks a-piece, he'd twilt them every one, if he finds him here; for my part, the best I expect is to end my old days in a prison.

Leon. You don't say so?

Urf. I do indeed, and it kills me to think of it; but every one has their evil day, and this has been mine.

Leon. I have promised to go to him into the garden.

Urf. Nay, you may do any thing now, for we are undone; though I think, if you could persuade him to get up the chimney, and stay on the roof of the house until to-morrow night, we might then steal the keys from your guardian—but I'm afraid you won't be able to persuade him.

Leon. I'll go down upon my knees.

Urf. Find him out, while I step up stairs.

Leon. Pray for us, dear Ursula.

Urf. I will, if I possibly can.

Leon. Oh me, oh me, what shall we do?

The fault is all along of you:

You brought him in—why did you so?

'Twas not by my desire, you know.

We have but too much cause to fear

My guardian, when he comes to hear

We've had a man with us, will kill

Me, you, and all; indeed he will.

No penitence will pard'n procure,

He'll kill us ev'ry soul, I'm sure. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Don Diego, groping his way, with the padlock in his hand.

Dieg. All dark, all quiet; gone to bed and fast asleep, I warrant them: however, I am not sorry that I altered my first intention of staying out the whole night; and meeting Leonora's father on the road was at any rate a lucky incident. I will not disturb them; but, since I have let myself in with my master-key, go softly to bed; I shall be able to strike a light, and then I think I may lay my cares are over.

Good

Good heavens!—what a wonderful deal of uneasiness may mortals avoid by a little prudence! I doubt not now, there are some men who would have gone out in my situation, and, trusting to the goodness of fortune, left their house and their honour in the care of an inexperienced girl, or the discretion of a mercenary servant.—While he is abroad, he is tormented with fears and jealousies; and when he returns home, he probably finds disorder, and perhaps shame. But what do I do?—I put on a padlock on my door, and all is safe.

Enter Mungo from the cellar, with a flask in one hand, and a candle in the other.

Mun. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Dieg. Hold, didn't I hear a noise?

Mun. Hola.

Dieg. Heaven and earth! what do I see?

Mun. Where are you, young Massa and Missy? Here wine for supper.

Dieg. I'm thunder-struck!

Mun. My old Massa little tink we be so merry—hic—hic—What's the matter with me? the room turn round.

Dieg. Wretch, do you know me?

Mun. Know you?—damn you.

Dieg. Horrid creature! what makes you here at this time of night? is it with a design to surprise the innocents in their beds, and murder them sleeping?

Mun. Hush, hush—make no noise—hic—hic.

Dieg. The slave is intoxicated.

Mun. Make no noise, I say; deres young gentleman wid young lady; he play on guitar, and she like him better dan she like you. Fal, lal, lal.

Dieg. Monster, I'll make an example of you.

Mun. What you call me names for, you old dog?

Dieg. Does the villain dare to lift his hand against me?

Mun. Will you fight?

Dieg. He's mad.

Mun. Deres one in de house you little tink. Gad he do you business.

Dieg. Go lie down in your stye, and sleep.

Mun. Sleep? sleep you self, you drunk—ha! ha! ha!

ha! Look, a padlock:—you put a padlock on a dore again, will you?—Ha, ha, ha!

Dieg. Didn't I hear music?

Mun. Hic—hic.

Dieg. Was it not the sound of a guitar?

Mun. Yes, he play on de guitar rarely——Give me hand; you're old rascal——an't you?

Dieg. What dreadful shock affects me! I'm in a cold sweat; a mist comes over my eyes; and my knees knock together as if I had got a fit of the shaking palsy.

Mun. I tell you a word in your ear.

Dieg. Has any stranger broke into my house?

Mun. Yes, by——hic——a fine young gentleman, he now in next room with Missy.

Dieg. Holy Saint Francis! is it possible?

Mun. Go you round softly—you catch them together.

Dieg. Confusion! distraction! I shall run mad.

[*Exit Mungo.*

Oh wherefore this terrible flurry?

My spirits are all in a hurry!

And above and below,

From my top to my toe,

Are running about hurry scurry.

My heart in my bosom a-bumping,

Goes thumping,

And jumping,

And thumping:

Is't a spectre I see?

Hence vanish—Ah me!

My senses deceive me;

Soon reason will leave me:

What a wretch am I destin'd to be!

[*Exit Don Diego.*

Enter Mungo, Ursula, Leander, and Leonora.

Urf. O shame! monstrous! you drunken swab, you have been in the cellar, with a plague to you.

Mun. Let me put my hands about you neck——

Urf. Oh, I shall be ruin'd! Help, help! ruin, ruin!

Leon. Goodness me, what's the matter?

Urf. O dear child, this black villain has frighten'd me out of my wits; he has wanted——

Mun.

Mun. Me, curse a heart, I want noting wid her—
what she say I want for—

Leon. Ursula, the gentleman says he has some friends waiting for him at the other side of the garden-wall, that will throw him over a ladder made of ropes, which he got up by.

Leon. Then must I go?

Leon. Yes, good Sir, yes.

Leon. A parting kiss?

Leon. No, good Sir, No.

Leon. It must be so.

By this, and this,

Here I could for ever grow.

'Tis more than mortal blifs.

Leon. Well, now, good-night;

Pray, ease our fright;

You're very bold, Sir;

Let loose your hold, Sir:

I think you want to scare me quite.

Leon. Oh fortune's spight!

Leon. Good night, good night.

Hark! the neighb'ring-convent's bell

Tolls the vesper hour to tell;

The clock now chimes;

A thousand times,

A thousand times, farewell.

Enter Don Diego.

Dieg. Stay, Sir, let nobody go out of the room.

Urf. (*falling down.*) Ah, ah! a ghost, a ghost!

Dieg. Woman, stand up.

Urf. I won't, I won't: murder: don't touch me.

Dieg. Leonora, what am I to think of this?

Leon. Oh, dear Sir, don't kill me.

Dieg. Young man, who are you who have thus clandestinely, at an unseasonable hour, broke into my house? Am I to consider you as a robber, or how?

Leon. As one whom love has made indiscreet; of one whom love taught industry and art to compass his designs. I love the beautiful Leonora, and she me; but farther than what you hear and see, neither one nor the other have been culpable.

Mun. Hear him, hear him.

Leon.

Leon. Don Diego, you know my father well, Don Alphonso de Luna; I am a scholar of this university, and am willing to submit to whatever punishment he, thro' your means, shall inflict; but wreak not your vengeance here.

Dieg. Thus then my hopes and cares are at once frustrated; possess'd of what I thought a jewel, I was desirous to keep it for myself; I rais'd up the walls of this house to a great height; I barr'd up my windows towards the street; I put double bolts on my doors; I banish'd all that had the shadow of man or male kind; and I stood continually centinel over it myself, to guard my suspicion from surprise: thus secur'd, I left my watch for one little moment, and in that moment —

Leon. Pray, pray, guardian, let me tell you the story, and you'll find I am not to blame.

Dieg. No, child, I only am to blame, who should have considered that sixteen and sixty agree ill together. But tho' I was too old to be wise, I am not too old to learn; and so, I say, send for a smith directly, beat all the grates from my windows, take the locks from my doors, and let egress and regress be given freely.

Leon. And will you be my husband, Sir?

Dieg. No, child, I will give you to one that will make you a better husband: here, young man, take her: if your parents consent, to-morrow shall see you join'd in the face of the church; and the dowry which I promised her, in case of failure on my side of the contract, shall now go with her as a marriage-portion.

Leon. Signor, this is so generous —

Dieg. No thanks; perhaps I owe acknowledgments to you; but you, Ursula, have no excuse, no passion to plead, and your age should have taught you better. I'll give you five hundred crowns, but never let me see you more.

Mun. And what you give me, Massa?

Dieg. Bastinadoes for your drunkenness and infidelity. Call in my neighbours and friends. Oh! man! man! how short is your foresight, how ineffectual your prudence, while the very means you use are destructive of your ends!

Go

Go forge me fetters that shall bind
 The rage of the tempestuous wind;
 Sound with a needleful of thread
 The depth of Ocean's steepy bed;
 Snap like a twig the oak's tough tree;
 Quench Etna with a cup of tea;
 In these manœuvres show your skill,
 Then hold a woman if you will.

Urf. Permit me to put in a word.

My master here is quite absurd.
 That men should rule our sex is meet;
 But art, not force, must do the feat:
 Remember what the fable says,
 Where the sun's warm and melting rays,
 Soon bring about what wind and rain,
 With all their fufs, attempt in vain.

Mun. And, Massa, be not angry, pray,
 If Neger man a word should say;
 Me have a fable pat as she,
 Which wid dis matter will agre:
 An owl once took it in his head
 Wid some young pretty bird to wed;
 But when his worship came to woo,
 He could get none be de cuckoo.

Leon. Ye youth select, who wish to taste
 The joys of wedlock pure and chaste,
 Ne'er let the mistress and the friend
 An abject slave and tyrant end.
 While each with tender passion burns,
 Ascend the throne of rule by turns;
 And place (to love, to virtue just)
 Security in mutual trust.

Lean. To sum up all you now have heard,
 Young men and old, peruse the bard:
 A female trusted to your care,
 (His rule is pithy, short, and clear,)
 Be to her faults a little blind;
 Be to her virtues very kind;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
 And clap your padlock on her mind.

CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

IN THREE ACTS.

B^r DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Petruchio,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i> Mr Woodward.	<i>Edinburgb, 1782.</i> Mr Woods.
<i>Baptista,</i>	Mr Burton.	Mr Charteris.
<i>Hortensio,</i>	Mr Mozeen.	Mr Taylor.
<i>Grumio,</i>	Mr Yates.	Mr Johnfon.
<i>Musc-Master,</i>	Mr Jefferson.	Mr Simpson.
<i>Biondello,</i>	Mr Blakes.	Mr Hallion.
<i>Pedro,</i>	Mr Clough.	Mr T. Banks.
<i>Taylor,</i>	Mr H. Vaughan.	Mr Hollingsworth.
<i>Nathaniel,</i>	Mr W. Vaughan.	
<i>Peter,</i>	Mr Ackman.	
<i>Nicholas,</i>	Mr Atkins.	
<i>Phillip,</i>	Mr Marr.	
<i>Joseph,</i>	Mr Lewis.	

WOMEN.

<i>Catharine,</i>	Mrs Clive.	Mrs Kniveton.
<i>Bianca,</i>	Mrs Bennet.	Mrs Henderson.
<i>Curtis,</i>	Mrs Bradshaw.	Mrs Charteris.

SCENE, Padua.

P R O L O G U E

*To various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:
This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be;
The poets vintners, and the waiters we.
So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,
"You're welcome, gem'min; and kindly welcome, ladies."
To draw in customers, our bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakspeare's head.*

From

*From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a different wine!
In which no tricks, to strengthen or to thin 'em——
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em——
Hence, for the choicest spirits, flows Champaign;
Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein,
Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd brain!
Hence flow, for martial minds, potations strong;
And sweet love-potions, for the fair and young.
For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,
There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.
For high, luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff, is a butt of sack:
And if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua-vita.*

}

[To the upper gallery.]

*But shou'd you call for Falstaff, where to find him;
He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him.
Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam;
No more, with merry wags, to Eastbeape come:
He's gone—to jest and laugh and give his sack at home.
As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and catching fall asleep;
Who in the storms of passion—bum—and baw!
For such our master will no liquor draw——
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durffy's for the Shakespeare's head.*

*A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much perry for the best champaign.
Some rakes, this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—what's that—when wine is pure?
“Come fill a bumper, Jack—I will, my lord——
“Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense! upon my word!”
Sir William, what say you?—The best, believe me——
In this—eh Jack!—the devil can't deceive me.
Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine,
Cries out with lifted hands, 'tis great!—divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike him;
This Shakespeare! Shakespeare!—oh there's nothing like him!
In this night's various and enchanted cup,
Some little perry's mixt for filling up.
The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to * sixteen years, lay by forsaken.
Left then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled to your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!*

B b 2

ACT

* The action of the *Winter's Tale*, as written by Shakespeare, comprehends sixteen years. [N. B. This prologue was spoken to the dramatic pastoral, called the *Winter's Tale*, and to this comedy, both of which are altered from Shakespeare, and were performed the same night.]

A C T I.

SCENE, Baptista's House.

Enter BAPTISTA, PETRUCHIO, and 'GRUMIO.'

BAPTISTA.

THUS have I, 'gainst my own self-interest,
Repeated all the worst you are t' expect
From my shrewd daughter Cath'rine; if you'll venture,
Maugre my plain and honest declaration,
You have my free consent, win her, and wed her.

Pet. Signor Baptista, thus it stands with me:

Antonio my father is deceased;
You knew him well, and knowing him know me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods;
'Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd.'
And I have thrust myself into the world,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
My business asketh haste, old Signor;
And ev'ry day I cannot come to woo.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That cov'nants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Yes, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
My daughter's love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
'Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
'Yet extreme gulfs will blow out fire and all';
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

'Grum. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what
'his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry
'him to a puppet, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in
'her head. Tho' she had as many diseases as two-and-
'fifty horses, why, nothing comes amiss, so money
'comes withal.'

Bap. As I have show'd you, Sir, the coarser side,
Now let me tell you, she is young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman;
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)

Is,

Is, that she is intolerably froward;
If that you can away with, she is yours.

Grum. I pray you, Sir, let her see him while the
‘humour lasts. O’ my word, an’ she knew him as well
‘as I do, she would think scolding would do little good
‘upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves,
‘or so; why, that’s nothing; an’ he begin once, she’ll
‘find her match. I’ll tell you what, Sir, an’ she stand
‘him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and
‘so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes
‘to see withal than a cat—You know him pot, Sir.

Bap. And you will woo her, Sir?

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt my ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

‘Have I not heard the sea puff’d up with winds?

‘Have I not heard great ord’nance in the field,

‘And heav’n’s artillery thunder in the skies?’

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud ‘larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?—

And do you tell me of a woman’s tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to hear,

As will a chesnut in a farmer’s fare?

Tush, tush! scare boys with bugs!

Bap. Then thou’rt the man;

The man of Cath’rine, and her father too:

That shall she know, and know my mind at once.

I’ll portion her above her gentle sister,

New-married to Hortensio:

And if with scurril taunt, and squeamish pride,

She make a mouth, and will not taste her fortune,

I’ll turn her forth to seek it in the world;

Nor henceforth shall she know her father’s doors.

Pet. Say’st thou me so? then as your daughter, Signor,

Is rich enough to be Petruchio’s wife;

Be she as curst as Socrates’ Zantippe,

She moves me not a whit—‘were she as rough

‘As are the swelling Adriatic seas,’

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;

If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Bap. Well may’st thou woo, and happy be thy speed;

But be thou arm’d for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

Catharine and the Music-master make a noise within.

Music-mast. (*within.*) Help! help!

Cath. (*within.*) Out of the house, you scraping fool.

Pet. What noise is that?

Bap. Oh, nothing; this is nothing —
My daughter Catharine and her music-master;
This is the third I've had within this month:
She is an enemy to harmony.

Enter Music-master.

How now, friend, why dost look so pale?

Music-mast. For fear, I promise you, if I do look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Music-mast. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canst not break her to the lute?

Music-mast. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth she, I'll fret your fool's cap:
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking thro' the lute:
While she did call me rascal-fidler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she hath studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench,
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
Oh how I long to have a grapple with her!

Music-mast. I wou'd not make another trial with her,
To purchase Padua: for what is past,
I'm paid sufficiently: if, at your leisure,
You think my broken fortunes, head and lute,
Deserve some reparation, you know where
T'inquire for me; and so, good gentlemen,
I am your much disorder'd humble servant. [Exit.]

Bap. Not yet mov'd, Petruchio? do you flinch?

Pet. I am more and more impatient, Sir; and long
To be a partner in these favourite pleasures.

Bap.

Bap. O, by all means, Sir—will you go with me,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do, I will attend her here. [*Exit Bap.*
'Grumio, retire, and wait my call within.' [*Exit Grum.*
Since that her father is so resolute,
I'll woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then, I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
'If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
'As tho' she bid me stay by her a week;
'If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
'When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.'
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Catharine.

Cath. How! turn'd adrift, nor know my father's house!
Reduc'd to this, or none, the maid's last pray'r!
Sent to be woo'd like bear unto the stake!
Trim wooing like to be!—and he the bear,
For I shall bait him—yet the man's a man.

Pet. Kate in a calm!—maids must not be wooers.
Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name I hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but impudently said;
They call me Catharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate—the prettiest Kate in Christendom.
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation!
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in ev'ry town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Thy affability and bashful modesty,
'(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,')
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Cath. Mov'd in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence! I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. A moveable! why, what's that?

Cath. A joint-stool.

Pet.

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Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;

For knowing thee to be but young and light—

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch.

[*Going.*

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith you are too angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy then is to pluck it out,

Cath. Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.

Pet. The fool knows where the honey is, sweet Kate.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Cath. 'Tis not for drones to taste.

Pet. That will I try. [She strikes him.

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again—

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Cath. How can I help it, when I see that face?

But I'll be shock'd no longer with the sight. [Going.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth you 'scape not so.

Cath. I chafe you, if I tarry:—Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle;

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,

And now I find report a very liar:

For thou are pleasant, gamefome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers;

Thou can'st not frown, thou can'st not look asceance,

Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk:

But thou with wildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conf'rence, soft and affable.

Cath. This is beyond ll patience: don't provoke me.

Pet. Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp?

Oh stand'rous world! Kate, like the hazle twig,

Is strait, and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O let me see thee walk, thou dost not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian' so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber, with her princely gait?

Oh be thou Dian', and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian' sportful.

Cath.

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Cath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Cath. Yes, in your own conceit;

Keep yourself warm with that, or else you'll freeze.

Pet. Or rather warm me in thy arms, my Kate!

And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms, your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Cath. Whether I will or no?—O Fortune's spite!

Pet. Nay, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well),

Thou must be married to no man but me:

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate.

Cath. That will admit dispute, my saucy groom.

Pet. Here comes your father; never make denial.

I must and will have Catharine to my wife.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Now, Signor, now, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How shou'd I speed but well, Sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Catharine, in your dumps?

Cath. Call me daughter? Now I promise you,

You've show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatic;

A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing jack,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Bap. Better this jack than starve, and that's your portion—

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; yourself and all the world

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.

If she be curst, it is for policy;

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;

She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;

For patience, she will prove a second Grissel;

And Roman Lucrece, for her chastity;

And,

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And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
We have fix'd to-morrow for the wedding day,

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd to-morrow first--to-morrow!

Bap. Petruchio, hark; she says she'll see thee hang'd
first :

Is this your speeding?

Pet. Oh! be patient, Sir;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curs'd in company.

Cath. A plague upon his impudence! I'm vex'd—
I'll marry my revenge, but I will tame him.

Pet. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me—Oh! the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh! you are novices; 'tis a world to see

How tame, when men and women are alone——

Give me thy hand, Kate, I will now away

To buy apparel for my gentle bride:

Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests.

Bap. What dost thou say, my Catharine? Give thy
hand.

Cath. Never to man shall Cath'rine give her hand:
Here 'tis, and let him take it, an' he dare.

Pet. Were it the fore-foot of an angry bear,
I'd shake it off; but as it's Kate's, I kiss it.

Cath. You'll kiss it closer e'er our mōon be wain'd.

Bap. Heav'n send you joy, Petruchio—'tis a match.

Pet. Father and wife, adieu. I must away

Unto my country-house, and stir my grooms,

Scower their country-rust, and make 'em fine

For the reception of my Catharine.

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;

To-morrow, Kate, shall be our wedding-day.

Exit Petruchio.

Bap. Well, daughter, tho' the man be somewhat wild,
And thereto frantic, yet his means are great:

Thou hast done well to seize the first kind offer,

For, by thy mother's soul, 'twill be the last.

Cath. My duty, Sir, hath followed your command.

Bap.

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Bap. Art thou in earnest? hast no trick behind?
 'I'll take thee at thy word, and send t'invite
 'My son-in-law Hortensio, and thy sister,
 'And all our friends, to grace thy nuptials, Kate.'

Cath. Why, yes; sister Bianca now shall see
 The poor abandon'd Cath'rine, as she calls me,
 Can hold her head as high, and be as proud,
 And make her husband stoop unto her lure,
 As she, or e'er a wife in Padua.
 As double as my portion be my scorn;
 Look to your seat, Petruchio, or I throw you.
 Cath'rine shall tame this haggard;—or if she fails,
 Shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails.

[*Exit Catharine.*]

A C T II.

Enter Baptista, Hortensio, Catharine, Bianca, and Attendants.

Bap. **S**IGNOR Hortensio, this is th'appointed day
 That Catharine and Petruchio shall be married;
 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
 What will be said? what mockery will it be,
 To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
 What says Hortensio to this shame of ours?

Cath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
 To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,
 Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
 Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
 I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
 And to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make friends, invite, yea, and proclaim the banns,
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd:
 Now must the world point at poor Catharine,
 And say, Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it please him come and marry her.

Bian. Such hasty matches seldom end in good.

Hor. Patience, good Catharine, and Bianca too;

Upon

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Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
 Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Wou'd I had never seen his honesty—
 Oh! I could tear my flesh for very madness.

[*Exit Catharine.*]

Bap. Follow your sister, girl, and comfort her.

[*Exit Bianca.*]

' I cannot blame thee now to weep and rage;
 ' For such an injury would vex a saint,
 ' Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

' *Hor.* Was ever match clapt up so suddenly?

' *Bap.* Hortensio, faith I play a merchant's part,
 ' And venture madly on a desp'rate mart.

' *Hor.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;

' 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

' *Bap.* The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

' *Hor.* No doubt Petruchio's got a quiet catch.'

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, news; and such news as you ne-
 ver heard of.

Bap. Is Petruchio come?

Bion. Why no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming; but how? why in a new hat and
 an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a
 pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled,
 another lac'd; an old rusty sword, ta'en out of the town-
 armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two bro-
 ken points; his horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle,
 the stirrups of no kindred; besides, possess'd with the
 glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the
 lampasse, infected with the farcy, full of windgalls, sped
 with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the
 fives, stark spoiled with the flaggets, be-gnawn with the
 bots, waid in the back, and shoulder-shotten, near legg'd
 before, and with a half check'd bit; and a head-stall of
 sheep-leather, which being restrained, to keep him from
 stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with
 knots; one girt six times pierc'd, and a woman's crup-
 per of velure, which that hath two letters for her name,
 fairly

fairly set down in studs, and here and there pierc'd with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O Sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd upon it for a feather; a monster! a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian foot-boy or a gentleman's lacquey.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio, fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? Who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet. Well am I come then, Sir.

Bap. Not so well 'parelled as I wish you were.

Pet. Why, were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day.
First we were sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided;
Fy! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
And eye-fore to our solemn festival.

Hor. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Let it suffice, I'm come to keep my word.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.

Hor. See not the bride in these unrev'rent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me, thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths.
Could I repair what she could wear in me,

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As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

What, ho! my Kate! my Kate! [Exit Petruchio.

'*Hor.* He hath some meaning in this mad attire:

'We will persuade him, be it possible,

'To put on better e'er he go to church.'

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[Exeunt all but Grumio.

Grum. He's gone to church with her. I wou'd sooner have led her to the gallows. If he can but hold it, 'tis well——And if I know any thing of myself and master, no two men were ever born with such qualities to tame women——When Madam goes home, we must look for another-guise master than we have had. We shall see old coil between 'em——If I can spy into futurity a little, there will be much clatter among the moveables, and some practice for the surgeons. By this the parson has given 'em his licence to fall together by the ears.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Grumio, your master bid me find you out, and speed you to his country-house to prepare for his reception; and if he finds not things as he expects 'em, according to his directions that he gave you, you know, he says, what follows: this message he delivered before his bride, ev'n in her way to church, and shook his whip in token of his love.

Grum. I understand it, Sir: and will convey the same token to my horse immediately, that he may take to his heels in order to save my bones and his own ribs.

[Exit Grumio.

Ped. So odd a master, and so fit a man,
Were never seen in Padua before.

Enter Biondello.

Now, Biondello, came you from the church?

Bion. As willingly, as e'er I came from school.

Ped. And is the bride or bridegroom coming home?

Bion. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed;
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Ped. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Bion.

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Bion. Why, he's a devil! a devil! a very fiend!

Ped. Why, she's a devil! a devil! the devil's dam!

Bion. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:

I'll tell you, brother Pedro, when the priest
Should ask if Catharine should be his wife?

Ay, by gogs-wounds, quoth he, and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall his book;

And as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Ped. What said the wench when he rose up again?

Bion. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and
swore,

As if the vicar went to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: A health, quoth he, as if

H'ad been abroad carousing to his mates

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadell;

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other cause, but that his beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask

His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took

The bride about the neck, and kiss'd her lips

With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting

All the church echoed; and I seeing this,

Came thence for very shame; and after me

I know the rout is coming:

'Such a mad marriage never was before——' [*Music.*

Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play.

*Enter Petruchio (singing,) Catharine, Bianca, Hortensio,
and Baptista.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
pains:

I know you thipk to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence;

And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

You would intreat me rather go than stay;

* And, honest company, I thank you all,
 * That have beheld me give away myself
 * To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Hor. Let me intreat you, stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Bion. Let me intreat you, that my sister stay :

* I came on purpose to attend the wedding,
 * And pass this day in mirth and festival.*

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content——

Cath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat my stay ;
 But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. My horses, there ; what ho, my horses there—

Cath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
 No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself :
 The door is open, Sir, there lies your way ;
 You may be jogging while your boots are green.
 For me, I'll not go till I please myself ;
 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
 To take it on you at the first so roundly.

Bap. O Kate, content thee ; prithee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry ; what hast thou to do ?
 Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

Her. Ay, marry, Sir ; now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner.

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her ;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer ;

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead ;

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves :

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine own :

She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,

My

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
 I'll bring my action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in Padua: Petruchio,
 Draw forth thy weapon, thou'rt beset with thieves:
 Rescue thy wife then, if thou be a man:
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
 I'll buckler thee against a million, Kate.

[*Exeunt Pet. and Cath.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go; a couple of quiet ones.

' Hor. Of all mad matches never was the like.

' What's your opinion of your gentle sister?

' Bion. That being mad herself, she's madly matched.

' Bap. Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bride-
 groom want

' For to supply the places at the table,

' You know there wants no junkets at the feast:

' Hortensio, you supply the bridegroom's place;

' And let Bianca take her sister's room.

' Bian. My sister's room! were I in her's indeed,

' This swaggerer should repent his insolence.'

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE changes to Petruchio's House.

Enter Grumio.

Grum. Fie, fie on all jades, and all mad masters, and
 all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man
 so raide? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to
 make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them;
 now, were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips
 might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my
 mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire
 to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warm my-
 self; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I
 will take cold. Holloa, hoa, Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Cur. Who is that calls so coldly?

Grum. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st
 slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run
 but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

C c 3

Grum.

Grum. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as is reported?

Grum. She was, good Curtis, before the frost; but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Cur. Away, you thick-pated fool, I am no beast.

Grum. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garments on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Grum. First, know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

Cur. How?

Grum. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, Good Grumio.

Grum. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Grum. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Cur. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefore is call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress——

Cur. Both on one horse?

Grum. What's that to thee? tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with her horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd, that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my cropper; how my mistress lost her slippers, tore and bemi'd her garments, limp'd to the farm-house, put on Rebecca's old

old shoes and petticoat ; with many things worthy of memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Grum. Ay, for the nonce — and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this ? call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarfop, and the rest : let their heads be sleek comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit ; let them curt'sy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

Cur. They are.

Grum. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear, ho ! Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, &c. where are you ?

Enter Nathaniel, Philip, &c.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio ?

Pet. What, Grumio !

Nic. Fellow Grumio !

Nath. How now, old lad ?

Grum. Welcome you ; how now, you ; what you ; fellow you ; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat ?

Nath. All things are ready — How near is our master ?

Grum. E'en at hand, alighted by this ; and therefore be not — Cock's passion ! Silence, I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Catharine.

Pet. Where are these knaves ? What, no man at door to hold my stirrup, our to take my horse ? Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip ?

All Servants. Here, here, Sir ; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir ; here, Sir ; here, Sir ; here, Sir ; You loggerheads and unpolish'd grooms : What ! no attendance, no regard, no duty ? Where is the foolish knave I sent before ?

Grum. Here, Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whorson, malt-horse drudge,

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee ?

Grum.

Grum. Nathaniel's coat. Sir, was not fully made;
 And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel:
 There was no link to colour Peter's hat;
 And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
 There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
 The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly:
 Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

' (*Sings.*) Where is the life that late I led?

' Where are those.'—Sit down, Kate,
 And welcome. 'Soud, soud, soud, soud.

' *Enter Servants with supper.*

' Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
 Off with my boots, you rogue: 'You villains, when!—

' (*Sings.*) It was a friar of orders grey,
 'As he forth walked on his way.'

Out, out, you rogue: you pluck my foot awry.
 Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate; some water here. What, ho!
 Where's my spaniel Troilus? 'Sirrah, get you hence,
 'And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
 'One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.
 'Where are my slippers?'—Shall I have some water?

Enter a Servant with water.

'Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.'

[*Servant lets fall the water.*]

You whorson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whorson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
 Come, Kate, sit down—I know you have a stomach?

Cath. Indeed I have:

And never was repast so welcome to me.

Pet. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
 What's this, mutton?

Ser. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat—
 What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?

How

How durst you, villain, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me, that love it not?

There; take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[Throws the meat, &c. about.]

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves.

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

[Exeunt all the Servants.]

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, and well I could have eat,
If you were so disposed; I'm sick with fasting.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it?

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better it were that both of us did fast,

Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh——

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal-chamber.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Nathaniel, Peter, Grumio, and Curtis.

Nath. Peter, didst thou ever see the like?

Pet. He kills her in her own humour. I did not
think so good and kind a master cou'd have put on
so resolute a bearing.

Grum. Where is he?

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of conti-
nency to her, and rails, and swears, and rates; and she,
poor soul, knows not which way to stand, or speak; and
sits as one new-risen from a dream. Away, away, for
he is coming hither. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Petruchio.

Thus have I, politicly, begun my reign;

And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;

And 'till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and keep her keeper's call:

That is, to watch her as we watch those kites,

That bite and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat:

• Last

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' Last night she slept not, nor to-night shall not;
 ' As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 ' I'll find about the making of the bed;
 ' And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster;
 ' This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;
 ' Ay, and amid' this hurly, I'll pretend
 ' That all is done in rev'rent care of her;
 ' And in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
 ' And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 ' And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 ' This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.
 ' And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour—
 ' He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 ' Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew. [Exit.]

A C T III.

Enter Catharine and Grumio.

Grum. NO, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.
Cath. The more my wrong, the more his
 spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
 Beggars that come unto my father's door,
 Upon intreaty have a present alms;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
 But I, who never knew how to intreat,
 Nor ever needed that I should intreat,
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
 And that which spights me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love:
 As who would say, if I should sleep or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death!——
 I pr'ythee go and get me some repast——
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grum. What say you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis passing good—I pr'ythee let me have it.

Grum. I fear it is too phlegmatic a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe, finely boil'd?

Cath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Grum.

Grum. I cannot tell,—I fear 'tis cholerick:
 What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Cath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Grum. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Cath. Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Grum. Nay, that I will not; you shall have the
 mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grum. Why then, the mustard, dame, without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
 [Beats him.]

Thou feed'st me only with the name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery.

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. How fares my Kate?

'What, sweeting, all amort? Mistress, what cheer?'

Cath. 'Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
 For now, my honey-love, we are refresh'd—

Cath. Refresh'd! with what?

Pet. We will return unto thy father's house,

'And revel it as bravely as the best,

'With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings;

'With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:

'With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery.'

Now thou hast eat, the taylor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

'Lay forth the gown—What news with you, Sir?'

Tay. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish: fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell;

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it, come let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet.

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Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too;
And not till then.

Cath. Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will: I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
• My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
• Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
• And rather than it shall, I will be free,
• Ev'n to the utmost, as I please in words.'

Pet. Thou say'st true, Kate; it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffin, bauble, filken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay; come, taylor, let me see't.
O mercy, heav'n! what masking stuff is here?
What's this, a sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart!
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Like a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what the devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

Grum. I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you marr it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home;
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown;
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me?

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She says your worship means to make a puppet
of her.

Pet. Oh! most monstrous arrogance!
Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!
Brav'd in mine own house, with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag! thou quantity, thou remnant!

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shall think on prating whilst thou liv'st:
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd the gown.

Tay. Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made just
as my master had direction; Grumio gave orders how it
should be done.

Grum. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grum. Marry, Sir, with a needle and thread.

Tay. But did not thou request to have it cut?

Grum. Tho' thou hast fac'd many things, face not me:
I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut the gown, but I
did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou liest.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Grum. Master, if ever I said a loose-bodied gown, sew
me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a
bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compass cape.

Grum. I confess the cape.

Tay. With a trunk sleeve.

Grum. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Grum. Error i' the bill, Sir; error i' th' bill; I com-
manded the sleeves should be cut out and sew'd upon a-
gain; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger
be arm'd in a thimble.

Tay. This is true that I say; an' I had thee in a place,
thou should'st know it.

Grum. I am for thee, straight; come on, you parch-
ment shred! [*They fight.*]

Pet. What, chickens spar in presence of the kite!
I'll swoop upon you both; out, out, ye vermin—

[*Beats 'em off.*]

Cath. For heav'n's sake, Sir, have patience! how you
fright me! [*Crying.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest, mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

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For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
 ' And as the sun breaks through the darkest cloud,
 ' So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 ' What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
 ' Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 ' Or is the adder better than the eel,

' Because his painted skin contents the eye?
 ' Oh no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
 ' For this poor furniture and mean array.
 ' If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
 ' And therefore frolic; we will hence, forthwith,
 ' To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
 Go call my men, and bring my horses out.

Cath. O happy hearing! Let us straight be gone;
 I cannot tarry here another day.

Pet. Cannot, my Kate! O lie! indeed you can—
 Besides, on second thoughts, 'tis now too late;
 For, look, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Cath. The moon! the sun; it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I say it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself;
 It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
 Or e'er I journey to your father's house:
 Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
 Evermore crost, and crost; nothing but crost!

Grum. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Cath. I see 'tis vain to struggle with my bonds;
 So be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
 And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
 Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Cath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Cath. Just as you please, it is the blessed sun;
 But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
 And the moon changes, even as your mind;
 What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
 And so it shall be for your Catharine.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: 'Thus the bowl shall run,
 ' And not unluckily, against the bias:'

But

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But soft, some company is coming here,
And stops our journey.

Enter Baptista, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

‘Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

‘What stars do spangle heav’n with such beauty,

‘As those two eyes become that heav’nly face?’

Fair, lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty’s sake.

Bap. What’s all this?

Cath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow.

Bian. What mummary is this?

Pet. Why, how now, Kate; I hope thou art not mad!
This is Baptista, our old reverend father;
And not a maiden, as thou say’st he is.

Cath. Pardon, dear father, my mistaken eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green;

Now I perceive thou art my reverend father:

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. [*Kneels.*

Bap. Rise, rise, my child; what strange vagary’s this?
I came to see thee with my son and daughter.

How lik’st thou wedlock? Art not alter’d, Kate?

Cath. Indeed I am. I am transform’d to stone.

Pet. Chang’d for the better much; ar’t not, my Kate?

Cath. So good a master cannot choose but mend me.

Hor. Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.

Bap. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes?

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes; and love, and life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy:

And, to be short, what not, that’s sweet and happy.

Bian. Was ever woman’s spirit broke so soon?

What is the matter, Kate? hold up thy head,

Nor lose our sex’s best prerogative,

To wish and have our will——

Pet. Peace, brawler, peace;

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Or I will give the meek Hortensio,
Your husband, there, my taming recipe.

‘*Bian.* Lord, never let me have a cause to sigh
‘Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

‘*Grum.* (to *Bap.*) Did I not promise you, Sir, my
‘master’s discipline would work miracles?

‘*Bap.* I scarce believe my eyes and ears.

‘*Bian.* His eyes and ears had felt these fingers ere
‘He shou’d have moap’d me so.

‘*Cath.* Alas! my sister——’

Pet. Catharine, I charge thee tell this headstrong
woman

What duty ’tis she owes her lord and husband.

‘*Bian.* Come, come, you’re mocking, we will have no
‘telling.

‘*Pet.* Come on, I say.

‘*Bian.* She shall not.

‘*Hor.* Let us hear, for both our sakes, good wife.

‘*Pet.* Catharine, begin.

Cath. Fie, fie, unknot that threatening, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor!

‘It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the meads;

‘Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

‘And in no sense is meet or amiable.

‘*Pet.* Why, well said, Kate.

‘*Cath.* A woman mov’d is like a fountain troubled,
‘Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

‘And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

‘Will deign to sip or touch a drop of it.

‘*Bian.* Sister, be quiet——

‘*Pet.* Nay, learn thou that lesson——On, on, I say.’

Cath. Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign: one that cares for thee;
And, for thy maintenance, commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly’st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience:
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Bap.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, son Petruchio;
The battle's won, and thou canst keep the field.

Pet. Oh, fear me not——

Bap. Then, my new gentle Catharine,
Go home with me along, and I will add
Another dowry to another daughter;
For thou art changed as thou hadst never been.

Pet. My fortune is sufficient. Here's my wealth;
Kiss me, my Kate; and since thou art become
So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,
Petruchio here shall doff the lordly husband;
An honest mask, which I throw off with pleasure.
Far hence all rudeness, wilfulness, and noise;
And be our future lives one gentle stream
Of mutual love, compliance, and regard.

Cath. Nay, then I'm all unworthy of thy love,
' And look with blushes on my former self.

Pet. Good Kate, no more—this is beyond my hopes—

[Goes forward with Catharine in his hand.]

' Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
' Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
' And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
' And not obedient to his honest will,
' What is she but a foul contending rebel,
' And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
How shameful 'tis when women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
Where bound to love, to honour, and obey!

REGISTER-OFFICE.

IN TWO ACTS.

By JOSEPH REED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

* Harwood,	-	-	Drury-Lane.
* Frankly,	-	-	Mr Palmer.
Gulwell,	-	-	Mr J. Aickin.
Williams,	-	-	Mr Packer.
* Lord Brilliant,	-	-	Mr Ackman.
Capt. le Bruff,	-	-	Mr Fawcet,
* Triskit,	-	-	Mr King.
Scotchman,	-	-	Mr Wright.
Irishman,	-	-	Mr Love.
Frenchman,	-	-	Mr Moody.
			Mr Baddely.

W O M E N.

* Maria,	-	-	Mrs Smith.
Margery,	-	-	Mrs Love.
Mrs Doggerel,	-	-	Miss Pope.
A Girl,			

Servant, two Chairmen, and a Highland Piper.

SCENE, Padua.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr KING.

THE bard, whose hopes on comedy depend,
Must strive instruction with delight to blend;
While he who bounds his less aspiring views
To farce, the comburst of the comic muse,
With pleasantry alone may fill the scene—
His business chiefly this; to cure the spleen,

To raise the pensive mind from grave to gay,
And help to laugh a thoughtful hour away.

If any quibbling wit dispute my thesis,
I'd ask the use of half our petty pieces?

Nay, Sirs, my question still shall higher climb—

Pray what's the use of full-pric'd pantomime?

How does the pleasur'd eye with rapture glance

When mingling witches join in bobbling dance!

When wriggling Harlequin, the magic sage,

In hornpipe amble traverses the stage!

When trembling Pierrot in his quivering shines,

An ostrich enters, or a serpent twines!

When headless taylor's raise the laughing fit,

Or flour-dredg'd footmen whirl upon a spit!

But oh, how loud the roar, how dear the rumble,

When scaffolds, mortar boards, and bricklayers tumble,

When Glodpate runs or limps, or quaintly rears

From laundress tub his anabaptist ears!

While all the wit these exhibitions draw,

Is comprehended in the cry—"O la!"

Our author, in this awful court of Drury,

Submits his cause to an impartial jury.

No friendly junto be to-night employs,

To catch by favouring bands the public voice:

He founds on British candour all his trust,

Convinc'd a British audience will be just.

ACT I.

SCENE, A genteel Apartment.

Enter HARWOOD and FRANKLY.

FRANKLY.

'WELL, this is the most unexpected visit—But
' prithee, Harwood, what, in the name of my-
' stery, hath brought thee to town at this unfashionable
' time of the year?

' Har. The loss of my fair housekeeper.

' Fran. The loss of Maria! Is she dead?

' Har. Worse, my dear Frankly—elop'd.

' Fran. Elop'd! Why, I thought you had so great a
' regard for each other, that you had been as inseparable
' as old age and avarice, or a coquette and a looking-
' glass.

' Har,

' *Har.* I thought so too; but women are as change-
' able as their dresses; there is no answering for the hu-
' mours of the sex—though, faith, I cannot altogether
' excuse myself in the affair of our parting.

' *Fran.* Prithce, explain.

' *Har.* You know, Charles, after the death of my wife,
' (whom, with shame I must own, I never thoroughly lo-
' ved, as she was not mine but my father's choice), I pre-
' vail'd on Maria, who was either beggar'd by an unnatu-
' ral father or a villainous uncle, to take upon her the care
' of my family—Her good sense, beauty, and behaviour,
' imperceptibly won my heart; but my pride forbidding
' me to marry a woman without a fortune, I made use
' of every means in my power to—gain her affections.

' *Fran.* I understand you; to gain them in the old way!

' *Har.* But the fair Maria was so much upon her
' guard, or so obstinately virtuous, that nothing but
' downright matrimony would induce her to listen to
' my solicitations.

' *Fran.* An unreasonable gipsy! and so you dropp'd
' the affair?

' *Har.* Not quite so hasty in your conclusions, good Sir.
' After a vast profusion of lying and swearing, which
' fail'd of the desir'd success, I determin'd to make my
' grand attack.

' *Fran.* Resolv'd like a man of spirit!

' *Har.* And accordingly, one night the last week,
' When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
' And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
' Hot with the Gallic grape, and high in blood,
' and so forth, I began my assault——

' *Fran.* Bravo!

' *Har.* It would be needless to tell thee I was repuls'd
' —In short, the dear, lovely, affronted, virtuous Maria
' so highly resented the familiarity, that she instantly left
' the house; and from that hour I have not set eye on
' the fair enslaver.

' *Fran.* And so you are come to town to hire a new
' housekeeper?

' *Har.* No; to marry my old one, if I can be so for-
' tunate as to encounter her—I must have her—I can-
' not be easy without her——I have some faint hopes of
' meeting

' meeting with her, as she was seen on the London road
' —Which do you think the most likely way of finding
' her out?

' *Fran.* Hum—this requires some thought—Ay—
' Pray, what do you think of a penitential advertise-
' ment?

' *Har.* No, hang it! should I be discovered for the
' author, it would make me too ridiculous.

' *Fran.* That's true, I must confess—Stay—Do you
' imagine she will be looking after another place?

' *Har.* I fancy she will, as her finances must be low.

' *Fran.* Then the only method I can put you into, is
' an application to some of our intelligence-warehouses.

' *Har.* I don't understand your cant-phrase: Pray,
' what do you mean by an intelligence-warehouse?

' *Fran.* A register-office.

' *Har.* Oh, I take you! the places where servants
' may be heard of—Pray, were not these offices invent-
' ed by the ingenious author of Tom Jones?

' *Fran.* They were—The project hath been, and still
' is, of great utility to the public; but as there is no ge-
' neral rule without an exception, this laudable institution
' hath been strangely perverted, through the villainy and
' avarice of some of its managers—There is an old rascal
' in this neighbourhood who hath amass'd a tolerable for-
' tune by abuses of this kind. His office is frequented
' by persons of every degree; and, among its other con-
' veniences, the good old trade of pimping is carried on
' with great success and decency. I believe as many pro-
' felytes have been made to the flesh by the knavery of
' this rascal, as by the most successful bawd in town.

' *Har.* So, I find the old fellow is a genius in his way.

' *Fran.* A complete one—Our old school-fellow Jack
' Williams is his clerk; from which honourable employ-
' ment he retires in a few days to a stewardship, to which
' I have lately recommended him—By his means I have
' often had an opportunity of overbearing some passages
' which have afforded great humour and entertainment.

' *Har.* If my heart were not so full for the loss of
' this dear woman, I could like to throw away an hour
' in an amusement of this kind.

' *Fran.* That you may this very morning, if you
' please

‘ please—I’ll introduce you—It will help to dissipate your melancholy for the loss of your fair deserter.

‘ *Har.* Psha, I’m not in humour to relish any pleasure—Excuse me, Charles—some other time I’ll accept of your offer.

‘ *Fran.* Since you are so serious, I must insist on your going—Why, thou art as melancholy as a superseded placeman—Come, come, George, don’t despair—I warrant we will find out this charmer in a few days—You must go with me, Harwood.

‘ *Har.* Then I’m ready to attend you.

‘ *Fran.* *Allons donc.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Register-office* *.

Enter Williams.

Wil. The business of the morning is partly over—What a crowd of deluded females have flock’d to this office within these three hours, in expectation of the imaginary place we have advertis’d!—A register-office, under the direction of so conscientious a person as Mr Gulwell, instead of a public good, becomes a public evil—My upright master seldom feels any reflections of this kind. Avarice is his leading principle; and so long as he can swell his bags by the folly or credulity of mankind, he will not suffer conscience to hinder him in the pursuit of gain—Mr Frankly!—*a-propos*—I must have his opinion of this letter—’tis an affair too serious to be connived at.

Enter Harwood and Frankly.

‘ *Fran.* Mr Williams, your servant.

‘ *Wil.* Sir, your most obedient.

‘ *Fran.* I am come to ask the favour of your giving this gentleman an opportunity of overhearing the humours of the register-office.

‘ *Wil.* Sir, you could not impose upon me a more welcome command—Sir—I beg pardon for my freedom—if I mistake not, I had the honour of being your schoolfellow—Your name, I think, is Harwood?

‘ *Har.* It is, Sir—I am very glad to see you, Mr Williams.

‘ *Wil.* Come, Sir, this is no time for compliments: I expect

* The Farce usually begins here.

' expect my master every minute—There is your way,
' Sir—you may see all that come in through the blind
' —Pray slip the spring-lock, for fear of a surprise from
' my master——To your posts, gentlemen: ' I think I
hear him coming.

Enter Gulwell.

Gul. So; this advertisement has brought in two pounds thirteen shillings!—No very bad morning's work!—Well, thanks to the memory of our witty founder, say I! Had he not luckily hit on the scheme of a register-office, I might have dangled on at quill-driving without ever being worth a groat.

Wil. But, Sir, do you think this calling of ours the most conscientious one in the world?—I begin to imagine my old employment the law the more honest profession of the two.

Gul. Mr Williams, there is roguery in all the employments under the sun. Every day's experience will convince you, that there is no getting through the world without a necessary portion of trick and chicanery.

Wil. Sir, if the imposture of this very advertisement were found out and duly punish'd, one or both of us would stand a fair chance for the pillory. How many poor girls have this morning been stripped of perhaps their last shilling, by being amused with the hopes of the place we have advertised.—I'faith, Sir, some of our profession are little better than downright pickpockets—I am glad I shall have the good fortune to leave it so soon.

Gul. Mr Williams, I am truly sorry for our separation, yet rejoice at the occasion of it—However, if you hope to make a fortune in your alter'd condition of life, you must learn to keep your conscience in proper subordination. I can assure you, that fraud is as necessary a requisite in a stewardship as in an intelligence-office—Is there no message from Dr Skinfint about the Welsh living?

Wil. Yes, Sir; he says, as curates are so cheap in Wales, he will not take less than a thousand guineas.

Gul. A spiritual curmudgeon! Why, it is not quite a hundred a-year.—I forgot to ask if you call'd at Captain Sparkle's last night?

Wil.

Wil. I did, Sir; and was surpris'd to see him so greatly recovered.

Gul. Ay, I thought he would grow better after the embarkation! I never supposed him in any very great danger, because he refused eight hundred guineas for his commission when his life was said to be despair'd of—Have you finish'd the assignment of the surgeonoy?

Wil. No, Sir.

Gul. Then get it done, Mr Williams—Stay—you must write an advertisement for the Daily—any time this afternoon will do—of an employment to be disposed of in Ireland, of a thousand pounds *per annum*, which requires little learning or attendance, and may be executed by a deputy—Remember to add, that secrecy is requir'd, and none but principals need to apply.

Wil. I forgot to tell you the young gentleman was here, to know if you had receiv'd an answer about the secretary's place.

Gul. Truly, I am sorry I cannot succeed—Fifteen hundred guineas were insisted on—I pleaded the young gentleman's acknowledged merit, and the public services of his brave father, who lost his life in fighting for his country; which so softened my principal, that he sunk his demand from—

Wil. Fifteen to five hundred, I hope?

Gul. From guineas to pounds: I could get no further abatement.

Wil. It is a pity that such extraordinary merit should have no better success.

Gul. Ah, Mr Williams, if places were given to persons of merit only, the Lord have mercy upon many a big-looking family!—Away; here's company a-coming! (*Exit Williams.*) Heyday! Who have we here? By his looks he must be one of the tribe of the Soup-maigres!

Enter a Frenchman.

French. Be votre nom Monsieur le Gulvelle?

Gul. It is, Sir—Your business?

French. Sire, me be tell dat dere be de grand nombre d'Academies Francoises en Londres; and me you'd be glad to be employé as un maitre de langues. Me speak a de Frens vid de vraie prononciation; an you see beside

ma connoissance in de langue Angloise be not de most in-considerable.

Gul. O yes, Sir, you speak very pretty English, I must own!—Pray, what business have you been bred to?

French. Bisness! do you means to front a me? me be von of de gens de qualité.

Gul. How, Sir, a person of quality, and so poor as to be seeking after a livelihood?

French. Vy, vere be de vonders of all dat? Noting be more commun en France—Me dit indeed sometime, pour passer le temps, amuse mysel vid curl a de air and cut a de corn of mine comrades de qualité of bot sex.

Gul. Sir, if you be a proficient in these sciences, I give you joy with all my heart; for I don't know a more profitable calling in London, nay, nor a more reputable one; for its professors are caress'd by persons of the first fashion and distinction.—There's your countryman Monsieur Frizzelette de la Corneille, a hair and corn-cutter in St James's, that keeps his chariot, tho' 'tis scarce half a score years since he would have made a bow to the g'round for a bellyful of soup-maigre.

French. And begar so vould me too.

Gul. Sir, I will cook you up an advertisement as long as a proclamation, that will effectually do your business: In the mean time, I shall give orders for one of the laconic kind, to hang in golden letters over your door; as, "Hair and corns cut after the French taste, by a person of quality."

French. Ay, dat vil do ver vel! Par une persone de qualité.

Gul. But, Sir, as you are a man of rank, you may perhaps think it below your dignity to follow any profession that has the least appearance of business?

French. Non, non, Monsieur; tout a contraire.

Gul. Then I dare venture to say, that in less than a dozen years you will be rich enough to return to your native country, and marry a princess of the blood—How, in the name of wonder, could you think of being a pitiful teacher of French for a livelihood; when you are possessed of talents superior to all the learning in the world?

French. Me vil tell you, Monsieur—It be no more as dix—leven—douze—tirteen—ay, tirteen year since mon cousin com'd over to l'Angleterre to teash a de Frens in de boarding-ecole—Vell, he did engagé de affection of de Angloise young lady, sa belle ecoliere; runn'd away vid her; and so, begar, he getted de wife, vid not less as von hundred tousand livres—Now, as mon cousin could marié de lady vid so mush of de l'argent, vy may not me ope to do de same?

Gul. True, Sir; but there's an ugly act of parliament since that time, which hinders you fortune-hunting gentlemen from gaining such wives.—Well, Sir, you will deposit a small sum—two or three guineas or so—and I shall begin the advertisement.

French. Hey! vat you say? deposit!—Je n'entens pas deposit.

Gul. Oh, Sir, I'll soon explain it—Deposit signifies—

French. Non, non, mon cher ami!—it be impossible for me to know vat you means; for me do not understand un mot de la langue Angloise.

Gul. Why, Sir, I thought your connoissance in de langue Angloise had not been de most inconsiderable.

[*Mimicking him.*]

French. O Monsieur!—but dat—dat—dat vas une autre chose—quite anoder ting.

Gul. Well, Sir, I must have two or three guineas, by way of earnest, before I proceed any further in your business.

French. Two tree ginee! begar, me could so soon give you two tree million.—Vat you take a me for? Un grand voleur? von tief?—You tink me ave rob your Inglife exchequer; for all de vorld know dat de exchequer of my countree ave scarce so much to be rob of—Let a me see—me ave no more as von chelin—an von—tow—tree alf pence.

Gul. Thirteen pence halfpenny! a very critical sum in England—Well, Sir, you may leave that in part; I must give you credit for the remainder.

[*Frenchman gives him money.*]

French. Dere, Sir—An so, Monsieur le Gulvelle, you tink en verité me sal ride in my coach?

Gul.

Gul. Not at all impossible——Call again in a week, and you shall see what I have done for you.

French. Begar! you ave elevé' mine 'art——Sire, me be votre tres humble, tres obligé, & tres dévoté serviteur——O mon Dieu! Ride in my carosse! [Exit.

Gul. Your most humble servant, good Monsieur le Carosse——If it were not for the credulity of mankind, what a plague would become of us office-keepers?

Enter Margery.

Mar. Sur, an I may be so bold, I'se come to ax an ye've sped about t' woman servant, at ye advertis'd for?

Gul. I have not——Come nearer, young woman.

Mar. Let me steck t' deer first, an ye please.

[Shuts the door.*

Gul. What countrywoman are you?

Mar. I'se Yorkshire, by my truly!——I was bred an bworn at Little Yatton, aside Roseberry Topping.

Gul. Roseberry Topping! Where is that, my pretty maid?

Mar. Certainly God! ye knaw Roseberry? I thought ony fule had knawn Roseberry!——'Tis t' biggest hill in oll Yorkshire——'Tis aboun a mile an a hofe high, an as coad as ice at' top on't i't hettest summer's day——that it is.

Gul. You've been in some service, I suppose?

Mar. Ay, I'll uphode ye have I, ever sin I was neen year ald——Nay, makins, I'd a God's penny at Stowlsah market, aboun hofe a year afore at I was neen——An as good a servant I've been, thof I say't mysel, as ever came within a pair o deers——I can milk, kurn, fother, bake, brew, sheer, winder, card, spin, knit, sew, and do every thing at belongs to a husbandman, as weel as ony lass at ever ware clog-sheen: an as to my karacter, I defy ony body, gentle or simple, to say black's my nail.

Gul. Have you been in any place in London?

Mar. Ay, an ye please——I liv'd wi Madam Shrill-pipe, in St Pole's Kirk-Garth; but was forc'd to leave my place, afore at I had been a week o days in't.

Gul. How so?

Mar. Marry, becofe she ommost flighted an scaulded me out o my wits——She was't arrantest scaud at ever I

met wi in my bworn days—She had seerly fike a tongue, as never was in ony woman's head but her awn—It wad ring, ring, ring, ring, like a larum, frae mworn to neeght. Then she wad put hersel into fike flusters, that her face wad be as black as't reeking-crook—Nay, for that matter, I was no but rightly farra'd; for I was tell'd aforehand, by some verra sponfible fwoke, as she was a meer donnot: howfomfever, as I fand my money grow less an less every day, (for I had brought my good seven an twenty shilling to neen groats an two pence), I thought it wad be better to take up wi a bad place, than nea place at oll.

Gul. And how do you like London?

Mar. Marry, Sur, I like nowther egg nor shell on't.—They're fike a set of fwoke as I never saw wi my eyn—They laugh and slier at a body like ony thing—I went no but t'other day ti't baker's shop for a lase o bread, an they fell a giggling at me as I'd been yan o't greatest gawvifons i't warld.

Gul. Pray, what is a gawvifon?

Mar. Why, you're a gawvifon for not knowing what it is—I thought ye Londoners ha knawn every thing—a gawvifon's a ninny-hammer—Now, do you think, Sur, at I look ought like a gawvifon?

Gul. Not in the least, my pretty damsel.

Mar. They may bwoast as they will o their manners; but they have nae mare manners than a miller's horse, I can tell them that, that I can—I wish I had been still at canny Yatton.

Gul. As you have so great a liking to the place, why would you leave it?

Mar. Marry, Sur, I was forc'd, as yan may say, to leav't—The squire wad not let me be—By my truly, Sur, he was after me mworn, noon, an neeght—If I wad but ha consented to his wicked ways, I might a had gould by gopins, that I might—Lo ye, squire, says I, you're mista'en o me! I'se nane o thea sort o cattle—I'se a vartuous young woman, I'll asseer ye—Ye'ere other fwokes fwoke—Wad ye be fike a taystrel as to ruin me?—But oll wadn't do: he kept following an following, an teizing an teizing me—At lang run I tell'd my ald dame; an she advis'd me to gang to London to
be

be out of his way; that she did, like an onnist woman as she was—I went to my cousin Isbell; an says I to her, Isbell, says I, come, will you go way to London?—An tell'd her the hale affair atween me an the squire—Ods-beed! says she, my lass, I'll gang wi thee ti't warld's end—An away we come in good yearnest.

Gul. It was a very *virtuous* resolution—Pray, how old are you?

Mar. I'se nineteen come Collop-Monday.

Gul. Would you undertake a housekeeper's place?

Mar. I'se flaid I cannot manage't, unless it were in a husbandman's house.

Gul. It is a very substantial farmer's in Buckinghamshire—I am sure you will do—I'll set you down for it—Your name?

Mar. Margery Moorpout, an ye please.

Gul. How do you spell it?

Mar. Nay, makins, I knaw nought o speldering—I'se nea scollard.

Gul. Well, I shall write to him this evening—What wages do you ask?

Mar. Nay marry, for that matter, I wad'nt be ower stiff about wage.

Gul. Then I can venture to assure you of it—You must give me half-a-crown, my pretty maid—Our fee is only a shilling for a common place; but for a housekeeper's we have always half-a-crown.

Mar. There's twea shilling, an yan—twea—three—four—fave—six pen'north o brase, with a thousand thanks—God's prayer light o you! for I'se seer ye'rt' best friend I have met wi sin I come frae canny Yatton; that you are—When shall I coll again, Sur?

Gul. About the middle of the next week.

Mar. Sur, an ye please, gud m'worning to you. [*Exit.*]

Gul. Good morning to you, deer, *virtuous* Mrs Margery Moorpout—So, this is a specimen of Yorkshire simplicity; that it is—More customers!

Enter Scotchman.

Well, Sir, your business with me?

Scot. Gin ye be the maister o' this office, my buziness wi ye is to speare at ye gin ye can be o' any service till a peur distressit gentleman?

Gul. Sir, I should be glad to do a gentleman in distress any service in my power, especially one of your country. I have a veneration for the very name of a Scotchman; my father was one.

Scot. Troth, ye speak vera mickle like a gentleman, an seem to hae a proper sense o' national honour—A'm glad that A've been sae sonfy as to fa' into sic hands—Ye maun ken that my family is as auncient as ony i' a' Scotland, and that by direct lineal descent I sprang frae the great Jamy Macintosh, who was privy counsellor to King Sandy the Second.

Gul. A very considerable origin indeed:—But pray, Sir, what may have been the cause of your present distress?

Scot. I'll tell ye the hale matter—When I was a lad-die, I was sae daft to get the ill-will o' a' my kin, by the disgrace I had brought upo' the Macintoshes, by pitting mysel prentice til a cankert auld carle o' a sword-slipper in Aberdeen, whase bonny daughter I was so unsonfy as to click a fancy to.

Gul. Well, Sir?

Scot. When I was out o' my prenticeship, I wanted gear to begin the warld wi: I ax'd all my friends; but they girnait at me like the vengeance—"Hald ye there, lad," quo' they: "Ye maun e'en pickle i' your ain poke-nuke! As ye bak'd ye may brew!"—An the deel o' owther gowd or siller; nae no sae mickle as a plack or a bawbie wald they gie me, unless I wad betak mysel to some mare gentleman-like occupation—Weel, Sir, I was forcit to wale a new buziness—They ga' me graith enough to buy a pack; an I turn'd travelling merchant, whilk the English, by way of derision, ca' a peddler, that I might nae langer be a disgrace to my kin.

Gul. Why, this was a way to retrieve the disgrace of the Macintoshes indeed!

Scot. Right, Sir, verra right a truly!—But wi' your permussion I'll speed me to the tragical part o' my story—As I was ganging my gate towards Portsmouth, I was attackit by twa rubbers, wha gar'd me strip frae the muckle coat o' my back to my verra sark; an rubbit me o' a', ay and mare nor a', I could ca' my ain—An no content wi taking my gudes; they ruggit my hair; they
pou'd

pou'd me by the lugs; they brisset and skelpit me to sic a gree, that the gore blude rin into my breeks, an my skin was amaisht as black as pick—Nay, when I gran'd i' meikle dool an agonie, the fallows leugh at my pitifu' mains; caw'd me an ill-far'd scabbit tyke, an bad me be gane into my ain crowdie country to sell butter an brunstane.

Gul. The barbarous villains! not only to rob and abuse you, but to insult your country.

Scot. I wat, it was a downright national reflection! An a'm sic a loo'er o' my country, that it hurt me mare nor a' the whacks they ga' me, an the loss o' my pack into the bargain—Weel, Sir, a'm now brought to the maist ruefu' plight that ever peur fallow was in; for I canna git claiths to my back, or veetels to my wame—A'm fae blate, that I maun starve to deid or I can ax charity; abeit, a'm fae hungry, that I could mak a braw meal upo' a whin four kail, an a haggise tane aff a midding, gif it e'en stank like a brock.

Gul. Poor gentleman, I pity your condition with all my heart.

Scot. As I trudge along the wynds, I can hear the cawlar waiter I drink at the pump, gang jaup, jaup, jaup, i' my empty kyte—Except a bicker o' gud fat brose, an a launch o' salt beef, whilk I gat last Sabbathday aboard o' a wie Scotch barkie, I ha no had my peur wame weel sleight this twa owks an aboon: an hunger, ye ken, is unco fare to bide.

Gul. It is so indeed.

Scot. Now gin ye can pit me intill ony creditable way o' gitting my bread, I fall reckon it a vera great kyndness.

Gul. For what station in life do you think yourself fittest?

Scot. For ony station where learning is necessary—I care na a pickle o' sneeshing what it be—Ye may ken by my elocution, a'm a man o' nae sma' lair—I was fae weel-lair'd, that ilka auld wife in Aberdeen wald turn up the whites o' her een, like a Mafs John at kirk, an ery, “Ay! God guide us! what a pauky chiel is Donald! he's fae ald-gabbit, that a speaks like a print buke.”—I could like vera weel to be a Latin secretary till a minister

nister o' state; and can say wi'out vanity, a'm as fit for an office as ony man i' the British dominions.

Gul. Then you understand Latin?

Scot. Latia! hout awa' man! hout awa', ye daft gowk! Do ye jeer a body? a Scotchman, an not unnerstan Latin? ha, ha, ha! A vera gud joke, a-truly!—Unnerstan Latin, quo' he!—Why, we speak it better nor ony o' his Majesty's subjects, and wi' the genuine original prononciation too—Ise gie ye a specimen frae that witty chiel Maister Ovid —

Parve, nec invidio, sine me liber, ibis in urbem,

Hei mihi, quod domino non licet ire tuo!

Now, ken ye, man, whether I unnerstan Latin or no?

Gul. Oh, Sir, I see you are a complete Latinist—Well, if we can't fall in for the secretary, suppose you should take up with translating a while till something better offer?—there are pretty pickings, very comfortable pickings, now and then to be had in that way.

Scot. Ony thing at present to satisfy the cravings o' my wame, that is no an-under the dignity of my family—Ye ken the ald saw, Beggars mun na be chusers—for that mater, Ise no repine, gif I can but e'en get bannocks an sneeshing, till something better fa' out.

Gul. Give me your name and place of abode, and you may expect to hear from me very shortly.

Scot. Donald Macintosh—gentleman—at Maister Archibald Buchanan's, a tobacco-merchant, at the sign of the Highlander and snuff bladder—ower anenst king James's stairs, Shadwell. (*Gulwell writes.*) What's your charge, Sir?

Gul. Only a shilling, Sir—'tis a perquisite to my clerk.

Scot. There it's for ye, Sir—(*Gives him money.*) I was fain to borrow't o' Sandy Ferguson the coal-heaver; for the deel a bodle had I o' my ain.

Gul. Have you got any body to give you a character?

Scot. In troth, I canna say I ha e'en now!—I ken nea living fawl in London, but Sandy an my landlord, that I could ax sic a favour o', an ablirs their karakter o' me would no be thought sufficient.

Gul. Nay, Sir, it is no very great matter—It would have sav'd you a trifle; for when we make characters, we must

must be paid for them.—We have characters, as Jockies have pedigrees, from five shillings to five guineas.

Scot. Weel, Sir, we may tauk o' that anither time—Gin ye succeed, y'fe find me no ungratefu'—Ye sal see I hae no fae mikle o' the fause Englishman i' me as to be forgetfu' o' my benefactors—A'm afeard a've been vera fasheous; howe'er, I'fe fash ye nae langer, but gang my waus hame—Sir, your vera abliged servant—In gud troth, this is a *rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno!* [Exit.

Gul. Your most obedient, good Mr Latin Secretary—There goes one of the many fools that owe their ruin to family-pride—Who's here!—one of my party-colour'd customers? Oh! 'tis lady Vixen's livery!

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, my lady Vixen desires to speak with you, at Mr Bombazin's the silk-mercet's, over the way.

Gul. Mr Williams, give an eye to the office—I shall be back in a few minutes. [Exit.

A C T II.

' SCENE continues.

' *Enter Harwood and Williams.*

' *Har.* 'TIS lucky that your master was sent for, or we should have been certainly puzzled in getting Frankly out of the house.

' *Wil.* 'Twas fortunate indeed!

' *Har.* What an infamous rascal he is! Such a villain is enough to bring an odium on the whole fraternity of office-keepers—I hope they are not all like this master of yours, Mr Williams?

' *Wil.* No; they are not—There are persons in this way of life of as strict honour and integrity as in any profession whatever.

' *Har.* A register-office, under the management of an honest man, must certainly be very serviceable to the public.

' *Wil.* Undoubtedly, Mr Harwood—but the old gentleman is crossing the street—To your post, Sir.

' [Exit Harwood.

Enter

Enter Gulwell.

Gul. Her ladyship hath releas'd me sooner than I expected—Go, get the instrument finish'd, Mr Williams—*(Exit Williams.)* A combrush for lady Vixen! *(writing.)* This I believe will be the one-and-twentieth she hath had from my office within these two years—a special customer, i'faith! Heyday! who have we here? a spruce coxcomb of the military cast!

Enter Captain Le Brush.

Cap. Sir, your most obedient—Pray, an't you Mr Geofry Gulwell, Esquire?

Gul. The same, Sir.

Cap. Then I am come to have a little talk with you.

Gul. Your business, good Sir?

Cap. You must know, Sir, I am an ensign in a new-rai'd ridgmen, to which post I was advanced through the interest of my very good friend and acquaintance lord Pliant, whom I had the honour to serve many years in the capacity of a valet-de-chambre—But, Sir, tho' formerly a servant, I am a gentleman born, and have had the honour of an university iddication.

Gul. Sir, I make no dispute of it: you have the appearance of a man of consequence—May I crave your name and family?

Cap. My name, Sir, is Le Brush—I am commonly called Brush; but le Brush is the name my family was originally, nay even so lately as Harry the Eight, known by: a name, Sir, given by way of distinction to one of my auntfisters, that was general under All-afraid the Great, for so victoriously sweeping away hole armies of the enemy—Our family had all their estates confiscated in the broils between the Yorkshire and Lancashire line; so that their predecessors have been a little out of repair to the present time, and the name regenerated into plain Brush.

Gul. Sir, as your family hath been so long reduced, how came you by the education you talk of?

Cap. Sir, I was taught to read and write free-gratis for nothing at a charity-school; and attended lord Pliant to the university, where you know there is many opportunities for a man of talents to improve himself.

Gul. Right, Sir; such opportunities, that I have frequently

quently known a valet return from thence full as wise as his master.

Cap. Ega', Sir, I see very plainly you're a gentleman, that knows what's what.

Gul. And pray, Captain, what were your favourite studies at college?

Cap. Logic and poetry, the only two studies fit for a gentleman; as the first will teach you to cheat the devil, and the last to charm—the ladies.

Gul. I should be glad to have a little conference with you on the latter, for I am a bit of a dabler in it.

Cap. Then seriously as a friend, I would dissuade you too look out damn'd sharp, or upon my soul you'll catch a tartar! For I have not met with any body, that was fit to hold the candle to me in poetry, for a long serus of time—But, Sir, as I am in haste, we had better refer the dispute at present—any other time I am at your service for a confab of a few hours—I shall run thro' my business with as brief prolixity as possible—At a country town, where I was recruiting, I had the good fortune to pick up a maiden lady, pretty well stricken in years, with a fortune of three thousand pounds in the stocks. Now, Sir, as the interest of the money and my present pay will scarce be sufficient to maintain me—for you know, Sir, a soldier and a gentleman is anonymous characters, and a man in my office must live up to his dignity—I say, Sir, as the interest of the money is damn'd low, I have a desire to purchase a cornacy, or a company of foot, that I may be better able to live like a gentleman.

Gul. Posts of this kind frequently fall under my disposal—I think it a prudent and honourable intention in you; as, in case of mortality, the provision for your lady will be larger.

Cap. Pho! dam the old hag! I don't care if the devil had her! I have been married above two months, and was as tired of her in the first fortnight, as a modern man of quality after a twelvemonth's cohabitation—I have, for these five weeks past, done every thing in my power to break her heart; but, egad, it is made of such tough stuff, such penetrable stuff, (as my friend Shakespeare calls it), that I believe I shan't be able to defect the business, damme!—In short my disappointment hath thrown me
into

into such a hellish delimmar, that the devil fetch me if I know, for the blood and soul of me, how to execrate myself out of it! For I want to be rid of her most curfedly, that's certain.

Gul. There are ways—many ways, Captain, by which such a business may be brought about.

Cap. True, Sir, my sergeant Tom Spatterdash, who is a damn'd cute dog as any in the Coppercan system—You don't know Tom? do you, Sir?

Gul. I can't say I have the honour of his acquaintance.

Cap. Oh! the most droleſt, comicaleſt ſon of a whore in the hole univerſe, egad!—As I was a-ſaying, Tom offered me for ten pieces to give her a doſe; but no, no; damme! thinks I to myſelf, I'll not poiſon the old bel-dam neither—it will be the more fashionable way to break her heart.

Gul. Sir, as you are a gentleman, I would beg leave to aſk why you are ſo deſirous of parting with a woman, who hath been ſo great a benefactreſs to you?—I ſhould be afraid your patron and his lady would reſent ſuch behaviour—Will you be kind enough to answer my queſtion with truth?

Cap. Truth, Sir, is to be ſure a moſt amable thing, and what every gentleman ought to make uſe of, as Mr — what's his name?—one of the old Roman philoſophers there—Pythagorus, I believe—Ay, Squire Pythagorus it was—uſed to ſay, Sockratas is my friend, Pluto is my friend, but Truth is more my friend. So ſay I; Lord Pliant is my friend, Lady Pliant is my friend, but Truth is more my friend. And tho' ſome perſons will affirm that truth ought not to be ſpoken at all times, yet no philoſopher, nor nobody elſe, would ever venture to affirm, but that truth ought to be ſpoken at ſometimes—which being granted—I ſay, Sir, which being granted, it muſt follow—neceſſarily follow, Sir—that tho' truth ought not to be ſpoken at all times, occaſions, and ſeaſons; yet ſeaſonable truths may be occaſionally ſpoken at all times—But this, Sir, is the very profundity of logic, and conſequently out of the reach of every capacity; wherefore I ſhall deſcend into the ſpear of common ſenſe, to be the better underſtood.

Gul. Sir, I must acknowledge that your arguments are very sublime and logical—but yet they are no answer to my question—Perhaps I have been too rude to press you on the occasion—there may be some lady in the case, who—

Cap. Egad, Sir, you're in the right! I had not been married above ten days, till I fell most consumedly in love with a niece of my wife's; a girl of fifteen, with a damn'd large fortune!—a most exquisite creature, upon my soul!—In short, she is all the hole tote of my desires—As that there black fellar in the play—Othello Moor, I think, they call him—says, "Perdition catch my soul" but I do love her! and when I love her not, chaos is "come again!"

Gul. Pray, Captain, who is that chaos?

Cap. And when I love her not, chaos is come again—Oh! a damn'd fine sentiment as ever was utter'd—the most sentimental sentiment in the world.

Gul. But, Captain, I ask you who is that chaos?

Cap. Chaos! Lard bless you!—You pretend you don't know! A man of your years and understanding too!—Fie! fie! Mr Gulwell!—None of your tricks upon travellers!

Gul. Sir, I seldom ask the meaning of a word I understand.

Cap. Then you must know chaos is a—my dear, it is a—a—a—Zounds! what shall I say?—The devil chaos him—It is a—I can't find words to express myself properly—It is impossible to divine it literally—but chaos when a man speaks of chaos—in—in—a general way—it is a much as to say—chaos—chaos—I can't divine it otherwise for the blood and soul of me.

Gul. You have not divin'd it at all;—at least not to my satisfaction—I suppose, by the connection, it signifies dislike.

Cap. Right, Sir, it is a—a—a—kind of dislike; but not, as one may say, a—a—an absolute dislike—But, Sir, to porceed in my story—If I could but break my wife's heart, I should assuredly marry my niece in less than a month after her decease—A separate maintenance won't do, or Mrs Le Brush should have it with all my soul;—but if we part, you know all hopes of breaking her heart

are over—She hath offer'd to separate, if I would give her two hundred pounds in ready rhino, and annually allow her for life an annual provision of fifty pounds *per annum* every year——

Gul. Which you've refused, I suppose!

Cap. Refused! most certainly, Sir! I was almost petrified with astonishment at the egregious impudence of her demand—I shall not consent to allow her a shilling more as fifteen a-year—she may live very comfortably, very comfortably, on it in the north.

Gul. Truly, Sir, I think fifteen pounds a-year a very genteel allowance, especially as she brought you so small a trifle as three thousand.

Cap. I think soo too, egad! But these old devils have no conscience at all, damme!—Well, Sir, you'll give me an answer as soon as possible——You may hear of me at Mrs Dresden's, a milliner under the peaches, in Common Garden.

Gul. (*writing.*) Very well, Sir—I'll talk with a principal about your affair this evening.

Cap. There, Sir—(*gives him money.*) you'll take care to beat him down as low as possible?

Gul. You may depend on my best endeavours, most noble Captain——(*Exit Captain Le Brush.*) Scoundrel, I should have said—Why, this fellow's a greater rascal than myself——But what can be expected from a coxcomb of his stamp?—More company!

Enter Irishman.

Irish. My dear honey, I am come to thee if you have commiserashon enough in your bowels to a poor Irishman, to get him a plaish.

Gul. What sort of a place are you fit for?

Irish. Upon my shalwashon, joy, d'ye see, I am fit for any plaish alive! I have strength and bonesh enough in this carcass of mine to do all the work in the world.

Gul. Have you ever been in service?

Irish. In shervish! No, to be sure, I have not—Yes, by St Patrick, ever since after I was so big as a potatoe.

Gul. With whom did you last live?

Irish. With Squire Maclellan of Killybegs.

Gul. Killybegs! Where the deuce is that?

Irish.

Irish. Why, where the devil should it be but in Ireland, my dear honey?

Gul. But what part of Ireland? what province? what county?

Irish. It is in the provinsh of Donegal, in the county of Ulster—It is an inland sea-port town, where they catch the best pickled herrings in all England—By my fet, he was the best man of a maister between Derry and Youghal—Arra, I shall never live so well with nobody else, unless I go back to live with him again.

Gul. As he was so good a master, how came you to leave him?

Irish. Leave him, joy! because he wanted to make a bug and a fool of me. When I went to go to plough and harrow, he would insist on my yoking the deer creatures the mulesh by the necks instead of the tailish.

Gul. The tails! Why, is that the Irish custom in ploughing?

Irish. Ay, upon my conscience, it is, joy! and the best cushtom that ever was born in the world—I'll give you a raison for it, honey—You know when the trashes is fastened to the tail, all the rest of the body is free—and when all the carcass but the tail goes along, the tail must follow of course.—Besides, honey, all the world knows the strength of every human creature lies in the tail—Arra, he wanted to bodder me with his dam English tricks; but the devil burn me if honest Paddy would not have left twenty places, if he had been in them all at once, sooner than be put out of the way of his country!

Gul. You were certainly in the right: I commend your spirit—But pray, how have you liv'd since you came to London?

Irish. Liv'd, honey! As a great many lives in London; nobody knows how—By my shoul, I have only pick'd up five thirteens for these four weeks and a half.

Gul. A special raw-bon'd fellow this—He will do for America—I must send word to my nephew Trappum—Would you like to go abroad, friend?

Irish. Ay, my dear honey; any way in England or in Scotland; but I do not like, d'ye see, to live out of my native kingdom.

Gul. Oh, 'tis only a very short voyage, a little round the Lands-end—A gentleman hath taken a very considerable farm in the west; and if I could prevail on him to hire you, you would have the sole management of it—'Twould be the making of you—You can write, I suppose?

Irish. Yes, upon my conscience, that I can very well—my mark, honey; that's all—But that's nothing, my dear; I could get any body to write for me, if they did but know how.

Gul. That's true—Well, I shall see the gentleman this evening, and have a little close talk with him about you.

Irish. Upon my shoul, the most shivelest person, d'ye see, that ever I met with since I was an Irishman.

[*Aside.*

Gul. Where do you lodge, friend?

Irish. At the Harp and Spinning-wheel in Farthing-fields, Wapping; in a room of my own, that I hire at ninepence a-week.

Gul. Your name?

Irish. Patrick O'Carrol.

Gul. O'Carrol! give me your hand—we must be cousins—my great grandmother was an O'Carrol.

Irish. Was she? By St Patrick, then, we must be cousins sure enough!—Where was she born?

Gul. At what do you call the place, where Squire O'Carrol lives?

Irish. What, Provost O'Carrol?

Gul. Ay, the Provost.

Irish. Oh, you're a soft lad! you don't know it was Balishanny?

Gul. Right, that is the very place—Well, cousin, I should like to be better acquainted with you.

Irish. And so should poor Paddy, by my fet—You cannot conceive how my heart dances in the inside of my bowels to see a relashon in this part of the world, where I expected to see nobody at all—Do, honey, put your head here to feel—Fet, joy, it beats, and beats, and beats, and jumps about in my belly, like a brukled pea upon a red-hot fire-shovel—Arra, I knew you to be better than half an Irishman by your shivility to strangers.

Gul.

Gul. Ay, I wish I were wholly so; but it was my misfortune to be born in England.

Irish. Upon my conscience, that was almost poor Paddy's misfortune too! I was begot in England; but as good luck would have it, I went over to Ireland to be born.

Gul. Well, cousin, if you will call on me to-morrow morning, I hope I shall be able to give you joy of your place.

Irish. I shall, my dear cushin—Arra, now if I was but my father, who has been dead these seven years, I should be for making a song upon you for this shivillity.

Gul. Your father! what was he?

Irish. A true Irish poet, my dear; he could neither read nor write—By my fet, honey, he wrote many an excellent new song—I have one of his upon Molly Mac-lachlen, a young virgin in Sligo, who he fell in love with, after she had two love-begots at one time to Squire Concannon.

Gul. I should be glad to see it if you have it on you.

Irish. O yes, my dear creature, I always carry it upon me—It is in my head, honey; you shall see it in a minute, if you will give me leave to sing it.

Gul. With all my heart, cousin.

Irish. The devil burn me now, honey, if I can think of the right tune, because it never had any tune at all—however, it will go to Larry Groghan.

Gul. By all means let's have it.

Irishman sings.

My sweet, pretty Mog, you're soft as a bog,
And as wild as a kitten, as wild as a kitten:

Those eyes in your face (O pity my case!)

Poor Paddy hath smitten, poor Paddy hath smitten;

For softer than silk, and fair as new milk,

Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is:

Your shape's like a pail; from your head to your tail

You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is

As black as the devil, as black as the devil:

Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,

Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville.

When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,
 So nimble, so frisky! so nimble, so frisky!
 A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like
 whisky.

I grunt and I pine, and I fob like a swine,
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel:
 No rest I can take; and, asleep or awake,
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
 Your hate then give over, nor Paddy your lover
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle;
 Or Paddy must die, like a pig in a sty,
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

Gul. I thank you very kindly; it is a most admirable song—Well, you will be here at nine to-morrow?

Irish. You may be certain of my coming, my dear cushin.

Gul. But hark you, be sure not to mention a word of this affair to any person whatsoever—I would not have it get wind, lest any body else should be applying to the gentleman.

Irish. Oh, let Paddy alone for that, my dear creature; I am too cunning to mention it to nobody but my nown shelf—Well, your servant, my dear cushin.

[Exit.

Gul. Your servant, your servant—We must have this fellow indented as soon as possible—He will fetch a rare price in the plantations—Odsso! here comes one in a chair—I fancy this must be my dear sister in wickedness.

“Enter Mrs Snarewell in a chair”.

“Dear Mrs Snarewell, your most obedient—Let me hand you to a seat, Madam.

“*Snare.* Oh! oh! oh! Touch me gently, Mr Gulwell.

“*Gul.* I am glad to see you abroad again. (Kisses her.) I hear you have had a very bad night.

“*Snare.* Oh, the most shocking one that can be imagined! The colic, and my old cursed distemper the rheumatise,

* This character was not permitted to be played; but is inserted here for the satisfaction of the reader.

" rheumatise, have plagued me to so violent a degree,
 " that I could not possibly attend your office in time—
 " Such twitchings! such tortures—I never expected to
 " live till morning, I assure you—Poor Mr Watchlight
 " the tallow-chandler was call'd twice out of bed to com-
 " fort me—The dear man was so fervent in his prayers,
 " and so earnest in his ejaculations, that I received great
 " comfort and consolation—I was so easy, so composed,
 " so resigned, after I had made my peace, that I could
 " have parted with life with as little uneasiness as a
 " young wife of quality with her deary of threescore—
 " Oh he's a most heavenly creature! He said such com-
 " fortable moving things! — But what success had the
 " advertisement?

" *Gul.* Beyond expectation. I had above fifty dam-
 " sels with me—You might have cull'd half a dozen at
 " least that would have answer'd to a T; such fresh
 " blooming creatures!

" *Snare.* The devil's in my luck, to be sure! — Ay,
 " ay, he owes me a grudge for turning Methodist—I
 " have been curling my fortune in bed these three hours
 " —so violently pain'd, so tortur'd, that I could not
 " rise, tho' my life had depended on it—I am certainly
 " the most unfortunate woman alive! The reputation
 " of my house will be utterly blasted for want of fresh
 " faces—O this cursed rheumatise, that it should seize
 " me at such a juncture! —I could cry my eyes out to
 " think on't. [Weeps.

" *Gul.* Madam, be comforted; many of them will be
 " applying to-morrow to know their success.

" *Snare.* To-morrow! But that won't answer my
 " purpose: I have promised a virgin to Mr Zorobabel
 " Habakuk to-night.

" *Gul.* You must palm some of your freshest commo-
 " dities on him for one.

" *Snare.* Palm some of your freshest commodities,
 " quotha! you are vastly mistaken in your man! He is
 " too knowing in these matters to be imposed on. It
 " would be as difficult to deceive my little Israelite in
 " that point as a jury of matrons: besides, he pays the
 " price of virginity; and I am a person of more honour
 " and conscience than even endeavour to sell him off with

“ a counterfeit—I have too strong a sense of religion to
 “ be guilty of such a heinous imposture—No, no, Mr
 “ Gulwell; If we expect to be happy hereafter, we must
 “ endeavour to do as we would be done by—Is there
 “ never a likely girl you expect at the office to-day?

“ *Gul.* None that I know of—But pray how stands
 “ the account for the Irish lady?

“ *Snare.* Why, Sir, I could not squeeze a penny
 “ more than ten guineas from the old close-fisted scrive-
 “ ner; so that I owe you five—Upon my soul, Mr
 “ Gulwell, you must abate of your demands for the fu-
 “ ture. The expences of a house of pleasure run so
 “ high, that I cannot afford you an equal moiety of
 “ my procuration—There's rent, taxes, cesses, repairs,
 “ fire, candle, linen, washing, cloaths, connivance mo-
 “ ney, and a thousand other expensive articles—I can
 “ give you no more than a fourth part: I can afford
 “ you no more, as I hope to be sav'd!

“ *Gul.* Madam, I can do business on my present terms
 “ with any of the procureesses in town.

“ *Snare.* Ah, you're a covetous curmudgeon! but
 “ there is no quarrelling with you—Well, I must be
 “ going: I have promised Mr Watchlight to be at the
 “ Tabernacle, to return thanks for my recovery—He
 “ will preach a thanksgiving-sermon, and sing an occa-
 “ sional hymn of his own composing after the discourse
 “ —Here it is; I have been humming it over in the
 “ chair. O they are sweet words! divine words! com-
 “ fortful words! I'll get Mr Watchlight to write you
 “ a copy. Oh, he's a good creature! I can never be
 “ out of his debt for the great work of my reformation
 “ —'Tis true, I've left him all my worldly substance,
 “ except rings and mourning to you and a few friends
 “ —Dear man! he has promised to lay it out, even
 “ to the uttermost farthing, in building a tabernacle.

“ *Gul.* I hope, Madam, you have not disinherited
 “ your two daughters?

“ *Snare.* Why, I had some scruples on that head;
 “ but Mr Watchlight removed them—He convinc'd
 “ me of the exceeding great sinfulness of leaving any
 “ thing to bastards, as it was a direct countenance to
 “ the cause of lewdness.

“ *Gul.*

" *Gul.* Here's religion with a vengeance! [*Aside.*

" *Snare.* Oh, he's a good creature! I should have
" been lost! utterly lost! irrecoverably lost! if it had
" not been for his pious counsel—Well, I shall be with
" you in the morning to take a survey; in the mean
" time, if you meet with any delicate young thing, be
" sure to give me notice—Oh! oh! oh!

" *Gul.* Pray what's the matter, Madam?

" *Snare.* A return of my late disorder—Have you
" Holland's gin in your scrutore?

" *Gul.* Yes, I have always a bottle at the service of
" the ladies. [*Takes out a bottle and glass.*

" *Snare.* Hold! hold! hold! I would not have above
" a thimblefull—Mercy on me! you surely think I have
" the brain of a country justice, to bear such a glass in
" a morning!

" *Gul.* I design this glass for myself—To your bet-
" ter health, Mrs Snarewell. [*Drinks.*

" *Snare.* Thank you, dear Sir; but I am persuaded
" I can't live long—You had better give me the bottle;
" my hand shakes so violently, that I am afraid of spill-
" ing if I drink out of the glass—'twould be a pity
" to waste the good creature. Come, Sir, success to all
" our undertakings. [*Drinks out of the bottle.*

" *Gul.* I thank you, Madam—So! the thimblefull
" will be half a pint at least! [*Aside.*

" *Snare.* Yes, as I was saying, I am persuaded I can-
" not live long—I feel the decays of nature in me very
" sensibly; I am wasting and wasting every day—I must
" give over this way of life, and wholly apply myself to
" the care of my precious and immortal soul—I am
" grown so feeble and infirm, that I am almost unfit for
" this world—Oh, oh, oh! there's another twitch—
" Pray, hand me the bottle—I must have t'other thimble-
" full. Thank you, Mr Gullwell. —Chairmen!

" *Enter Chairmen, who help her into the chair.*
" Carry me to the Tabernacle—Dear Sir, your servant.

" *Gul.* Madam, I wish you a good day.

" *Snare.* Go on, Chairmen—Mr Gulwell, Mr Gul-
" well! —Have you no ears, you damn'd rascals? —
" Hark you, Sir — if any thing offers in half an hour
" or so, send me word to the Tabernacle.

" *Gul.*

Gul. I shall, Madam.

[*Mrs Snarewell is carried off singing a hymn.*]

Let me see—Mrs Martin's fair lodger was to call to-day—I must not let mother Snarewell see her—I'll market for her on my own bottom—If she don't turn reslive on my hands, I shall make a pretty penny of her—Oh, here comes one of my right honourable customers!

Enter Lord Brilliant.

My lord, your lordship's most devoted.

L. Brill. Mr Gulwell, I am most immensely glad to see you. Lady Brilliant, who by-the by is the most whimsical person alive, hath insisted on the discharge of Mrs Candy; and unless I consent, we shall have nothing but hell and the devil to do about the affair. This is the curse of marrying a tradesman's daughter for the sake of her fortune! My lady is ten times more haughty and impertinent than if she had been born a woman of quality.

Gul. And how will your lordship dispose of Mrs Candy? she's a very good sort of a woman.

L. Brill. Upon my honour, the most virtuous, inoffensive, deserving creature on the globe!—I want to consult you on this very affair—You have often the advowsons of livings to dispose of; and if I could make a reasonable purchase of one of about a cool hundred a-year, I would marry her to Mr Secondly my chaplain, and take his bond for the purchase-money. I would not have it lie at too great a distance; for Mr Secondly is a man for whom I have so particular an esteem, that I should like now and then to give him a friendly call—But we want a housekeeper to supply Mrs Candy's place—Have you never a one to recommend? You know what will please.

Gul. I have one of the finest women in the world to provide for—I expect her here every minute—Will your lordship be pleased to step into that room; you may see her thro' the lattice—You will find Rochester's Poems and the memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure to entertain you—Pray retire, my lord, here's company. [Exit Lord Brilliant.

'Tis

'Tis the very woman! — If she be but of the right sort, I shall make a pretty penny of her.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Sir, I am come agreeable to appointment— Have you heard of any thing that will suit me?

Gul. Madam, I believe I have done your business: there is a peer in the next room who is in immediate want of a housekeeper.

Mar. Is the nobleman married or single?

Gul. Married, Madam, to one of the best women in the world: you will be happy in the place— Her ladyship is the most generous woman of the age— Mrs Candy, the present housekeeper, has saved a fortune in the family, and is going to be married to a clergyman— Shall I call his lordship?

Mar. I had rather first see his lady— But do as you please.

Gul. My Lord (*Enter Lord Brilliant.*) This is the lady I told your Lordship of.

L. Brill. Madam, your most obedient— Egad, a most angelic creature! Madam, I was telling Mr Gulwell— I say, Madam, I was telling Mr Gulwell that my housekeeper is going to be married—and that we shall want one to supply her place— Wherefore, if you are inclinable—that is, if the place would suit, and you can be well recommended—I say, Madam, well recommended—for my lady will take nobody without a sufficient character— therefore, Madam, if— I say, Madam, if the place would suit, and you can have a satisfactory recommendation, I should be glad to know your terms.— I was never in such confusion in my life!

Gul. Here's company a coming— Please step into the next room, and you may talk of the affair with less interruption. [*Exeunt L. Brilliant and Maria.*]

So, so; matters seem to go on very promisingly!

Enter Mrs Doggerel and a Girl.

Heyday! what whimsical figure is this? She seems to be of the family of the Slammekins.

Mrs Dog. Mr Office-keeper— I forget your name, though I have seen it so often in print.

Gul.

Gul. Gulwell, Madam——Pray, be seated.

Mrs Dog. I come, Mr Gulwell, to inquire after a person that can write short-hand——I want an amanuensis.

Gul. An amanuensis, Madam?

Mrs Dog. Yes, Sir, an amanuensis, to take down my ideas. They flow upon me in such torrents, that I cannot commit them to paper a tenth part so fast as I could wish——My name, Sir, is not altogether unknown to the literary world. You have undoubtedly heard of the celebrated Mrs Slatternella Doggerel the dramatic poetess?——Hey, have not you?

Gul. O yes, Madam, ten thousand times——Tho' the devil fetch me if ever I heard of the name before!——I thought she was of the rhiming sisterhood, or a mad woman, which is pretty much the same. [*Aside.*

Mrs Dog. I have written, Mr a—a——What's your name, Sir?

Girl. Gulwell, mama, is the gentleman's name.

Mrs Dog. Ay, ay, child——I have written, Mr Gulwell, no less than nine tragedies, eight comedies, seven tragi-comedies, six farces, five operas, four masques, three oratorios, two mock-tragedies, and one tragi-comi-operatico-magico-farcico-pastoral dramatic romance;—making in the whole, as Scrub says, five-and-forty,

Girl. Yes, Sir, five-and-forty.

Gul. And pray, Madam, how many of them have been brought upon the stage?

Mrs Dog. Not one, Sir:——But that is no diminution of their merit; for while the stage is under the direction of people who scribble themselves, it is no wonder they are so backward in producing the works of others. As what do you call 'um says in the play, "Who the devil cares for any man that has more wit than himself?"——Hey, Mr Gulwell!

Gul. Very true, Madam——But suppose we should beat about for a patron among the great?

Mrs Dog. A patron, quotha! Why, the very word, applied as an encourager of literary merit, is almost obsolete. You might as soon find a real patriot as a real patron. Our great men are too much engaged in the trifles and follies of the age to give themselves any concern

cern about dramatic genius—Indeed, if I could submit to write a treatise on the science of gaming, a new history of peerage, or an essay on improving the breed of running-horses, perhaps some of our right honourable jockies might vouchsafe to give me a recommendation to their brother jockeys of the theatrical turf.

Gul. Madam, I am of opinion, that a well-written pamphlet in favour of the ministry could not fail of procuring you a patron.

Mrs Dog. And so you would have me sacrifice conscience to interest, you strange creature you!

Gul. Conscience; Madam! what have authors, that write for bread, to do with conscience? A learned professor in the law, tho' he has amassed even a ministerial fortune at the bar, will for a few guineas prostitute his eloquence by pleading in a bad cause; then why should not a poor devil of an author, against his conscience, brandish his pen in a political squabble, to keep himself from starving?

Mrs Dog. But what author of true genius could ever stoop to write a parcel of dull stuff about ins and outs? No, no; depend on't, the most certain way to get my pieces on the stage will be to go upon the stage myself.—Many rickety dramatic brats have been allowed to crawl upon the stage, which would never have made their theatrical appearance, if they had not been of theatrical parentage.

Gul. Madam, your observation is very just.

Mrs Dog. But pray, what do you think of my person? With a large hoop, instead of this trollopee, should not I make a tolerably elegant figure in tragedy, nay, not to say a magnificent one?

Gul. The most elegant and magnificent in the world.

Mrs Dog. I once play'd Belvidera with some of my city-acquaintance, and got such prodigious applause, that Mr Alderman Loveturtle came waddling up to me, with a, "Madam, you've play'd the part so finely, that tho' I love good eating better than any thing in the world, I would mortify upon bread and water a whole month for the pleasure of seeing you play it again."

Gul. Madam, you are an excellent mimic.

Mrs Dog. And what has rais'd the reputation of some

performers so much as mimicry?—But I'll give you a speech in Belvidera's mad scene.

Gul. Madam, you will oblige me greatly.

Girl. My mama speaks it delightfully, I assure you, Sir.

Mrs Dog. Take my cap, Melpomene—I must have my hair about my ears; there is no playing a mad scene without dishevell'd hair.

“Ha! look there!

“My husband bloody, and his friend too!—vanish'd!

“Here they went down!—O I'll dig, dig the den up—

“Ho! Jaffier! Jaffier!”

Girl. Pray, don't cry, mama, don't cry. [*Weeps.*

Mrs Dog. Pray, Mr Gulliver, lend me your hand to help me up—Well, what do you think of this acting?

Gul. I'm astonish'd at it—Why don't you apply to the managers?

Girl. My mama did apply to one of them.

Mrs Dog. Yes, and spoke that very speech.

Gul. And what did he say, was he not in raptures?

Mrs Dog. So far from it, that he did nothing all the while but titter, and he! he! he!

Girl. Yes, he did nothing but titter, and he! he!

Gul. Titter, and he! he! he! (*They all force a laugh.*) Pray, has Miss any turn for the stage?

Mrs Dog. Yes, yes; I shall breed her up myself. With her own capabilities, and my instructions, I don't doubt but she will make all our tragedy heroines turn pale—She will eclipse them all, I warrant her—I have already taught her the part of Sappho in my two-act tragedy of that name. Give the gentleman a speech, Melpomene.

Girl. Yes, mama—Where shall I begin?

Mrs Dog. At “O Phaon! Phaon!”—You are to observe, Sir, that all my tragedies are written in heroics. I hate your blank verse; it is but one remove from prose, and consequently not sublime enough for tragedy—Now begin, Melly.

Girl. “O Phaon! Phaon! could my eyes impart

“The swelling throes and tumults of my heart!”

Mrs Dog. “The swelling throes and tumults of my heart!”—Child, you are too languid by ten thousand degrees.

degrees. Your sister Calliope would speak it abundantly better; nay, little Clio, that is not quite three years old, could not speak it worse.—Give it more energy, child; set yourself a-heaving like a tragedian out of breath—It should be spoke thus—“The swelling throes and tumults of my heart!”

Girl. “The swelling throes and tumults of my heart, “Thou never wouldst thy Sappho’s love desert.”

Mrs Dog. There’s a pathetic speech for you!

Gul. Very pathetic indeed! and the dear little girl hath spoke it like an angel.

Mrs Dog. I’ll now give you a touch of the pompous—“By hell and vengeance!”—I forgot to tell you it is the turnkey’s soliloquy in my tragedy of Betty Canning.

“By hell and vengeance, Canning shall be mine!

“Her, but with life, I never can resign.

“Should Ætna bar my passage to the dame,

“Headlong I’d plunge into the sulphurous flame;

“Or, like the Titans, wage a war with Jove,

“Rather than lose the object of my love.”

Gul. Madam, this must have a fine effect. It will certainly bring the house down whenever it is play’d.

Mrs Dog. You sensible creature, I must embrace you for the kind expression—Yes, yes, it must have a fine effect, or it never would have had a run of fifty nights—I assure you, it was play’d no less than fifty nights by Mr Flockton’s company.

Gul. Flockton’s company! Pray, who is Flockton?

Mrs Dog. He is master of the best company of—puppets in England.

Gul. So then your piece has been play’d by wooden actors, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs Dog. Wooden actors! And why this sarcasm on wooden actors? Pray, Sir, let me ask you what piece is now-a-days play’d without wooden actors?—Well, Mr a—Culpepper—

Girl. Lud! mama, what a queer name is that! they call him Gullwell.

Mrs Dog. My dear, I knew his name began with either Gull or Cull—I ask your pardon, Sir; I am frequently so envelop’d in thought, that I even forget my

own name; I hope therefore you will not take it amiss that I should not remember yours.

Gul. No apology, Madam.

Mrs Dog. Well Mr—a—Gulcatcher, if you hear of an amanuensis, pray give me the most early intelligence.

Gul. But I hope, madam, I shall not offend you in asking you how he is to be paid?

Mrs Dog. Paid! why I really did not think of this—Let me see—Suppose—No, this won't do—hum—ay: He shall have a tenth part of the profits of my future productions—He shall tythe 'em.

Gul. Madam, I feel for your young muses, and can dissemble with you no longer. Take my advice. Go immediately home, and burn all your pieces; for I am certain you'll never make a shilling of them, unless you sell them for waste paper.

Mrs Dog. Waste paper! Heaven and earth! such excellent compositions go for waste paper!

Girl. Waste paper indeed! I should not have thought of waste paper!

Gul. Burn them all immediately. Give me your solemn promise to leave off scribbling; and if any place worthy your acceptance fall in my way, I will endeavour to fix you in it.

Mrs Dog. What! sacrifice immortality for a place!—I must tell you, Sir, you're an envious, impertinent, self-sufficient puppy, to presume to advise me, who have a million times your understanding.

Girl. Yes, a million times your understanding.

Mrs Dog. Waste paper! O ye gods!—If I had the wealth of Cræsus, I would give it all to be reveng'd on this affronting savage. [Exit.]

Girl. Ah! you're a naughty creature to vex my poor mama in this manner. [Exit.]

Gul. So! This comes of my plain-dealing. I am rightly serv'd for endeavouring to wash the blackamoor white.

Re-enter Mrs Doggerel and Girl.

Mrs Dog. I'm return'd to tell you, that I will have ample vengeance for this indignity. I will immediately

set

set about writing a farce called *the Register-office*, in which I will expose your tricks, your frauds, your cheats, your impositions, your chicaneries—I'll do for you!—I'll make you repent the hour wherein you had the impudence and ill-nature to advise me to burn all my pieces—By all the gods, I'll write such a piece against you!

Then like thy fate superior will I sit,

And see thee scorn'd and laugh'd at by the pit;

I with my friends will in the gallery go,

And tread thee sinking to the shades below. [*Exit.*

Girl. And tread thee sinking to the shades below.

[*Exit.*

Gul. The woman tak's it mightily in dudgeon! 'My friend Harry Trickit! What can be his business?

Enter Trickit.

' *Trick.* Well, Sir, you receiv'd my letter?

' *Gul.* Letter! What letter?

' *Trick.* The letter I sent you this morning.

' *Gul.* Not I indeed! Pray, how did you send it?

' *Trick.* By a ticket-porter, whom I order'd to call in his way to the banker's.

' *Gul.* He must have forgot it—What was't about?

' Speak low; there's company in that room.

' *Trick.* My niece is going to file a bill in chancery against me, to set aside her father's will. She will be supported by the gentleman with whom she now lives. I was told it this morning by a friend who din'd with him a few days ago in Somersetshire—Now, Sir, as Mr Williams is going to leave you, he will perhaps begin to squeak; and then I shall not only lose my money, but life into the bargain.

' *Gul.* It is not in his power to do you any injury: he was not privy to your brother-in law's signing a counterfeit will, but only called hastily in to witness the signature. The other evidence is dead; wherefore there is no danger from that quarter—Don't be afraid; I'll answer for the validity of the will—I thought you had known the law better in these cases, than to be afraid of such a bugbear as a chancery-suit!

' *Trick.* You have given me some comfort: I have been very uneasy these three hours.

' *Mar.* (*within.*) Help! help! murder! help!

G g 3

' *Enter*

• *Enter Harwood and Williams.*

• *Har.* Ha! my Maria in danger! (*Enter Maria.*)
• What's the matter, my dear?

• *Mar.* Good Heaven! Is it you, Mr Harwood! I am
• so frightened and out of breath, that I can scarce speak
• —A noble villain hath attempted my ruin.

• *Har.* Let me secure the door, lest these villains
• escape, and I shall punish the right honourable scoun-
• drel (*Locks the door.*) There's the key, Mr Williams
• —Frankly and the officers must soon be here—Now
• for his lordship. [*Exit.*]

• *Trick.* My niece and her master!

• *Gul.* The devil they are!

• *Enter Harwood, dragging in Lord Brilliant.*

• *Har.* Now, my Lord, if your life be worth preserving
• a few minutes, draw.

• *L. Bril.* Sir, this is no proper place for a duel.

• *Har.* Not so proper as the other room for your Lord-
• ship's intended purpose; however, it will do—Come, my
• Lord, you must fight me or ask your life—You can
• fight, I am sure; for I have been a witness of your Lord-
• ship's courage in Flanders—Why don't you draw?—
• Do the one or the other, or I shall dishonour the peer-
• age of my country by kicking your Lordship out of
• the room.

• *L. Bril.* Sir, in a bad cause I think it no diminu-
• tion of my honour to own myself to blame, and wish it
• were in my power to make her due satisfaction for the
• intended injury.

• *Har.* This is talking like the peer and the gentle-
• man—My Lord, I'm satisfied—I have some questions
• to ask Mr Trickit, and shall take it as a particular fa-
• vour if you will be kind enough to leave us for a few
• minutes.

• *L. Bril.* Sir, I shall withdraw; and if I can serve
• either you or the lady, you may freely command me.

• *Har.* I humbly thank your Lordship—Mr Williams,
• pray unlock the door. (*Exit L. Bril.*) I am sorry, Mr
• Trickit, there should be such a brace of rascals in the
• world as you and your friend; Mr Williams open'd this
• letter, on a supposition of its being relative to the bu-
• siness of the register-office—I need not tell you it is a
• proof

• proof of a piece of villany sufficient to hang you both:
• however, in consideration of your family, I shall let your
• crime slip unpunished, on condition of your restoring
• the money, of which you have robb'd your niece by a
• villainous will.

• *Trick.* Sir, I acknowledge my offence, and will make
• whatever restitution you require.

• *Har.* Enough, Sir——Mr Williams, I see Frankly
• and the officers at the door——Pray step out, and tell
• him we have made up the affair.

• *Wil.* I shall, Sir, [Exit.

• *Trick.* I beg leave to inform you, by way of lessening
• my offence, that this villain put me upon the fraud, and
• afterwards insisted on a thousand pounds for his advice
• and secrecy.

• *Har.* I am sorry it is not in my power to make an
• example of him, without exposing or punishing you—
• however, if he will not agree to restore the money, he
• shall be given up to justice.

• *Gul.* Sir, I shall restore it whenever the lady pleases.

Enter Frankly and Williams.

• *Fran.* Well, you've brought them to terms I find?

• *Har.* Ay, thanks to my friend Williams, we have.

Enter Irishman.

Irish. My dear cushin, after I went away before, I
forgot to remember to pay you for your shivility; there-
fore I am going to come back again to be out of your
debt.

Gul. Never mind it, cousin——any other time.

Irish. Arra! I am a person of more honour than to
continue in nobody's debt, when I owe him nothing.
Besides, if I should be taken sick, and die of a consump-
tion to-night, you may tell me to my face the next
time I feed you, that I stole out of the world on pur-
pose to cheat you——There, my dear cushin.

[Beats Gul.

Enter Scotchman and Highland Piper.

Gul. Oh, oh, oh! murder, murder!

Irish. Upon my shoul, you lie now, honey, for it was
only a shivel beating.

Gul. A plague on such civility, say I!

Enter

Enter Frenchman.

Scot. Lay on, lad; for the deel burst me an I bid ye hald your hand, gin ye skelp him this six hours—Here's Wully tells me he's as great a faw as ever swang in a helter.

French. Begar, so say Monsieur la Fricasie.

Enter Williams.

Wil. Gentlemen, what is the matter between you and this office-keeper?

Irish. Matter, my dear joy! Nothing at all—I am only paying him for getting me a place in the West—Ah! the devil West you, my dear!—Your West is some of the plantations in the East Indies, where pickpockets are sent to—This kidnapping rascal was going to send me into the other world to be turn'd into a black negro—I had gone sure enough, but for Macarrell O'Neil, whom I overtook, as we run against one another in your English St Patrick's church-yard—St Paul's—He told me this scoundrel had transported three Irish hay-makers over land to the plantations, on pretence of getting them places in the West—I'll plantation you, your tief of the world!

Scot. And troth, Wully tells me he play'd e'en sic a trick to twa of my countrymen.

French. Begar! me vill have one kick at the fanfaron for my von cheling and tree alspence.

Irish. Hold, my dear creature! Don't lift a hand at him, I beseech you! For no foreigners but the Irish must pretend to kick an Englishman.

French. Den pray give him von kick for me.

Irish. Kick him for a Frenchman! I would sooner lend him a hand to kick all you outlandish pickpockets out of the nation.

Scot. What think ye, lad, an we tak him to the neist horse-pool, an wash the fleas aff him?

Irish. The devil burn me but that is the very thing I was just going to think of; my dear cushin, you must go along with us.

Gul. I beseech you, gentlemen, don't disgrace me so publicly.

Scot. Troth, we'se no care a bawbie for that—Come, gic's

gie's a lilt; we've carry him aff i' musical triumph—Do ye guard him behind, man.

Irish. Let me alone for that, honey—If he offer to run away, I'll knock him down as dead as ever he was born.

[*They hurry him off.*]

Wil. Your humble servant, Mr Gulwell—Were I not assured of the innate baseness of his principles, I could pity him; but, great as his punishment may be, it falls short of his crimes. The abuse of a public benefit (for such the proper management of a register-office must be) and general utility, frustrated by trick, villany, and chicanery, merits not only the censure, but the heaviest effects of resentment from every injur'd individual.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

CYMON.

C Y M O N:

Altered from *DAVID GARRICK, Esq.*

IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Merlin,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1783.</i>
<i>Cymon,</i>	Mr Bensley.	Mr Sutherland.
<i>Dorus,</i>	Mr Vernon.	Mr Tannet.
<i>Lince,</i>	Mr Parsons.	Mr Johnson.
<i>Damon,</i>	Mr King.	Mr Moss.
<i>Dorilas,</i>	Mr Fawcett.	Mr Bell.
<i>Shepherds, &c. &c.</i>	Mr Fox.	Mr Simpson.

WOMEN.

<i>Urganda,</i>	Mrs Baddely.	Mrs Walcott.
<i>Sylvia,</i>	Mrs Arne.	Mrs Baddely.
<i>Fatima,</i>	Mrs Abington.	Mrs Cornelys.
<i>1 Shepherdess,</i>	Mrs Reynolds.	Mrs Tannet.
<i>2 Shepherdess,</i>	Mrs Plym.	Mrs Mills.
<i>Dorcas,</i>	Mrs Bradshaw.	Mrs Charteris.

SCENE, *Arcadia.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *A grand Garden belonging to the Palace of Urganda.*

Enter MERLIN and URGANDA.

URGANDA. —

BUT hear me, Merlin, I beseech you, hear me.
Mer. Hear you! I have heard you — for years
 have heard your vows, your protestations — Have you not
 allur'd my affections by every female art; and when I
 thought that my unalterable passion was to be rewarded
 for

for its constancy—what have you done?—why, like mere mortal woman, in the true spirit of frailty, have given up me and my hopes—for what? a boy, an idiot.

Urg. Ev'n this I can bear from Merlin.

Mer. You have injur'd me, and must bear more.

Urg. I'll repair that injury.

Mer. Then send back your fav'rite Cymon to his disconsolate friends.

Urg. How can you imagine that such a poor ignorant object as Cymon is can have any charms for me?

Mer. Ignorance, no more than profligacy, is excluded from female favour; the success of rakes and fools is a sufficient warning to us, could we be wise enough to take it.

Urg. You mistake me, Merlin; pity for Cymon's state of mind, and friendship for his father, have induc'd me to endeavour at his cure.

Mer. False, prevaricating Urganda! Love was your inducement. Have not you stolen the prince from his royal father, and detained him here by your power, while a hundred knights are in search after him? Does not every thing about you prove the consequence of your want of honour and faith to me? Were you not plac'd on this happy spot of Arcadia to be the guardian of its peace and innocence? and have not the Arcadians liv'd for ages the envy of less happy, because less virtuous, people?

Urg. Let me beseech you, Merlin, spare my shame.

Mer. And are they not at last, by your example, sunk from the state of happiness and tranquillity to that of care, vice, and folly? Their once happy lives are now embitter'd with envy, passion, vanity, selfishness, and inconstancy;—and who are they to curse for this change? Urganda, the false, the lost Urganda.

Urg. Let us talk calmly of this matter.

Mer. I'll converse with you no more—because I will be no more deceiv'd: I cannot hate you, tho' I shun you—Yet, in my misery, I have this consolation, that the pangs of my jealousy are at least equal'd by the torments of your fruitless passion.

Still wish and sigh, and wish again;

Love is dethron'd, Revenge shall reign!

Still

Still shall my pow'r your arts confound,
And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound.

[Exit Merlin.]

Urg. "And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!"
What mystery is couch'd in these words?—What can he mean?

Enter Fatima, looking after Merlin.

Fat. I'll tell you, Madam, when he is out of hearing—He means mischief, and terrible mischief too; no less, I believe, than ravishing you, and cutting my tongue out—I wish we were out of his clutches.

Urg. Don't fear, Fatima.

Fat. I can't help it, he has great power, and is mischievously angry.

Urg. Here is your protection, (*showing her wand.*) My power is at last equal to his.—(*Muses.*) "And
"Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!"

Fat. Don't trouble your head with these odd ends of verses, which were spoken in a passion; or, perhaps, for the rhyme's sake—Think a little to clear us from this old mischief-making conjuror—What will you do, madam?

Urg. What can I do, Fatima?

Fat. You might very easily settle matters with him, if you cou'd as easily settle them with yourself.

Urg. Tell me how?

Fat. Marry Merlin, and send away the young fellow. (*Urganda shakes her head.*) I thought so—we are all alike; and that folly of ours of preferring two-and-twenty to two-and-forty, runs thro' the whole sex of us—But before matters grow worse, give me leave to reason a little with you, madam.

Urg. Hold your tongue, Fatima—my passion is too serious to be jest'd with.

Fat. Far gone indeed, Madam—and yonder goes the precious object of it.

[Looking out.]

Urg. He seems melancholy: what's the matter with him?

Fat. He's a fool, or he might make himself very merry among us—I'll leave you to make the most of him.

Urg. Stay, Fatima—and help me to divert him.

Fat.

Fat. A sad time, when a lady must call in help to divert her gallant?—but I'm at your service—

Enter Cymon, melancholy.

Cym. Heigho!

[*Sighing.*]

Fat. What's the matter, young gentleman?

Cym. Heigho!

Urg. Are you not well, Cymon?

Cym. Yes—I am very well.

Urg. Why do you sigh then?

Cym. Eh!

[*Looks foolishly.*]

Fat. Do you see it in his eyes, now, Madam?

Urg. Prithce, be quiet—What is it you want? tell me, Cymon—Tell me your wishes, and you shall have 'em.

Cym. Shall I?

Urg. Yes, indeed, Cymon.

Fat. Now for it.

Cym. I wish—heigho!

Urg. These sighs must mean something.

[*Aside to Fatima.*]

Fat. I wish you joy then; find it out, Madam.

Urg. What do you sigh for?

Cym. I want—

[*Sighs.*]

Urg. What, what, my sweet creature?

[*Eagerly.*]

Cym. To go away.

Fat. O la!—the meaning's out.

Urg. What, would you leave me then?

Cym. Yes.

Urg. Why would you leave me?

Cym. I don't know.

Urg. Where would you go?

Cym. Any where.

Urg. Had you rather go any where than stay with me?

Cym. I had rather go into the fields than stay with any body.

Urg. But is not this garden pleasanter than the fields, my palace than cottages, and my company more agreeable to you than the shepherds?

Cym. Why, how can I tell till I try; you won't let me choose.

A I R.

You gave me last week a young linnet,
 Shut up in a fine golden cage;
 Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
 Oh how did it flutter and rage!
 Then he mop'd and he pin'd
 That his wings were confin'd,
 Till I open'd the door of his den:
 Then so merry was he,
 And because he was free,
 He came to his cage back again.

And so should I too, if you would let me go.

Urg. And would you return to me again?

Cym. Yes I would—I have nowhere else to go.

Fat. Let him have his humour—when he is not confin'd, and is seemingly disregarded, you may have him, and mould him as you please—'Tis a receipt for the whole sex.

Urg. I'll follow your advice—Well, Cymon, you shall go wherever you please, and for as long as you please.

Cym. O la, and I'll bring you a bird's nest, and some cowslips—and shall I let my linnet out too?

Fat. O, ay, pretty creatures; pray, let 'em go together.

Urg. And take this, Cymon; wear it for my sake, and don't forget me. (*Gives Cymon a nosegay.*) Tho' it won't give passion, it will increase it if he should think kindly of me, and absence may befriend me. (*Aside.*) Go, Cymon, take your companion, and be happier than I can make you.

Cym. Then I'm out of my cage, and shall mope no longer. [*Overjoyed.*]

Urg. His transports distract me!—I must retire to conceal my uneasiness. [*Retires.*]

Fat. And I'll open the gate to the prisoners. [*Exit.*]

Cym. And I'll fetch my bird, and we'll fly away together.

A I R.

Oh liberty, liberty!
 Dear happy liberty;

No.

Nothing's like thee!
 So merry are we,
 My linnet and I,
 From prison we're free;
 Away we will fly,
 To liberty, liberty.
 Dear happy liberty,
 Nothing's like thee!

SCENE, *A rural Prospect.*

Enter two Shepherdesses.

1 *Shep.* What, to be left and forsaken! and see the false fellow make the same vows to another, almost before my face! I can't bear it, and I won't?

2 *Shep.* Why, look ye, sister, I am as little inclined to bear these things as yourself; and if my swain had been faithless too, I should have been vex'd at it, to be sure; but how can you help yourself?

1 *Shep.* I have not thought of that; I only feel I *can't* bear it; and as to the *won't*, I must trust in a little mischief of my own to bring it about—O that I had the power of our enchantress yonder! I would play the devil with them all.

2 *Shep.* Why are you so angry, my dear sister?—Will your quarrelling with her bring back your sweetheart?

1 *Shep.* No matter for that—when the heart is overloaded, any vent is a relief to it; and that of the tongue is always the readiest and most natural—So if you won't help me to find her, you may stay where you will.

Lin. (Singing without.) "Care flies from the lad that
 "is merry."

2 *Shep.* Here comes the merry Linco, who never knew care or felt sorrow—If you can bear his laughing at your griefs, or singing away his own, you may get some information from him.

Enter Linco singing.

Lin. What, my girls of ten thousand! I was this moment defying love and all his mischief, and you are sent in the nick by him to try my courage; but I'm above temptation, or below it—I duck down, and all his arrows fly over me.

A I R.

Care flies from the lad that is merry,
 Whose heart is as sound,
 And cheeks are as round,
 As round and as red as a cherry.

1 *Shep.* What, are you always thus!

Lin. Ay, or heav'n help me! What, would you have me do as you do—walking with your arms across, thus—heighho'ing by the brook-side among the willows? Oh! fie for shame, lasses! young and handsome, and sighing after one fellow a-piece, when you should have a hundred in a drove, following you like—like—you shall have the simile another time.

2 *Shep.* No; prithee, Linco, give it us now.

Lin. —You shall have it—or, what's better, I'll tell you what you are not like—you are not like our shepherdess Sylvia—She's so cold and so coy, that she flies from her lovers, but is never without a score of them; you are always running after the fellows, and yet are always alone; a very great difference, let me tell you—frost and fire, that's all.

2 *Shep.* Don't imagine that I am in the pining condition my poor sister is—I am as happy as she is miserable.

Lin. Good lack, I'm sorry for't.

2 *Shep.* What, sorry that I am happy?

Lin. O! no, prodigious glad.

1 *Shep.* That I am miserable:

Lin. No, no;—prodigious sorry for that—and prodigious glad of the other.

1 *Shep.* Be my friend, Linco; and I'll confess my folly to you—

Lin. Don't trouble yourself—'tis plain enough to be seen—but I'll give you a receipt for it without fee or reward—there's friendship for you.

1 *Shep.* Prithee, be serious a little.

Lin. No; heav'n forbid! If I am serious, 'tis all over with me—I should soon change my roses for your lilies.

2 *Shep.* Don't be impudent, Linco—but give us your receipt.

A I R

Lin.

I laugh and I sing,

I am blithsome and free;

The rogue's little sting

It can never reach me:

For with fal, la, la, la!

And ha, ha, ha, ha!

It can never reach me.

My skin is so tough,

Or so blinking as he,

He can't pierce my buff,

Or he misses poor me.

For with fal, la, la, la!

And ha, ha, ha, ha!

He misses poor me.

O never be dull

By the sad willow tree:

Of mirth be brimful;

And run over like me.

For with fal, la, la, la!

And ha, ha, ha, ha!

Run over like me.

[*Exeunt.*]* 1 *Shep.* It won't do.* *Lin.* Then you are far gone, indeed.* 1 *Shep.* And as I can't cure my love, I'll revenge it.* *Lin.* But how, how, shepherdeſs?* 1 *Shep.* I'll tear Sylvia's eyes out.* *Lin.* That's your only way—for you'll give your
nails a feast, and prevent mischief for the future—Oh!
tear her eyes out by all means.* 2 *Shep.* How can you laugh, Linco, at my ſiſter in
her condition?* *Lin.* I muſt laugh at ſomething; ſhall I be merry
with you?* 2 *Shep.* Shepherd, the happy can bear to be laugh'd
at.* *Lin.* Then Sylvia might take your ſhepherd without
a ſigh, though your ſiſter would tear her eyes out.* 2 *Shep.* My Shepherd! what does the fool mean?* 1 *Shep.* Her ſhepherd! pray tell us, Linco. [*Eagerly.*]* *Lin.* 'Tis no ſecret I ſuppoſe—I only met Damon
and Sylvia together.

H h 3

* 2 *Shep.*

‘ 2 *Shep.* What, my Damon?

‘ *Lin.* Your Damon that was, and that would be Sylvia’s Damon if she would accept of him.

‘ 2 *Shep.* Her Damon! I’ll make her to know—a wicked slut!—a vile fellow—Come, sister, I’m ready to go with you—we’ll give her her own—if our old governor continues to cast a sheep’s eye at me, I’ll have her turned out of Arcadia, I warrant you.

‘ 1 *Shep.* This is some comfort, however; ha, ha, ha!

‘ 2 *Shep.* Very well, sister, you may laugh, if you please—but perhaps it is too soon—Linco may be mistaken; it may be your Dorilas that was with her.

‘ *Lin.* And your Damon too, and Strephon, and Colin, and Alexis, and Egon, and Corydon, and every fool of the parish but Linco, and he sticks to

‘ Fal, la, la, la!

‘ And ha, ha, ha, ha!

‘ 1 *Shep.* I can’t bear to see him so merry when I am so miserable. [Going.]

‘ 2 *Shep.* There is some satisfaction in seeing one’s sister as miserable as one’s self. [Going.]

‘ *Lin.* One word more, lasses, if you please; I see you are both brimful of wrath, and will certainly scratch one another, if you don’t find Sylvia—now hear but another song; and if it does not cool you, I’ll show you where the enemy lies, and you shall draw your tongues upon her immediately.

‘ A I R.

‘ If you make it your plan

‘ To love but one man,

‘ By one you are surely betray’d:

‘ Should he prove untrue,

‘ Oh! what can you do?

‘ Alas you must die an old maid.

‘ And you too must die an old maid.

‘ Wou’d you ne’er take a sup

‘ But out of one cup,

‘ And it proves brittle ware, you are curst:

‘ If down it should tip,

‘ Or thro’ your hands slip,

‘ O how wou’d you then quench your thirst?

‘ O how, &c.

If

- ' If, your palate to hit;
 ' You choose but one bit,
 ' And that dainty tit-bit should not keep:
 ' Then restless you lie,
 ' Pout, whimper, and cry,
 ' And go without supper to sleep,
 ' And go, &c.
 ' As your shepherds have chose
 ' Two strings to their bows,
 ' Shall one for each female suffice?
 ' Take two, three, or four,
 ' Like me, take a score,
 ' And then you'll be merry and wise.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE changes to another rural Prospect.

Sylvia is discovered lying upon a bank, with a basket of flowers.

Enter Merlin.

Mer. My art succeeds—which hither has convey'd,
 To catch the eye of Cymon, this sweet maid.
 Her charms shall clear the mists which cloud his mind,
 And make him warm and sensible and kind;
 Her yet cold heart with passion's sighs shall move,
 Melt as he melts, and give him love for love.
 This magic touch shall to these flow'rs impart

[*Touches the basket of flowers with his wand.*]

A pow'r, when beauty gains, to fix the heart;
 A pow'r, the false enchantress shall confound;
 And Cymon's cure shall be Uganda's wound. [*Exit.*]

Enter Cymon with his Bird.

Cym. Away, prisoner, and make yourself merry.—
 (*Bird flies.*) Ay, ay, I knew how it would be with you
 —much good may it do you, Bob—What a sweet
 place this is! Hills and greens, and rocks and trees, and
 water and sun, and birds!—Dear me, 'tis just as if I had
 never seen it before.

[*Whistles about till he sees Sylvia; then stops, and sinks
 his whistling by degrees, with a look and attitude
 of foolish astonishment.*]

O la!—what's here!—'Tis something dropp'd from
 the

the heavens, sure; and yet 'tis like a woman too! Bless me! is it alive? (*sighs.*) It can't be dead, for its cheek is as red as a rose, and it moves about the heart of it—I begin to feel something strange here. (*Lays his hand on his heart, and sighs.*) I don't know what's the matter with me—I wish it would wake, that I might see its eyes—If it should look gentle, and smile upon me, I should be glad to play with it—Ay, ay, there's something now in my breast that they told me of—It feels oddly to me—and yet I don't dislike it. I am glad I came abroad—I have not been so pleas'd ever since I can remember—But perhaps it may be angry with me—I can't help it, if it is—I had rather see her angry with me than Urganda smile upon me—Stay, stay. (*Sylvia stirs.*) La, what a pretty foot it has!

Cymon retires.

[*Sylvia, raising herself from the bank, sees Cymon with emotion, while he gazes strongly on her, and retires gently, pulling off his cap.*

Syl. (confused) Who's that?

Cym. 'Tis I.

[*Bowing and besitating.*

Syl. What's your name?

Cym. Cymon.

Syl. What do you want, young man?

Cym. Nothing, young woman.

Syl. What are you doing there?

Cym. Looking at you there.

Syl. What a pretty creature it is!

[*Aside.*

Cym. What eyes it has!

[*Aside.*

Syl. You don't intend me any harm?

Cym. Not I, indeed!—I wish you don't do me some. Are you a fairy, pray?

Syl. No—I am a poor harmless shepherdess.

Cym. I don't know that—You have bewitched me, I believe.

Syl. Indeed, I have not; and if it was in my power to harm you, I'm sure it is not in my inclination.

Cym. I'm sure, I would trust you to do any thing with me.

Syl. Would you?

[*Sighs.*

Cym. Yes, indeed, I would.

[*Sighs.*

Syl. Why do you look so at me?

Cym.

Cym. Why do you look so at me!

Syl. I can't help it—

[*Sighs.*]

Cym. Nor I neither—[*Sighs.*] I wish you'd speak to me, and look at me, as Urganda does.

Syl. What, the enchantress? Do you belong to her?

Cym. I had rather belong to you—I would not desire to go abroad if I did.

Syl. Does Urganda love you?

Cym. So she says.

Syl. I'm sorry for it.

Cym. Why are you sorry, pray?

Syl. I shall never see you again—I wish I had not seen you now.

Cym. If you did but wish as I do, all the enchantresses in the world could not hinder us from seeing one another.

Syl. Do you love Urganda?

Cym. Do you love the shepherds?

Syl. I did not know what love was this morning.

Cym. Nor I till this afternoon—Who taught you, pray?

Syl. Who taught you?

Cym. (*blushing.*) You.

Syl. (*blushing.*) You.

Cym. You could teach me any thing, if I was to live with you—I should not be call'd Simple Cymon any more.

Syl. Nor I hard-hearted Sylvia.

Cym. Sylvia—what a sweet name!—I could speak it for ever! (*Transported.*) Sylvia!

Syl. I can never forget that of Cymon, tho' Cymon may forget me.

[*Sighs.*]

Cym. Never, never, my sweet Sylvia!

[*Falls on his knees, and kisses her hand.*]

Syl. We shall be seen and separated for ever? pray, let me go—we are undone if we are seen—I must go—I am all over in a flutter.

Cym. When shall I see you again?—in half an hour?

Syl. Half an hour! that will be too soon—No, no, it must be—three quarters of an hour.

Cym. And where, my sweet Sylvia?

Syl. Any where, my sweet Cymon.

Cym.

Cym. In the grove by the river there.

Syl. And you shall take this to remember it. (*Gives him the nosegay enchanted by Merlin.*) I wish it were a kingdom, I would give it you, and a queen along with it.

Cym. How my heart is transported!—and here is one for you too; which is of no value to me, unless you will receive it—Take it, my sweet Sylvia.

[*Cymon gives her Urganda's nosegay.*]

D U E T.

Syl. O take this nosegay, gentle youth;

Cym. And you, sweet maid, take mine.

Syl. Unlike these flowers, be thy fair truth;

Cym. Unlike these flowers be thine.

These changing soon,

Will soon decay;

Be sweet till noon,

Then pass away.

Fair for a time their transient charms appear;

But truth unchang'd shall bloom for ever here.

[*Each pressing their hearts.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Garden.*

Enter Cymon, hugging a nosegay.

Oh my dear, sweet, charming nosegay!—To see thee, to smell thee, and to taste thee, (*kisses it*) will make Urganda and her garden delightful to me—With this I can want for nothing—I possess every thing with this—My mind and heart are expanded! I feel—I know not what—Every thought that delights, and every passion that transports, gather like so many bees about this treasure of sweetness—Oh! the dear, dear nosegay; and the dear, dear giver of it!

A I R.

What exquisite pleasure!

This sweet treasure

From me they shall never

Sever;

In

In thee, in thee,
 My charmer I see:
 I'll sigh, and caress thee,
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee,
 Thus, thus, to my bosom for ever and ever.

[Exit.]

SCENE changes to Dorcas's Cottage.

Sylvia at the door, with Cymon's nosegay in her hand.

A I R.

These flowers, like our hearts, are united in one;
 And are bound up so fast, that they can't be undone:
 So well are they blended, so beauteous to sight,
 There springs from their union a tenfold delight:
 Nor poison, nor weed here, our passion to warm;
 But sweet without briar, the rose without thorn.

The more I look upon this nosegay, the more I feel
 Cymon in my heart and mind——Ever since I have seen
 him, heard his vows, and received this nosegay from him,
 I am in continual agitation, and cannot rest a moment
 ——I wander without knowing where——I speak with-
 out knowing to whom——and I look without knowing at
 what——Heigho! how my poor heart flutters in my breast!
 ——Now I dread to lose him——and now again I think him
 mine for ever!

A I R.

O why should we sorrow who never knew sin!
 Let smiles of content show our rapture within:
 This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!
 Each shepherdes views me with scorn and disdain,
 Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:
 No more will I sorrow, no longer despair;
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!

[Linco is seen listening to her singing.]

Lin. If you were as wicked, shepherdes, as you are
 innocent, that voice of yours would corrupt Justice her-
 self, unless she was deaf as well as blind.

Syl. I hope you did not overhear me, Linco?

Lin.

Lin. O, but I did tho'—and, notwithstanding I come as the deputy of a deputy-governor, to bring you before my principal, for some complaints made against you by a certain shepherdess, I will stand your friend, tho' I lose my place for it—there are not many such friends, shepherdess.

Syl. What have I done to the shepherdesses, that they persecute me so?

Lin. You are much too handsome, which is a crime the best of 'em can't forgive you.

Syl. I'll trust myself with you, and face my enemies.

[As they are going, Dorcas calls from the cottage.]

Dor. Where are you going, child?—Who is that with you, Sylvia?

Lin. Now shall we be stopp'd by this good old woman, who will know all—and can scarce hear any thing.

Dor. (*coming forward.*) I'll see who you have with you.

Lin. 'Tis I, dame, your kinsman Linco.

[Speaks loud in her ear.]

Dor. O, it is you, honest Linco! (*Takes his hand.*) Well, what's to do now?

Lin. The governor desires to speak with Sylvia; a friendly inquiry, that's all. *[Speaks loud.]*

Dor. For what, for what—tell me that—I have nothing to do with his desires, nor she neither—he is grown very inquisitive of late about shepherdesses—Fine doings, indeed! No such doings when I was young—If he wants to examine any body, why don't he examine me? I'll give him an answer, let him be as inquisitive as he pleases.

Lin. But I am your kinsman, dame; and you dare trust me, sure. *[Speaks loud.]*

Dor. Thou art the best of them, that I'll say for thee—but the best of you are bad when a young woman is in the case—I have gone through great difficulties myself, I can assure you, in better times than these: why must not I go too?

Lin. We shall return to you again before you can get there. *[Still speaking loud.]*

Syl. You may trust us, mother—my own innocence, and Linco's goodness, will be guard enough for me.

Dor. Eh! what?

Lin. She says, you may trust me with her innocence.

[*Speaking louder.*]

Dor. Well, well—I will then—thou art a sweet creature, and I love thee better than ever I did my own child—(*kisses Sylvia.*) When thou art fetched away by him that brought thee, 'twill be a woful day for me—Well, well, go thy ways with Linco—I dare trust thee any where—I'll prepare thy dinner at thy return; and bring my honest kinsman along with you.

Lin. We will be with you before you can make the pot boil.

Dor. Before what?

Lin. We will be with you before you can make the pot boil. [*Speaks very loud, and goes off with Sylvia.*]

Dor. Heav'n shield thee, for the sweetest, best creature that ever blest old age—What a comfort she is to me! All I have to wish for in this world, is to know who thou art, who brought thee to me, and then to see thee as happy as thou hast made poor Dorcas. What can the governor want with her?—I wish I had gone too—I'd have talk'd to him, and to the purpose—We had no such doings when I was a young woman! they never made such a fuss about me!

A I R.

When I were young, tho' now am old,

The men were kind and true;

But now they're grown so false and bold,

What can a woman do?

Now what can a woman do?

For men are, truly,

So unruly,

I tremble at seventy-two.

When I were fair—tho' now so so,

No hearts were given to rove;

Our pulses beat nor fast nor slow,

But all was faith and love:

What can a woman do?

Now what can a woman do?

For men are, truly,

So unruly,

I tremble at seventy-two!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The Magistrate's House.**Enter Dorus and Second Shepherdess.*

Dorus. This way, this way, damsel—now we are alone, I can hear your grievances, and will redress them, that I will—you have my good liking, damsel, and favour follows of course.

2 Shep. I want words, your honour and worship, to thank you fitly.

Dorus. Smile upon me, damsel—Smile, and command me—your hand is whiter than ever, I protest—you must indulge me with a chaste salute.

[*Kisses her hand.*

2 Shep. La! your honour.

[*Curtseys.*

Dorus. You have charm'd me, damsel; and I can deny you nothing—Another chaste salute—'tis a perfect cordial—(*Kisses her hand.*) Well, what shall I do with this Sylvia, this stranger, this baggage, that has affronted thee? I'll send her where she shall never vex thee again—an impudent, wicked—(*Kisses her hand.*) Smile, damsel, smile—I'll send her packing this very day.

2 Shep. I vow your worship is too good to me.

[*Leering at him.*

Dorus. Nothing's too good for thee—I'll send her off directly—Don't fret and tease thyself about her—go she shall, and speedily too—I have sent my deputy Linco for that Dorcas, who has harbour'd this Sylvia without my knowledge, and the country shall be rid of her to-morrow morning—Smile upon me, damsel, smile upon me.

2 Shep. I wou'd I were half as handsome as Sylvia, I might smile to good purpose.

Dorus. I'll Sylvia her! an impudent vagrant—She can neither smile or whine to any purpose, while I am to govern—She shall go to-morrow, damsel—this hand, this lily hand has sign'd her fate.

[*Kisses it.**Enter Linco.*

Lin. No bribery and corruption, I beg of your honour.

Dorus. You are too bold, Linco—Where did you learn this impertinence to your superiors?

• *Lin.*

‘*Lin.* From an old song, an’t please your honour,
‘ where I get all my wisdom—Heav’n help me.

‘ A I R.

‘ If the whispers the judge, be he ever so wise,
‘ ‘Tho’ great and important his trust is;
‘ His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes
‘ Will kick up the balance of justice.
‘ If his passions are strong, his judgment grows weak,
‘ For love thro’ his veins will be creeping;
‘ And his worship, when near to a round dimple cheek,
‘ ‘Tho’ he ought to be blind, will be peeping.

‘ *Dorus.* Poh, poh, ’tis a very foolish song, and you’re
‘ a fool for singing it.

‘ 2 *Shep.* Linco’s no friend of mine; Sylvia can sing,
‘ and has enchanted him.

‘ *Lin.* My ears have been feasted, that’s most certain—
‘ but my heart, damsel, is as uncrack’d as your virtue, or
‘ his honour’s wisdom—There is not too much presump-
‘ tion in that, I hope.

‘ *Dorus.* Linco, do your duty, and know your distance
‘ —What is come to the fellow? he is so alter’d, I don’t
‘ know him again.

‘ *Lin.* Your honour’s eye-sight is not so good as it was
‘ —I am always the same, and heav’n forbid that mirth
‘ should be a sin—I am always laughing and singing—let
‘ who will change, I will not—I laugh at the times,
‘ but I can’t mend ’em—I they are wofully alter’d for
‘ the worse—but here’s my comfort.

‘ [*Showing his tabor and pipe.*

‘ *Dorus.* I’ll hear no more of this ribaldry—I hate
‘ poetry, and I don’t like music—Where is the vagrant,
‘ this Sylvia?

‘ *Lin.* In the justice-chamber, waiting for your ho-
‘ nour’s commands.

‘ *Dorus.* Why did you not tell me so?

‘ *Lin.* I thought your honour better engaged, and that
‘ it was too much for you to try two female causes at one
‘ time.

‘ *Dorus.* You thought! I won’t have you think, but
‘ obey—Times are chang’d indeed! Deputies must not
‘ think for their superiors.

I i a

‘ *Lin.*

Lin. Must not they! What will become of our poor country?

Dorus. No more, impertinence, but bring the culprit hither.

Lin. In the twinkling of your honour's eye. [*Exit.*

2 Shep. I leave my griefs in your worship's hands.

Dorus. You leave 'em in my heart, damsel, where they soon shall be changed into pleasures—Wait for me in the justice-chamber—Smile, damsel, smile upon me, and edge the sword of justice.

Enter Linco and Sylvia.

2 Shep. Here she comes; see how innocent she looks—But I'll be gone—I trust in your worship—I hate the sight of her—I could tear her eyes out. [*Exit.*

Dorus, (gazing at Sylvia.) Hem, hem! I am told, young woman—hem, hem!—that—She does not look so mischievous as I expected.

[Aside, and turning from her.]

Lin. Bear up, sweet shepherdess! your beauty and innocence will put injustice out of countenance.

Syl. The shame of being suspected confounds me, and I can't speak.

Dorus. Where is the old woman Dorcas they told me of? Did not I order you to bring her before me?

Lin. The good old woman is so deaf, and your reverence a little thick of hearing, I thought the business would be sooner and better done by the young woman.

Dorus. What, at your thinking again!—Young shepherdess, I hear—I hear—Hem!—Her modesty pleases me. (*Aside.*)—What is the reason, I say—hem—that—that I hear—She has very fine features.

[Aside, and turning from her.]

Lin. Speak, speak, Sylvia, and the business is done.

Dorus. Is not your name Sylvia?

Lin. Yes, your honour, her name is Sylvia.

Dorus. I don't ask you—What is your name? look up and tell me, shepherdess.

Syl. Sylvia.

[Sighs and curtsies.]

Dorus. What a sweet look with her eye she has! (*Aside.*) What can be the reason, Sylvia—that, that—Hem!—I protest she disarms my anger.

[Aside, and turns from her.]

Lin.

Lin. Now is your time; speak to his reverence.

Dorus. Don't whisper the prisoner.

Syl. Prisoner! Am I a prisoner then?

Dorus. No, not absolutely a prisoner; but you are charged, damsel——Hem, hem——charged, damsel——
I don't know what to say to her.

[Aside, and turns from her.]

Syl. With what, your honour?

Lin. If he begins to damsel us, we have him sure.

Syl. What is my crime?

Lin. A little too handsome, that's all.

Dorus. Hold your peace——Why don't you look up in my face if you are innocent? (*Sylvia looks at Dorus with great modesty.*) I can't stand it——she has turn'd my anger, my justice, my whole scheme, topsy-turvy——Reach me a chair, Linco.

Lin. One sweet song, Sylvia, before his reverence gives sentence. *[Reaches a chair for Dorus.]*

Dorus. No singing, her looks have done too much already.

Lin. Only to soften your rigour.

A I R.

Syl. From duty if the shepherd stray,

And leave his flocks to feed,

The wolf will seize the harmless prey;

And innocence will bleed.

In me a harmless lamb behold,

Opprest with every fear:

O guard, good shepherd, guard the fold;

For wicked wolves are near. *[Kneels.]*

Dorus. I'll guard thee, and fold thee too, my lambkin——and they shan't hurt thee——This is a melting ditty indeed! Rise, rise, my Sylvia. *[Embraces her.]*

Enter Second Shepherds.

[Dorus and she start at seeing each other.]

2 Shep. Is your reverence taking leave of her before you drive her out of the country?

Dorus. How now! what presumption is this, to break in upon us so, and interrupt the course of justice?

2 Shep. May I be permitted to speak three words with your worship?

Dorus. Well, well, I will speak to you — I'll come to you in the justice-chamber presently.

2 *Shep.* I knew the wheedling slut would spoil all — but I'll be up with her yet. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Dorus. I'm glad she's gone — Linco, you must send her away — I won't see her now.

I.in. And shall I take Silvia to prison?

Dorus. No, no, no; to prison! mercy forbid! — What a sin should I have committed, to please that envious jealous-pated shepherdes! — Linco, comfort the damsel — Dry your tears, Sylvia — I will call upon you myself — and examine Dorcas myself — and protect you myself — and do every thing myself — I profess she has bewitched me! I am all agitation — I'll call upon you to-morrow — perhaps to-night — perhaps in half an hour — Take care of her, Linco — She has bewitched me, and I shall lose my wits if I look on her any longer — Oh! the sweet, lovely, pretty creature!

Lin. Don't whimper now, my sweet Sylvia — Justice has taken up the sword and scales again, and your rivals shall cry their eyes out — The day's our own.

A I R.

Sing high derry, derry,

The day is our own.

Be wise, and be merry,

Let sorrow alone;

Alter your tone

To high derry, derry.

Be wise, and be merry,

The day is our own.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another part of the Country.

Enter Fatima.

Truly, a very pretty mischievous errand I am sent upon! — I am to follow this foolish young fellow all about to find out his haunts — not so foolish neither; for he is so much improved of late, we shrewdly suspect that he must have some female to sharpen his intellects — For love, among many other strange things, can make fools of wits, and wits of fools. I saw our young partridge run before me, and take cover hereabouts; I must make no
noise,

noise, for fear of alarming him; besides, I hate to disturb the poor things in pairing time.

[Looks through the bushes.

Enter Merlin behind her.

Mer. I shall spoil your peeping, thou evil counsellor of a faithless mistress—I must torment her a little, for her good—Such females must feel much, to be made just and reasonable creatures.

Fat. (*peeping through the bushes.*) There they are—our fool has made no bad choice:—upon my word, a very prett^y couple! and will make my poor lady's heart ach.

Mer. I shall twinge your's a little before we part.

Fat. Well said, Cymon! upon your knees to her!—Now for my pocket-book, that I may exactly describe this rival of ours: she is much too handsome to live long; she will be either burnt alive, thrown to wild beasts, or shut up in the Black Tower—the greatest mercy she can have will be to let her take her choice.

[Takes out a pocket-book.

Mer. May be so—but we will prevent the prophecy if we can.

Fat. (*writing in her book.*) She is of a good height, about my size—a fine shape—delicate features—charming hair—heav'nly eyes; not unlike my own—with such a sweet smile! She must be burnt alive; yes, yes, she must be burnt alive.

[Merlin taps her upon the shoulder with his wand. Who's there? bless me! Nobody—I protest it startled me. I must finish my picture.

[Writes on.

[Merlin waves his wand over her head.

Now let me see what I have written—Bless me, what's here? all the letters are as red as blood—My eyes fail me! Sure I am bewitched. (*Reads and trembles.*) “Urganda has a shameful passion for Cymon, Cymon a most virtuous one for Sylvia;—as for Fatima, wild beasts, the Black Tower, and burning alive, are too good for her.” (*Drops the book.*) O, O!—I have not power to stir a step—I knew what would come of affronting that devil Merlin.

[Merlin is visible.

Mer. True, Fatima, and I am here at your service.

Fat.

Fat. O most magnanimous Merlin! don't set your wit to a poor foolish weak woman.

Mer. Why, then, will a foolish weak woman set her wit to me? But we will be better friends for the future—Mark me, Fatima. [*Holds up his wand.*]

Fat. No conjuration, I beseech your worship, and you shall do any thing with me.

Mer. I want nothing of you but to hold your tongue.

Fat. Will nothing else content your fury?

Mer. Silence, babbler!

Fat. I am your own for ever, most merciful Merlin! I am your own for ever—O my poor tongue! I thought I never should have wagg'd thee again—What a dreadful thing it would be to be dumb!

Mer. You see it is not in the power of Urganda to protect you, or to injure Cymon and Sylvia—I will be their protector against all her arts, tho' she has leagu'd herself with the demons of revenge—We have no power but what results from our virtue.

Fat. I had rather lose any thing than my speech.

Mer. As you profess yourself my friend (for, with all my art, I cannot see into a woman's mind) I will show my gratitude and my power, by giving your tongue an additional accomplishment.

Fat. What, shall I talk more than ever?

Mer. (*smiling.*) That would be no accomplishment, Fatima—No, I mean that you shall talk less—When you return to Urganda, she will be very inquisitive, and you very ready to tell her all you know.

Fat. And may I, without offence to your worship?

Mer. Silence, and mark me well—observe me truly and punctually. Every answer you give to Urganda's questions must be confined to two words, *Yes* and *No*—I have done you a great favour, and you don't perceive it.

Fat. Not very clearly, indeed.

[*Aside.*]

Mer. Beware of encroaching a single monosyllable upon my injunction; the moment another word escapes you, you are dumb.

Fat. Heaven preserve me! what will become of me?

Mer. Remember what I say—as you obey or neglect me,

me, you will be punished or rewarded: Farewell. (*Bowing to her.*) Remember me, Fatima. [*Exit Merlin.*]

Fat. I shall never forget you, I am sure—What a polite devil it is—and what a woful plight am I in! This confining my tongue to two words is much worse than being quite dumb. I had rather be stinted in any thing than my speech—Heigho! There never, sure, was a tax upon the tongue before.

A I R.

Tax my tongue! it is a shame:
Merlin, sure, is much to blame,
Not to let it sweetly flow.
Yet the favours of the great,
And the silly maiden's fate,
Oft depend on *yes* or *no*.

Lack-a-day!
Poor Fatima!
Stinted so,
To *yes* or *no*.

Should I want to talk or chat,
Tell Urganda this or that,
How shall I about it go?
Let her ask me what she will,
I must keep my clapper still,
Striking only *yes* and *no*.

Lack-a-day!
Poor Fatima!
Stinted so,
To *yes* or *no*.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to a beautiful Grove.

Enter Cymon and Sylvia, arm in arm.

Cym. You must not sigh, my Sylvia—love like ours can have no bitter mingled with its sweets. 'It has given me eyes, ears, and understanding; and till these forsake me, I must be Sylvia's.

Syl. And while I retain mine, I know no happiness but with Cymon.—And yet Urganda—

Cym. Why will you sully again the purity of our joys with the thoughts of that unhappy, because guilty, woman? has not Merlin discover'd all that was unknown

' to

‘to us? Has he not promised us his protection; and told us, that we are the care of superior beings, and that more blessings, if possible, are in store for us!’—What can Sylvia want, when Cymon is completely blest?

Syl. Nothing but my Cymon; when that is secure to me, I have not a wish for more.

Cym. Thy wishes are fulfilled then, and mine in thee!

Syl. Take my hand; and with it a heart, which, till you had touch’d it, never knew, nor could even imagine, what was love: but my passion now is as sincere as it is tender; and it would be ungrateful to disguise my affections, as they are my greatest pride and happiness.

Cym. Transporting maid! [Kisses her hand.]

A I R.

Syl. This cold flinty heart it is you who have warm’d;
You waken’d my passions, my senses have charm’d;
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove:
What’s life without passion—sweet passion of love?
The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
From youth that is frost-nipt no raptures can flow;
Elysium to him but a desert will prove:
What’s life without passion—sweet passion of love?
The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
Her birds and her flowrets make blithsome sweet
May.

Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro’ the grove:
What’s life without passion—sweet passion of love?

Cym. Then will I seize my treasure, will protect it with my life, and will never resign it but to heaven who gave it me. [Embraces her.]

Enter Damon and Dorilas on one side, and Dorus and his followers on the other; who start at seeing Cymon and Sylvia.

Dam. Here they are!

Syl. Ha! blest me! [Starting.]

Dorus. Fine doings indeed!

[Cymon and Sylvia stand amaz’d and asham’d.]

Doril. Your humble servant, modest madam Sylvia?

Dam. You are much improv’d by your new tutor.

Dorus. But I’ll send her and her tutor where they shall learn

learn better—I am confounded at their assurance! Why don't you speak, culprits?

Cym. We may be ashamed without guilt, to be watch'd and surpris'd by those who ought to be more ashamed at what they have done.

Syl. Be calm, Cymon, they mean us mischief.

Cym. But they can do us none;—fear them not, my shepherdes.

Dorus. Did you ever hear or see such an impudent couple? but I'll secure you from such intemperate doings.

Dam. Shall we seize them, your worship, and drag 'em to Urganda?

Dorus. Let me speak first with that shepherdes.

[*As he approaches, Cymon puts her behind him.*]

Cym. That shepherdes is not to be spoken with.

Dorus. Here's impudence in perfection! Do you know who I am, stripling?

Cym. I know you to be one who ought to observe the laws, and protect innocence; but, having passions that disgrace both your age and place, you neither do one or the other.

Dorus. I am astonish'd! What, are you the foolish young fellow I have heard so much of?

Cym. As sure as you are the wicked old fellow I have heard so much of.

Dorus. Seize them both this instant.

Cym. This is sooner said than done, Governor.

[*As they approach on both sides to seize them, he snatches a staff from one of the shepherds, and beats them back.*]

Dorus. Fall on him, but don't kill him, for I must make an example of him.

Cym. In this cause I am myself an army. See how the wretches stare, and cannot stir.

A. I. R.

Come on, come on,

A thousand to one,

I dare you to come on,

Tho' unpractis'd and young,

Love has made me stout and strong;

Has

Has giv'n me a charm,
Will not suffer me to fall;
Has steel'd my heart, and nerv'd my arm,
To guard my precious all. [*Looking at Sylvia.*
Come on, come on, &c.

Syl. O Merlin, now befriend him!
From their rage defend him.

[*While Cymon drives off the party of shepherds on one side, Dorus and his party surround Sylvia.*]

Dorus. Away with her, away with her—

[*Exit with Sylvia.*

'*Syl.* Protect me, Merlin! Cymon! Cymon! where
'art thou, Cymon?

'*Dorus.* Your fool Cymon is too fond of fighting to
'mind his mistress; away with her to Urganda, away
'with her.' [*They hurry her off.*

*Enter Shepherds, running across, disordered, and beaten by
Cymon.*

Dam. (looking back.) 'Tis the devil of a fellow! how
he has laid about him! [*Exit.*

Doril. There is no way but this to avoid him. [*Exit.*

Enter Cymon, in confusion and out of breath.

I have conquered, my Sylvia!—Where art thou?—my
life, my love, my valour, my all! What, gone!—torn
from me! then I am conquer'd, indeed!

[*He runs off and returns several times during the symphony
of the following song.*]

A I R.

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they
take her?

To death they shall bear me,

To pieces shall tear me,

Before I'll forsake her!

Tho' fast bound in a spell,

By Urganda and hell,

I'll burst thro' their charms;

Seize my fair in my arms;

Then my valour shall prove,

No magic like virtue, like virtue and love.

SCENE, *A Grotto.**Enter Urganda and Fatima.*

Urg. (angry.) Yes!—No!—forbear this mockery—What can it mean? I will not bear this trifling with my passion—Fatima, my heart's upon the rack, and must not be sported with—Let me know the worst, and quickly—to conceal it from me is not madness, but the height of cruelty—Why don't you speak? (*Fatima shakes her head.*) Won't you speak?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Go on then.

Fat. No.

Urg. Will you say nothing but No?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Distracting, treacherous Fatima!—Have you seen my rival?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Thanks, dear Fatima!—Well—now go on.

Fat. No.

Urg. This is not to be borne—Was Cymon with her?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Are they in love with each other?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Where did you see my rival? (*Fatima shakes her head.*) False, unkind, obstinate Fatima!—Won't you tell me?

Fat. No.

Urg. You are brib'd to betray me?

Fat. No.

Urg. What, still Yes or No?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. And not a single word more?

Fat. No.

Urg. Are you afraid of any body?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Are you not afraid of me too?

Fat. No.

Urg. Insolence! Is my rival handsome? tell me that.

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Very handsome?

Fat. Yes, yes.

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K k

Urg.

Urg. How handsome? handsomer than I?

Fat. Yes—

Urg. Handsomer than I?

Fat. Yes.

Urg. Or you?

Fat. No, no.

Urg. How can you see me thus miserable, and not relieve me? have you no pity for me?

Fat. Yes! [Sighing.]

Urg. Convince me of it, and tell me all.

Fat. No! [Sighing.]

Urg. I shall go distracted! — Leave me.

Fat. Yes.

Urg. And dare not to come into my presence.

Fat. No. [Curtseys, and exit.]

Urg. (*alone.*) She has a spell upon her, or she could not do thus—Merlin's power has prevail'd—he has enchanted her, and my love and my revenge are equally disappointed—This is the completion of my misery.

Enter Dorus.

Dorus. May I presume to intrude upon my sovereign's contemplations?

Urg. Dare not to approach my misery, or thou shalt partake of it.

Dorus. I am gone—and Sylvia shall go too. [Going.]

Urg. Sylvia, said you? Where is she? where is she? Speak, speak—and give me life or death.

Dorus. She is without, and attends your mighty will.

Urg. Then I am queen again!—Forgive me, Dorus—I was lost in thought, sunk in despair; I knew not what I said—but now I am rais'd again!—Sylvia is safe?

Dorus. Yes; and I am safe too, which is no small comfort to me, considering where I have been.

Urg. And Cymon—has he escap'd?

Dorus. Yes, he has escap'd from us; and, what is better, we have escap'd from him.

Urg. Where is he?

Dorus. Breaking the bones of every shepherd he meets.

Urg. Well, no matter—I am in possession of the present object of my passion, and I will indulge it to the height of luxury! Let 'em prepare my victim instantly for death.

Dorus. For death! Is not that going too far?

Urg. Nothing is too far—She makes me suffer ten thousand deaths, and nothing but her's can appease me. (*Dorus going.*) Stay, *Dorus*—I have a richer revenge; she shall be shut up in the Black Tower till her beauties are destroy'd, and then I will present her to this ungrateful *Cymon*—Let her be brought before me—No reply, but obey.

Dorus. It is done—This is going too far. [*Aside.*

[*Exit, struggling up his shoulders.*

Urg. Yes, I will feast my eyes and ease my heart with this devoted *Sylvia*.

Enter Sylvia, Dorus, and Guards.

Urg. Are you the wretch, the unhappy maid, who has dar'd to be the rival of *Urganda*?

Syl. I am no wretch, but the happy maid who am possess'd of the affections of *Cymon*, and with them have nothing to hope or fear.

Urg. Thou vain, rash creature!—I will make thee fear my power, and hope for my mercy.

[*Waves her wand, and the Scene changes to the Black Tower.*]

Syl. I am still unmov'd.

[*Smiling.*

Urg. Thou art on the very brink of perdition, and in a moment wilt be clos'd in a tower, where thou shalt never see *Cymon* or any human being more.

Syl. While I have *Cymon* in my heart, I bear a charm about me to scorn your power, or, what is more, your cruelty.

Urg. Open the gates, and inclose her insolence for ever.

Syl. I am ready.

[*Smiling at Urganda.*

A I R.

Tho' various deaths surround me,

No terrors can confound me;

Protected from above,

I glory in my love!

Against thy cruel might,

And in this dreadful hour,

I have a sure defence,

'Tis innocence!

That heav'nly right,

To smile on guilty pow'r!

K k 2

Urg.

Urg. Let me no more be tormented with her; I cannot bear to hear or see her.—Close her in the tower for ever! (*They put Sylvia in the tower.*) Now let Merlin release you if he can.

[*Exultingly.*]

It thunders, and Merlin appears: All shriek and run off, except Urganda, who is struck with terror.

Mer. Still shall my power your arts confound;
And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound.
Urganda waves her wand.

Mer. Ha, ha, ha!—your power is gone—

Urg. I am all terror and shame—In vain I wave this wand—I feel my power is gone, yet I still retain my passions—My misery is complete!

Mer. It is indeed! No power, no happiness, were superior to thine till you sunk them by falsehood—You now find, but too late, that there is no magic like virtue.

Urg. Then I am lost indeed!

Mer. From the moment you wrong'd me and yourself, I became their protector—I counteracted all your schemes; I continued Cymon in his state of ignorance till he was cured by Sylvia, whom I conveyed here for that purpose; that shepherdess is a princess equal to Cymon—They have obtained by their virtues the throne of Arcadia, which you have lost by—But I have done; I see your repentance, and my anger melts into pity.

Urg. Pity me not—I am undeserving of it—I have been cruel and faithless, and ought to be wretched—Thus I destroy the small remains of my sovereignty. (*Breaks her wand.*) May power, basely exerted, be ever thus broken and dispersed! [*She throws it from her.*]

Forgive my errors, and forget my name;

O drive me hence with penitence and shame!

From Merlin, Cymon, Sylvia, let me fly;

Beholding them, my shame can never die.

[*Exit Urganda.*]

Mer. Falsehood is punished, virtue rewarded, and Arcadia made happy!

[*Merlin waves his wand, and the Scene changes to a beautiful transparent Temple.*]

Enter the Arcadian Shepherds, with Dorus and Linco at their head; Damon and Dorilas, with their Shepherdesses

herdesses, &c. Merlin joins the hands of Cymon and Sylvia, and then speaks the following lines.

Mer. Now join your hands, whose hearts were join'd before.

This union shall Arcadia's peace restore :
When virtues such as these adorn a throne,
The people make their sovereign's bliss their own :
Their joys, their virtues, shall each subject share ;
And all the land reflect the royal pair !

Cymon, Sylvia, and Merlin, retire to the Knights ; while Linco calls the Shepherds about him.

Lin. My good neighbours and friends, (for now I am not ashamed to call you so), your deputy Linco has but a short charge to give you—As we have turn'd over a new, fair, leaf, let us never look back to our past blots and errors.

Dorus. No more we will, Linco—No retrospection.

Lin. I meant to oblige your worship in the proposition ; I shall ever be a good subject, (*bowing to Cymon and Sylvia*), and your friend and obedient deputy. Let us have a hundred marriages directly ; and no more inconstancy, jealousy, or coquetry, from this day—The best purifier of the blood is mirth, with a few grains of wisdom—We will take it every day, neighbours, as the best preservative against bad humours. Be merry and wise, according to the old proverb ; and I defy the devil ever to get among you again :—and that we may be sure to get rid of him, let us drive him quite away with a little more singing and dancing ; for he hates mortally mirth and good-fellowship.

A I R.

Dam. Each shepherd again shall be constant and kind,
And ev'ry stray'd heart shall each shepherdess find.

Del. If faithful our shepherds, we always are true ;
Our faith and our falsehood we borrow from you.

Chorus. Happy Arcadians still shall be ;
Ever be happy while virtuous and free.

Lin. The bliss of your heart no rude care shall molest ;
While innocent mirth is your bosom's sweet guest :
Of

Of that happy pair let us worthy be seen;
Love, honour, and copy your king and your queen.

Chorus. Happy, &c.

Syl. Let love, peace and joy, still be seen hand in hand,
To dance on this turf, and again bless the land.

Cym. Love and Hymen of blessings have open'd their
store,

For Cymon with Sylvia can wish nothing more.

Both. Love and Hymen of blessings have open'd their
store.

He. For Cymon with Sylvia }
She. For Sylvia with Cymon } can wish nothing more.

Chorus. Happy Arcadians still shall be,
Ever happy while virtuous and free.

EPI.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs ABINGTON, in the original Piece,

Enter, peeping in at the Stage-door.

*Is the stage clear?—Bless me!—I've such a dread!**It seems enchanted ground where'er I tread.*

[Coming forward.]

*What noise was that?—Hush!—'twas a false alarm—**I'm sure there's no one here will do me harm:**Amongst you can't be found a single knight**Who would not do an injur'd damsel right.**Well, heav'n be prais'd, I'm out of magic reach,**And have once more regain'd the pow'r of speech:**Ay, and I'll use it—for it must appear**That my poor tongue is greatly in arrear—**There's not a female here but fear'd my wo,**Ty'd down to yes, or still more hateful no.**No is expressive—but I must confess,**If rightly question'd, I'd use only yes.**In Merlin's walk this broken wand I found,*

[Showing a broken wand.]

*Which to two words my speaking organs bound.**Suppose upon the Town I try his spell—**Ladies, don't stir—you use your tongue too well.**How tranquil every place, when, by my skill,**Folly is mute, and even Slander still:**Old gossips speechless—Bloods would breed no riot,**And all the tongues at Jonathan's lie quiet:**Each grave profession must new-bust the wig;**Nothing to say, 'twere needlest—they look big.**The rev'rend Doctor might the change endure;**He would sit still, and have his sine-cure:**Nor could Great Folks much hardship undergo;**They do their bus'ness with an ay or no—**But come, I only jok'd—dismiss your fear;**Tho' I've the pow'r, I will not use it here.**I'll only keep my magic as a guard**To awe each critic who attacks our bard.**I see some malcontents their fingers biting,**Snarling, "The ancients never knew such writing—"**"The drama's lost—the managers exhaust us**"With op'ras, monkeys, Mab, and Dr Faustus."**Dread Sirs, a word—The public taste is fickle;**All palates in their turn we strive to tickle:**Our cat'ers vary; and you'll own at least,**It is variety that makes the feast.**If this fair circle smile, and the gods thunder,**I with this wand will keep the critics under.*

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

REPORT

Witness by GEORGE KEATE, J.

Spoken by Mr. Keate, in the original trial.

Being, regarding the trial of the same.

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Witness by Mr. Keate, in the original trial.

(Showing a broken wheel.)



Witness by Mr. Keate, in the original trial.

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End of the Third Volume

